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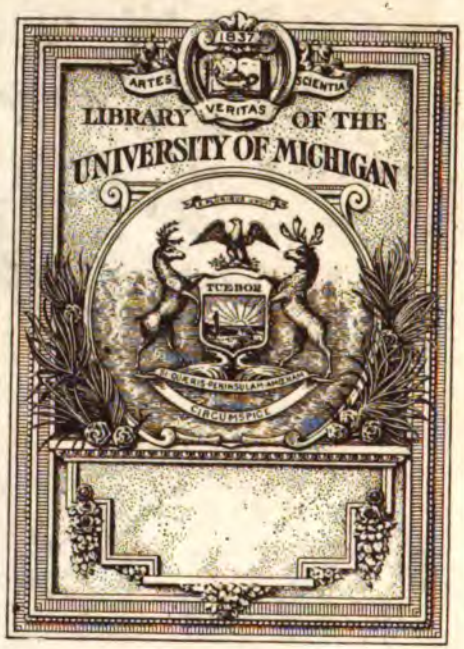
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KENELM HENRY DIGBY.

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN.

OF the small band of defenders and interpreters of Catholic truth and life writing in England today, Mr. Bernard Holland is one of the most scholarly, dignified and convincing. His pen is graceful, lucid and flexible, and everything from it is read with interest and sympathy even by those whose religious views differ widely from his own. He commands a knowledge of history and of the history of apologetic which is extensive and thorough: his narrative and expository skill is of the highest. His latest work, the biography of an eminent Catholic Victorian,[1] is eloquently, and at times brilliantly, written: there is vigor and freshness on every page.

Almost forty years have elapsed since the laborious and fruitful life ended of which the record is now first given to the world. Born at the beginning of the last century Kenelm Henry Digby died in 1880. During sixty of his four-score years he wrote assiduously and produced many volumes. Besides his Norrisian prize essay, composed in his twentieth year while he was a Cambridge undergraduate, he published *The Broadstone of Honour* (1822)—later revised and issued in four volumes; *Mores Catholici,* which appeared in eleven volumes between 1831 and 1842; *Compitum,* published in seven volumes

[1] *Memoir of Kenelm Henry Digby.* By Bernard Holland, C.V. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00.

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between 1849 and 1854; *The Lovers' Seat* (two volumes), 1856; *The Children's Bower* (two volumes), 1858; *The Chapel of St. John*, 1861; *Evenings on the Thames* (two volumes), 1864. This is the full tale of his prose. Of his verse no less than ten volumes came from the press between 1865 and 1876. This imposing array of books Mr. Holland has thoroughly mastered, and in appraising them he has exercised the sound judgment of an admirably-balanced critic of the conservative school.

The events of Digby's intimate family life, also, are here recorded sympathetically and attractively. To measure the exact altitude of his subject's talent or to discover his precise place in English letters was no part of the biographer's purpose; he makes no attempt to analyze Digby's style—though thereupon he offers more than one illuminating comment—or to suggest comparisons with other writers: his object is simply to give such an account of Digby's life and works as may induce people to admire the one and read the other. It is a pleasure to welcome a book which will indubitably take and keep a foremost place in the biographical literature of modern English Catholicism.

The Digbys have a long and honorable history, going back to the days of Edward the Confessor. One of them met his death at Towton Field in the cause of the Red Lancastrian Rose. A later bearer of the name, Sir Everard, was executed for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. The seventeenth century Sir Kenelm Digby fought a duel at Paris on behalf of his kingly master, the first Charles; published a criticism of that benign book, *Religio Medici;* discovered the necessity of oxygen to the life of plants; married Venetia Stanley, a very great lady; and had Descartes for his friend. The father of the nineteenth century Kenelm Digby was Dean of Clonfert in the Irish Establishment, a mighty athlete and traveler. Kenelm Henry was the younger son of the Dean's third wife, who was a kinswoman of the Abbé Edgworth, into whose ear was whispered the last confession of that ill-fated monarch, Louis XVI. The boy came of right lusty stock, for he entered the world when his father was a sexagenarian. In his twentieth year Kenelm, through the death of his elder brother, came into possession of the family estates and possessions, and was thus enabled to order his life as he desired. His childhood was spent

in one of the most beautiful spots in the heart of Ireland, at Geashill, where he fleeted the time carelessly amid the surrounding woods and meadows, looked out upon the loveliness of the distant Sleeve Bloom range, and invited his awakening soul with the novels of Scott and the plays of Shakespeare. Carrying with him a great love for Ireland and many happy memories, Digby, after a period of preparation at Petersham School near Richmond, went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1815, and there quickly made his reputation as the most fearless of youths and the "founder of boating on the Cam." Upon one so constituted, emotionally and intellectually, the gray old Alma Mater could not fail to lay her immemorial spell. The slow waters gliding in peace beneath the ancient walls of colleges and chapels founded by great kings and their daughters; the golden stillness sleeping among the trees of venerable gardens on endless summer afternoons; sober-suited evenings in the Long, filled with the drowsy music of college bells and the drowsy fragrance of limes; the first pale violets at Grantchester in February, the russet blooms of autumn at Cherry Hinton—these were the gracious influences that helped to mold and must have powerfully affected the early manhood of the author of *The Broadstone of Honour* and *The Lovers' Seat.* "Here if anywhere"—a great living scholar has written—"the student may hope to hear the still voice of truth, to penetrate through the little transitory questions of the hour to the realities which abide. . . ."

The title of his Norrisian essay, Digby's first book, *Evidences of the Christian Religion,* provides a clue to the nature of the studies to which he was thenceforth to devote his days, and gives evidence of his already wide range of reading. He turned now with eagerness to the study of books upon chivalry and the history of the Middle Ages. From Sir Walter Scott he had learned to love those days of faith, and to explore them upon their spiritual side. Chateaubriand's *Le Génie du Christianisme* (1802) had already marked the beginning of that revival which found its further and more complete expression when Joseph de Maistre, in his *Du Pape* (1819), insisted upon the necessity of the Papacy as a bond of union among believers and a palmary source of inspiration for the life of religion. The Oxford Movement had not yet come to quicken a stagnant *Ecclesia Anglicana,* to vitalize English theological

thought, to recover a past that was forgotten, not to say disowned, and to originate a definitely ecclesiastical revival in church art, music and architecture. Kenelm, indeed before going to Cambridge, had discovered an interest in Catholicism. As a youngster at Petersham he had come in contact with two Catholic laymen as learned as they were pious: Charles Butler, nephew of the Alban Butler whose *Lives of the Saints* has made his name a household word among English-speaking Catholics the world over, and Sir Henry Englefield. True it is that they made no attempt to influence the boy in the direction of Rome; their talk to him was mainly of the great writers of classical antiquity: but their bearing and character were a living testimony to the Faith they professed.

At the end of his Freshman year Digby set out on the usual Continental tour, going through Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and France. Then for the first time he went into a Catholic church and had, in his own words, his "first view of Popish superstition." He speaks of the incomprehensible operations of the ministering priests, yet notices that "there is not a single individual to be observed either inattentive or behaving irreverently." But the time had not yet come when it would be impossible for him to write, as now he wrote, of "that dark empire when priests held a dominion over the minds and bodies of men, which kept all Europe in ignorance and misery, which was the disgrace of Christianity and the scourge of humankind."

Though, like many another, he realized it not, Rome even already had marked him for her own. At Cambridge, sometime after his return from abroad, he spent a night of vigil in King's Chapel; and at Marklye in Sussex, with his friend Darby, he conducted a solemn tournament in approved mediæval fashion "with ponies for steeds and hop-poles for spears." For the Trinity dons of his time his respect was deeper than that ordinarily entertained by the undergraduate; Whewell and Julius Hare, in especial, he revered. Among his fellow-students were numbered not a few who in years to come were to achieve fame and to have honors thrust upon them. To mention only two: W. M. Praed and Thomas Babington Macaulay were his direct contemporaries, and between 1825 and 1828, while Digby was still intermittently resident, there came to Cambridge, Trench, the future Archbishop of Dublin,

John Sterling, Frederic Maurice, Edward Fitzgerald, Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. Mr. Holland interestingly notes that *The Broadstone of Honour*, published in 1822, greatly influenced the early poems of Tennyson. Strangely enough, Digby seems to have refused an invitation to join the ranks of "The Cambridge Apostles," that brilliant university society which included so many subsequently famous men.

Of Digby's foreign wanderings in undergraduate and later years the story is charmingly set forth in the long poem, *The Temple of Memory*, which he wrote when he was nearing the end of his life. Digby was as fond of swimming as were Byron and Swinburne, and he performed some striking feats in the great rivers of Germany and Italy. He swam across the perilous breadth of the Rhine near Drachenfels, and he was called a water-rat by the riparian Romans who saw him breast the rushing waters of the Tiber. It was Italy in particular, and the city of Rome, that won and held his love. "At Rome," writes Mr. Holland, "he loved to see the rising sun stream on the portals of the great church of St. John, or the ancient Benedictine Convent on the side of the valley at Subiaco, or the view from Tivoli of 'the distant rising majesty of great St. Peter's matchless pile' while the setting sun colored all the plain with deep ruddy hues." In *Mores Catholici*, written several years later, there are many exquisite descriptions of the scenes upon which he looked so lovingly at this time. Nothing could be more beautifully impressive than those pages wherein he describes his feelings when he first saw the College of Cardinals in stately congress, or his memories of the uplands of Switzerland studded with monasteries and convents and churches: or of the roads by the side of which he talked with happy children, kindly old men and women, and gentle priests.

It was such sights as these, and the enlargement of mind —to use Newman's phrase—which came gradually to him in the course of the social and historical studies he prosecuted in preparation for *The Broadstone of Honour*, that at length determined him to submit to the See of Rome, the Source of Unity and the Centre of Truth. He came finally to recognize, in his biographer's apt words, "that the leading motives of the men who broke with Rome and made essential changes in the ancient doctrines and ritual of religion in England were of the most material and secular kind, and that they were a minority

forcing their policy upon a mostly reluctant people who had no real voice in the matter and lost by the changes then made. . . . First came the breach, the act of will, and then to justify it, theories arose about the Church. And these theories have ever since been in a Protean process of perpetual change and variation, in accordance with the changing humors of various times."

In Digby's early days it was a more formidable adventure to take the road to Rome than happily it is now; for one thing, the social consequences of such a step were likely to be much more painful, and there were many avenues of advancement, professional and other, from which a Catholic was debarred because of his Faith. Digby, however, having made up his mind, would permit no obstacle to stand in the way of the fulfillment of his purpose, and although he was rebuffed by at least two priests, in succession—who, it may be, doubted his earnestness —he succeeded at last in being received into the Church by a London Jesuit to whom Charles Butler had directed him.

From now on, for several years, Digby lived at Cambridge, "reading in libraries books not often in modern days disturbed from their secular repose, and decanting their contents into volumes of his own making." The liberal dons meantime permitted him to retain rooms at Trinity; possibly they looked upon his change of religion as an unfortunate aberration to be passed lightly over in a young man of so much learning, sincerity and charm! Not long after his conversion Digby became the friend of Ambrose Lisle March Phillips, who had already been two years in the Church, and who as a fervent layman was destined in years to come to do a great work for Catholicism in England. Later on the two friends saw much of the Honorable and Reverend George Spencer, another Trinity convert who afterwards found his vocation in the Passionist congregation and, as Father Ignatius of St. Paul, died the death of a saint in 1864.

"These three Cambridge men," Mr. Holland notes, . . . "all became Catholics before the Oxford Movement had begun. Each of them contributed his share to the return towards Catholic principles which brought many to the Chair of St. Peter, and brought far more to the half-way shelter which began to arise within the Anglican Church. Kenelm Digby contributed to this by his writings, Ambrose de Lisle by his en-

thusiastic propaganda in action, and Spencer by his personal influence. Thus the Catholic movement began, as a matter of fact, not at Oxford, but in the more decidedly Protestant University of Cambridge. The reason perhaps is that Cambridge was less isolated than Oxford then was in narrow self-esteem, and more open to continental influences. Thus it was sooner touched by the great wave of the romantic return to the mediæval spirit, which was sweeping over Germany and even France, as a reaction against the strictly classical spirit of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period." When, in 1825, Digby became a Catholic, Pugin's "little gem," St. Andrew's Catholic Church, had not yet been built, and the convert was obliged to ride twenty-six miles each way to Mass on Sunday at Old Hall. Faithfully every Sunday the two friends, Phillips and Digby, rode over, fasting, to early Communion, High Mass, and Vespers, getting back to Cambridge at nightfall.

Those were the days when to become a Catholic was to make sacrifices. But Digby did not complain. He had found that after which his heart had longed. He was in love with the Faith into whose joy he had entered. And, as Mr. Holland says finely at the close of his account of Digby's conversion, "the Christian religion is a love affair, and the complete consummation so far as it can be on earth is in or through the Catholic Church. Between mere friendship and love completed there is for him who has once felt the attraction, no firm standing ground any more than for the earthly lover in the conception of 'Platonic love.' Those who have never been real lovers can be friends, but those who have been can hardly fall back upon the line of friendship. If they retreat at all they must retreat much further into the wilderness of uncertainty and doubt."

The Broadstone of Honour, the first of Digby's longer works, derives its title from the ruined castle of Ehrenbreitstein, across the Rhine from Coblenz. As Mr. Holland indicates, this book was for Digby what *The Essay on Development* was for Newman and *By What Authority* for Robert Hugh Benson—and, one might appropriately add, *The Principles of Church Authority* (that forgotten masterpiece of Anglo-Roman controversy) for Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce; in each case the book immediately preceded or followed the author's submission to the

Holy See. The intention of Digby in *The Broadstone* was to demonstrate the greatness and display the beauty of the Catholic Church through the centuries. There was then, there is always, room for such a work. Since the so-called Reformation nothing had been left undone to vilify the Spouse of Christ, no slander had been thought too base or too absurd to heap upon her, no lie too foul with which to besmirch her. To *The Dublin Review* and to *Studies* Hilaire Belloc has recently contributed certain vital and scholarly articles, in which he shows how the original authorities and documents have been handled by a modern historian like Gibbon. It would be no difficult task for a trained Catholic historian to discover many similar *suppressiones veri* and *suggestiones falsi* in the work of most of the standard historians who have written from a non-Catholic or "impartial" standpoint during the last hundred years or so. Unfortunately for the cause of truth and justice the James Gairdners have been few and far between, and the wells have been pretty thoroughly poisoned.

The Broadstone is divided into four parts entitled respectively *Godefridus, Tancredus, Morus* and *Orlandus*. "The first two are so named after the heroes of the Crusades, the third after the Catholic martyr, Sir Thomas More. The main object of the book is to describe the heroic and chivalrous spirit, intimately bound up with the religious faith as it appeared in the Middle Ages. But in *Morus* and in part of *Orlandus* are stated those undeniable facts about the Protestant Revolution in England, and on the Continent, the public exhibition of which gave so much offence to the excellent rector of Hurstmonceaux. [Julius Hare, of *Guesses at Truth* fame, who later wrote to Digby: "Luther is the man to whom I feel that I myself, and that the whole world, owe more than to any man since St. Paul."] In one of his latest works, written when he was over seventy, Digby admits that in his youth he wrote things in religious controversy possibly too wounding to others, and expressed more strongly than he would have expressed them in old age. This is a very common reflection in old age concerning ardent and intolerant youth, which has the defects of its qualities. All the same, in England, in these days it is well to be definite and lucid in order to avoid misinterpretation. From his early youth till the end of his very long life

Kenelm Digby never wavered for one moment in his definition of the Catholic Church. It is for him, that religious society existing throughout the world, of unbroken historic continuity, and consisting of people of all nations and languages, which is visibly, avowedly, and organically connected with the central Apostolic See at Rome, and it is nothing either more or less than this. . . . He never admitted the assertion made by some moderns that the Catholic Church consists of "all who profess and call themselves Christians," or the more exclusive assertion made by other moderns that it consists of an imagined combination of certain churches having properly descended episcopal institutions.

The Broadstone of Honour has not been without its influence upon subsequent English literature. Mr. Holland, as we have recorded, notes the indebtedness of Tennyson to it in his early poems. Ruskin also, whom Digby greatly admired, has paid tribute to this great book, assuring the reader of *Modern Painters* that he "will find every phase of nobleness illustrated in Kenelm Digby's *Broadstone of Honour*." It may be, too, that Ruskin modeled the titles of some of his own later *opuscula* upon those of Digby's lesser prose-writings, *e. g., The Children's Bower, The Lovers' Seat.* And the author of *Sesame and Lilies* did not hesitate to acknowledge a further debt: "The best help I have ever had," he writes in *Modern Painters* —"so far as help depended on the sympathy or praise of others in work which, year after year, it was necessary to pursue through the abuse of the brutal and the base—was given me when this author, from whom I had first learned to love nobleness, introduced frequent reference to my own writings in his *Children's Bower*." It is a pity that Ruskin did not learn yet more from these powerful and persuasive pages; that he did not go on to admire and embrace the marvelous coherence and unity of that dogmatic truth out of which Digby's highest inspirations proceeded; but many things are hidden from the prudent that are revealed unto babes, and Ruskin was never made wise unto salvation. Brought up in a rigidly Puritan atmosphere he never knew at first hand the daily lives of Catholic men and women. Perhaps it was because of this that he was capable of writing: "Modern Romanism is as different from thirteenth century Romanism as a prison from a prince's chamber."

It is to be feared that many of the absurd assumptions and statements made by those who sit in judgment on Catholicism, are attributable entirely to their crass ignorance of the real motives and beliefs of the Catholic. W. E. H. Lecky, for instance, has talked amazing nonsense about "the enormous difference" between the official Catholicism of the Council of Trent and of the writings of Bossuet and Newman and the "*pure and manifest polytheism and idolatry* [italics are ours] of the actual religion as it is practised in a great part of Europe with the direct sanction and under the special benediction of the highest authorities of the Church." Even so keen and so honorable a writer as Bishop Gore asseverates that a modern Roman Catholic will hardly find himself at home in St. Paul's epistles! It is inexplicable that Christian men of intelligence should write like this, and should fail to realize that the evidences of Christianity are all, when examined, equally evidences of Catholicism.

To the writing of his next, longest, and, beyond question, his most enduring work, Digby gave no less than ten years. At the end of *Mores Catholici* there is a noble passage—recalling the famous paragraph in his *Autobiography* wherein the author of *The Decline and Fall* records the bringing to a close of his master-work—in which Digby describes the circumstances under which he entered upon its composition; but not Gibbon himself, it is scarcely an exaggeration to declare, ever achieved a more sumptuous pageant of prose.

The plan of the book is simple enough: taking up the eight beatitudes he demonstrates by a vast accumulation of interesting and beautiful examples how each of them was realized in the lives of mediæval men and women. He shows how the ideals of the beatitudes were maintained and inculcated by the mediæval Church, and how they influenced the individual in every walk of life, in youth and age, in peace and war, in sorrow and in joy.

The scope of these eleven eloquent volumes is admirably summarized in the view Digby commends to us at the beginning of *Mores Catholici:* "Such a view would present a varied and immense horizon, comprising the manners, institutions, and spirit of many generations of men long gone by; we should see in what manner the whole type and form of life were Christian, although its detail may often have been broken and dis-

ordered; for instance, how the pursuits of the learned, the consolations of the poor, the riches of the Church, the exercises and dispositions of the young, and the common hope and consolation of all men, harmonized with the character of those who sought to be poor in spirit; how again, the principle of obedience, the constitution of the Church, the division of ministration and the rule of government, the manners and institutions of society, agreed with meekness and inherited its recompense; further, how the sufferings of just men, and the provisions for a penitential spirit were in accordance with the state of those that were to mourn and weep; then, how the character of men in sacred order, the zeal of the laity, and the lives of all ranks, denoted the hunger and thirst after justice; again, how the institutions, the foundations and the recognized principle of perfection proclaimed men merciful; moreover, how the philosophy which prevailed, and the spiritual monuments which were raised by piety and genius, evinced the clean of heart; still further how the union of nations and the bond of peace which existed even amidst savage discord, wars and confusion, as also how the holy retreats for innocence which then everywhere abounded, marked the multitude of pacific men; and finally, how the advantage taken of dire events and the acts of saintly and heroic fame revealed a spirit which shunned not suffering for the sake of justice."

Mores Catholici is a veritable library in itself, and the devout Catholic in this age of small things would do well to make the book his constant companion. After the writings of Cardinal Newman, it is one of the greatest contributions ever made by a Catholic to English prose literature. There are not so many great Catholic men of letters in our own time that we can afford to ignore Kenelm Digby. The Catholics who spend money on books are neither numerous nor wealthy, Mr. Holland laments, and he expresses the pious hope that some rich benefactor of his kind might cause the *Mores Catholici* to be republished at a price within the reach of the leanest purse. It is, indeed, a matter for grave concern that what he admirably calls "this immense storehouse of wisdom and beauty and knowledge" must remain inaccessible to the majority of readers today. There is truth in his remark that "a priest who possessed *The Broadstone of Honour, Mores Cath-*

olici and *Compitum* would have an inexhaustible store of ammunition from which to feed his sermons. On every page he will find quotations from the best ancient and modern thinkers and poets suggesting trains of thought to himself, and many a tale of heroic and saintly deeds to illustrate his themes."

The last of Digby's three longer works, *Compitum*, was published in 1849. His later writings are, after all, merely *opuscula*—mellow, delightful and wise, it is true, but bearing the same relation to the three great books as a foothill to Mount Everest. *Compitum* is "the Latin word for a point at which roads meet, or to which they converge, like the straight drives one sees in such forests as Compiègne or Fontainebleau, meeting at a point from which they radiate like spokes in a wheel. The meeting point in the book is formed by the central principles of the Catholic Church, in which alone is found the happiness and peace of those who travel by the many roads. The roads are the various phases of human life, such as the road of children, the road of youth, the road of the family, that of old age, that of the schools, that of travelers, of joy, of sorrow, of death, of contemplation, of wisdom, of warriors, of priests, of kings, of active life, of the poor, of friendship, and many others, through seven long volumes, crowded with admirable quotations and reflections." Here almost more than in any other of his books Digby is unflinchingly Catholic and Roman. His chief concern now is to make abundantly and convincingly clear his idea of Rome as the Centre of Unity, "as the guardian of what he so often calls 'central principles' of life in all its provinces." Digby had no patience with those eclectic souls who refuse the *magisterium* of the Church on the score that it is a "Western growth," "legal and Roman," "unknown to St. Athanasius, etc.," *Qui vos audit me audit* was to his mind a sufficient answer to them; the *magisterium* of Rome is surely preferable to that of Mowbray, he would have said had he lived in these days. Newman said that to be deep in history was to cease to be a Protestant, and Digby was logical and knew his history.

Into the *Compitum* as into its two predecessors, Digby poured the riches of his theological, historical and literary knowledge. His range of allusion is wider even than Milton,

and unlike Milton he was not cut off by imperfect sympathies and downright prejudice from some of the most treasurable writings of the Middle Age. His knowledge of the liturgy of the Church he uses with something of Dante's beautiful effectiveness. "He is an excellent guide in reading," his biographer dryly remarks, "to those who prefer literature somewhat mellowed by time to the last books from Smith's or Mudie's, and the solid wisdom of the ages to the latest theory in circulation."

Digby's minor works, the titles of several of which were mentioned at the beginning of this article, need not detain us long. The best of them are the two books of reflections and discussions, *The Lovers' Seat* and *Evenings on the Thames;* and one might fitly call them "Recreations of the author of *Mores Catholici.*" He brings his imagination home, so to speak, from its indefatigable journeyings through Europe, and writes of familiar scenes and every-day topics. The note of these later and briefer books is somewhat that of a peculiarly Victorian benevolence and cheerfulness. They abound, like everything he wrote, in pleasant autobiographical touches, and are characterized throughout by his usual surprisingly wide allusiveness. Adequately to annotate the works of Digby would require the coöperation of a committee of scholars! Some of these lesser writings are filled with a moving tenderness and wistful regret. In *The Children's Bower* he tells the story of his beloved children, and it is difficult to read with dry eyes the heartbroken father's grief at the death of his baby son, John Gerald, "the sweetest companion that ever man bred his hopes out of, so loving and so joyous. . . ." Mr. Holland devotes two long chapters of the *Memoir* to an account of Digby's family life, a chronicle of domestic piety and rectitude, of profound happinesses tranquilly and joyfully shared, of sorrows and bereavements and disasters manfully borne and turned to heavenly uses. Such lives and such approaches to death are the mountain-summits towards which we who walk in the plains below must raise eyes and hearts of aspiration.

FAIR PLAY IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN BARNES.

IBERTY has inspired raptures in all languages, but no one can speak about it more movingly than the Englishman. The Englishman that talks—the orator, the historian, and the poet—has rung the changes upon this most abused of all words until the Englishman that listens may be forgiven if he has yielded to the spell and come to look upon liberty as a sort of English shamrock, a growth of English soil, luxuriating at home, transplanted only to perish. At least the converse holds true, according to the famous decision of a famous jurist, which the poet has expressed in lines dear to every English heart:

> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country and their shackles fall.

In favor of his sincerity is the choice he has made of a national virtue—fair play—the best preservative against the abuse of power, in a majority or an oligarchy or a despot, and almost of itself sufficient to keep unrestraint from license. It is no sign that a man loves liberty simply that he wishes to be free. Every man does that, be he a roisterer in the clutches of a policeman for doing his own sweet will or the worst tyrant that ever kept the world in chains. There is little merit in a love of virtue with reservations, according to the adage about "honor among thieves." Not until one brings oneself to look beyond the interests of oneself or one's clan does one get much farther than Nero or the Puritans. The familiar line, "who rules o'er freemen must himself be free," might better read, "he that loves freedom rules not over slaves." In the portrait painted by himself the Englishman never fails to make fair play the most prominent feature. He would not, to be sure, be understood to mean that he is the discoverer of the Golden Rule, or that no one else knows how to play fair; but, whether it be that fair play is the exception elsewhere but in

England the rule, or that others have it as an acquired virtue while the Englishmen is to the manner born, it is a virtue distinctively English.

It would be superfluous to add fresh colors to so lively a picture, and spiteful to try to spoil it. England has fairly earned the right to have a good opinion of herself. After prejudice has set on one side all that can be said against her, there will remain enough to her credit in the cause of humanity to make any other nation slow to cast the first stone. If she has gained power she has used it beneficently, either by spreading the blessings of freedom in both hemispheres over tracts where her own little island could be hid in a corner, or by bestowing upon subject races a degree of well-being which they could not hope to attain to of themselves. And this power has come to her in no small measure from her love of liberty and fair play. Nor is it any drawback from her deserts that her triumphs in the cause of liberty, from Magna Charta to the Reform Bill, have been achieved, not in pursuit of a Quixotic ideal, but under the pressure of grievances that were felt as intolerable. Rather this speaks well for her good sense, since it shows that she has as little use for the political charlatan as she has for the despot.

If the picture is spoiled this will not be done by any man outside of England. But it stands in danger of being spoiled there at the present hour. She herself has to choose, and she must make her choice in the broad light of day, whether she will live up to her professions and gladden the heart of every true lover of liberty, or give them the lie, to the great glee of those who are waiting their opportunity to point at her the finger of scorn. Just off her western shore lies the sister isle, which ought to be a happy spot if nature had her way, since she made it beautiful and rich and peopled it with a warm-hearted race. The passions of men have been let loose there for eight hundred years, and the story they have made is the saddest history has to tell. There, at the present moment, all the fine phrases about English liberty and English fair play sound like cruel mockery. How the world applauded little Belgium because for the space of four years it refused to be cowed beneath the heel of the conqueror! A nation whose spirit has not been broken in twice as many centuries has proved its right not to be deprived of its nationality. The Irish

have been left to starve and coaxed into the soup-houses by turn, they have been chased into the bog and ushered into their seats in the British Parliament, but they have never been brought to acquiesce in the spoliation. Being of the temperament they are, with the spectacle before their eyes of their ancestral domain in the possession of strangers, the wonder is, not that they have been restive, but that they have been so little turbulent.

Deep feelings crave a symbol, and Ireland has her own Bastille perpetually before her eyes as the embodiment of her wrongs. Here is how it looked to Justin McCarthy: "American readers in general can have but little idea as to the peculiarities of that singular institution Dublin Castle, the centre and fortress of Irish government. It has become from generations of usage, a very bulwark against the progress of Irish national sentiment. The fresh current of feeling from the outside seems to make little impression on its stagnant and moldy atmosphere. It is ruled by tradition, and to that tradition belongs the rule of hostility to every popular feeling and every national demand."[1] Gazing up at it, the chronicler sighs over what has been, the poet dreams of what might have been, but even the child starting out in life with the burden of ages upon his back thinks of the morrow, and asks himself, what is to be?

If Ireland were made to feel that she is living in an age of democracy she could place her trust in the people, for Ireland's friends are the people everywhere. If she could get her case submitted to arbitration, she could rest it upon justice, for the native race were in peaceful possession of the soil centuries before the invader left his German home. If she were to get the benefit of that law of human nature by which pity is converted into indignation, a law which even the despot sometimes has to take into account, she could appeal to humanity, and the answer would come in tones which even the venal press would be forced to hear. But so long as she is left to deal alone with her rulers her reliance must be upon English fair play. The best settlement of all, if it ever comes about; as much better than any other as an understanding between friends is better than the decisions of armies or tribunals.

Now it may be said frankly that things would be more hopeful for Ireland if her English rulers were less conscious

[1] *Political Portraits.*

of the possession of this virtue. Once a man persuades himself that any moral virtue whatever is in his blood, those who are on the safe side can afford to laugh at him, but those who have to deal with him are rather filled with concern about the possibilities for evil in his self-deception. At least such is the view of the moralists, and the novelists and the dramatists seem to be of the same opinion. "Beware instinct" is the best advice to be given one that is not afraid of going wrong. The first impression made by a moral portrait in which the colors are unusually bright is suspicion rather than admiration; all the more when the artist sits for his own portrait. If when the features are those of a single individual we are inclined to think that such a picture flatters him, what are the chances that it will be a true likeness when it is the composite picture of a large body of men, of a party or a people, though only for one generation. And, with regard to the particular virtue in question, there is all the more reason for mistrust, if, as one of England's greatest political thinkers tells us, "the genuine love of liberty is very rare." A virtue that is rare the world over is not likely to be a universal possession in any one land, even though that land be England. Indeed, it is England herself that Burke has in mind, and as he proceeds, he finds the "love of domination" a strong trait in the English character.

Let us say rather, in human nature, and add that the English character is not exempt. For it is in human nature that the power begets the will to play the bully. Even Jack the Giant Killer must have felt the temptation to swagger a little after his deed of prowess. Jack might well be forgiven for letting his head be a little turned when he "felt the thews of Anakim, the pulses of a Titan's heart;" but he could not have indulged the humor and tried to play the giant himself without losing our affection. To assert that John Bull has always been stronger than the temptation would be fulsome flattery. A recital of instances to the contrary will be gladly spared by the reader. But if he has revealed his soul in his literature it will be sufficient to allude to that. The note of *Civis Romanus sum* is found there as clearly discernible as in Virgil or in Livy —*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.* It is already heard in the older literature; but it has grown louder rather than fainter with the passage of time. It is a note which cannot be struck too often or with too much force to please the

multitude. Macaulay and Mr. Rudyard Kipling may be called to mind as instances in our own and the preceding generation; the writings of both resound with the notes that so grated on the ears of Burke—"*Our* colonies," "*Our* empire."

Here was too good an opportunity to be lost by the other side, who were blamed for precisely the same excess; and they were not slow to seize upon that titbit furnished by the national anthem, which, from the perfectly laudable sentiment that "Britons never shall be slaves," draws the inference that they must rule over two-thirds of the surface of the globe. So England herself has supplied Anglophobes with material to feed the suspicion that the peace which she has in mind is a *pax Anglicana*. Our view has traveled over a range wider than our subject, but still it embraces our subject. If the question were put whether Burke is right in saying that the English love to domineer, the general run of Irishmen would unhesitatingly answer, yes, and they would point to their own experience as a proof.

Granted, then, that the Englishman has more of the virtue of fair play than the rest of us, still it cannot be admitted that he plays fair by instinct, or that he is free from the danger of doing his neighbor wrong. A glance at the history of reform teaches otherwise. So far is he from being carried away by an uncontrollable impulse to do as he would be done by, that crying abuses have been remedied only after efforts that took long years. This, however, the Englishman has to his credit, that with time and patience he can be educated up to a perception of what is amiss; and England herself has been blessed with a succession of men worthy to assume the task of instruction—great souls with the clear insight and the fertility of resources that belong to genius, with noble ideals and the courage to work on in the midst of failure and the face of obloquy. Thanks to the efforts of such men, who have kept their eyes fixed as steadily upon the standard of justice as upon the Union Jack, multitudes have been won over in the past to the cause of the downtrodden. Alas for Ireland! England now has no Burke nor Bright nor Gladstone, and Ireland no O'Connell.

There is a guilty past which those who do not know it by heart can find, if they care to learn it. Bad as it looks when set forth with righteous indignation by an Irish pen, it looks tenfold worse when told sorrowfully, and with a sense of shame,

by a truthful Englishman; but it never looks more revolting than when a Froude has daubed his powder and smeared his rouge over the hideous features. One short line of a humorous jingle sums it up: "I like to see 'em squirm." Not even Sir Edward Carson, or the most rabid of his followers, would have the face to stand before the world and say that this past is something for England to be proud of. The Englishman of the present hour may flatter himself that he is above anything of the kind, but perhaps he will not be judged more leniently by his posterity than he himself judges his forbears. The reason why Ireland is more discontented now than she was in sorer times may be that relatively she is worse off than ever; just as the workingman is more discontented because, though he is better off than in the olden time, he is not as well off as he thinks he ought to be. The "ferocity" of Queen Anne laws has gone out of fashion; but for this the thanks are due to civilization. If the love of domination is still active, it will not make itself more amiable by gilding the chains or covering them with velvet.

What part Ireland would have acted in the late War if Pitt had played fair with the Irish people and refused to soil his hands with the dirty work of stealing her Parliament; or if Gladstone's efforts had been crowned with success and so much as one generation of Irishmen had been allowed to grow up to feel that the British flag could be to them something like what it is to a Canadian or an Australian; or even if in 1914, the Government, after dangling before the eyes of a heartsore people the promise of better things, did not pull it away just when loyalty was most needed, is a question which each one will be able to answer wisely for himself according to his knowledge of human nature. The fact is that in the year of grace, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen, the Irishman, after more than seven centuries of conquest, is more than ever "a disaffected subject of the British Crown;" far more disaffected than he was at the beginning of the century. The cause of the increased discontent is another chapter added to the already too long story of misrule.

The contents of this last chapter are not known to us in their entirety; but the eagerness of Ireland to get the story before the world, and the violent efforts of England to suppress it, warrant the suspicion that it is not all a chapter of fair play.

The proof is public, however, that, in the view of the English Government, toy-rebellions are a luxury, innocent enough in a handful of invaders whose interest it is to keep the native race in subjection, but a crime to be punished pitilessly in those who have no interest in any other soil but that which has mingled with the dust of their fathers. It is an axiom of democracy that the sense of the people is to be trusted to know what is good for them, far better than a benevolent despot. There is no mistaking the sense of the Irish people now. Their discontent is not, as is too often the case, that of a handful of restless men stirred up by demagogues against the sober wishes of the majority. One piece of the meagre information that has leaked out of the unfortunate country is that they tell you there, "We are all Sinn Feiners now." Something has happened to sweep away the Nationalist Party. The voice of moderation is no longer heard. And that party which yesterday went begging for a few votes now has with it the temper of a united people.

While the native race are trying to grope their way from bondage into freedom, and the politicians are playing their fantastic tricks before high heaven, we may leave them both to the unknown forces which control the future. Little as we know about these, perhaps we know not less than the rulers. Wise as these may be, perhaps they are no wiser than some of their predecessors from whom they now and then take a text when they wish to descant upon the shortsightedness of statesmen. In the meantime we may indulge our fancy a little and try to imagine what would take place in Ireland if this world, instead of being a world of shams where politicians blow hot and cold in the same breath, were a fairyland where political dithyrambs are meant to be taken seriously.

If English rulers sincerely wish to bring contentment to Ireland they know how to do so, or their ignorance is beyond cure. The method is prescribed in that speech which every member of the British Cabinet may be presumed to have read over and over again for its noble concept of the British Empire and its stores of political wisdom, set forth in glowing eloquence. Indeed, so clearly is the method there marked out for dealing with "a people that think they ought to be free and know they are not," that its principles are accepted as axiomatic and the statesmen who were so blind as not to see

them are spoken of as England's evil genius. How, for instance, could humanity better articulate its feelings with regard to Ireland than thus? "You ought not in reason to trifle with so large a mass of the interests and feelings of the human race. You could at no time do so without guilt; and be assured you will not be able to do it long with impunity." Or, with the change of a word or two, we have the truly democratic appeal to public opinion enunciated in a way that cannot be improved upon: "If I were sure the colonists had at their leaving this country sealed a regular compact of servitude, that they had solemnly abjured all the rights of citizens, that they had made a vow to renounce all ideas of liberty for them and their posterity to all generations; yet I should hold myself obliged to conform to the temper I found universally prevalent in my own day, and to govern two millions of men, impatient of servitude, on the principles of freedom." Or again, it formulates the principle of fair play: "It is not what a lawyer tells me I *may* do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I *ought* to do. Is a politic act the worse for being a generous one?" Or, once more, how completely it sweeps away the plea of the benevolent despot: "If you mean to please any people, you must give them the boon which they ask—not what you may think better for them, but of a kind wholly different."

But of what use to Ireland are all the fine phrases in the world unless a contented Ireland is really an object of desire. The liveliest interest in her affairs is manifested by that faction which makes no secret of its view that a subject Ireland is the foremost consideration, compared with which contentment is only a secondary matter. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that the will is not lacking to embroil the natives with their rulers, and to get affairs in such a tangle as the British Government alone can unravel. At least, so it has been of yore. One of the dark crimes that history has to record is rebellion fomented with malice prepense in order to furnish a pretext for coercion. To attract the attention of the world to this sort of foul play was a rare good service unwillingly done by the London *Times*. Let us trust that this instance was the last, and that the specific details which have recently been offered in support of the same ugly charge belong to the realm of the imagination.

But with all the good will in the world fair play will not

get very far if it has to make its way through a fog of prejudice. The weapon within easiest reach of prejudice, and a powerful one when it is dexterously wielded, is travesty. It has been used upon the Irish character pitilessly. So it was even from the beginning. For instance, the following citation appears in a well-known account of the Elizabethan drama: "The Irish masquers were so well liked at court the last week that they were appointed to perform again on Monday; yet their device, which was a mimical imitation of the Irish, was not pleasing to many, who think it no time, as the case stands, to exasperate that nation by making it ridiculous." [1] From then on up to within recent times, when gentler manners have put some restraint upon explosions of ill nature in print, the wits have had their way. But no limit has been fixed beyond which the cartoonist is not to pass. The manner in which he has abused his liberty in English sheets—and, sad to say, also in sheets on this side of the water—shows, if it shows nothing else, what a weight of prejudice has first to be removed if Ireland is to get her measure of fair play. The use for political purposes is obvious. Make your enemy contemptible and you keep him from gaining friends. Get the world to believe that Ireland is a nation of Yahoos and Kerns and Gallowglasses and she must be civilized before she is granted self-determination.

But all the heirs to the bigotry of a bygone age are not strong enough of themselves to delay the triumph of justice. Indeed, there is nothing formidable in their numbers if we can trust the count which has been made. Part of the blame must rest on the indifferent many whose silence gives consent. But most is to be feared from those who satisfy themselves, perhaps too easily, that they are filled with good intentions. "Put yourself in his place" is the best rule to apply whether in judging of the deeds of our fellow mortals or in adjusting differences between man and man. As this is not an easy thing to do when self-interest stands in the way, it is well to eke it out with the poet's prayer for the gift "to see ourselves as others see us." It cannot be denied that it is a rule which makes demands for nothing less than a considerable degree of the dramatic faculty; but if any nation might be supposed to be favored in this respect it is the English, to judge by the excellence of their dramatic literature. Whether they are blessed

[1] *History of English Dramatic Literature.* By A. W. Ward, vol. ii., p. 395.

with it in the same degree in political matters is another question. In the view of the late Mr. Andrew Lang they are not. According to him, "Englishmen especially find it impossible to understand tastes and emotions that are not their own—the wrongs of Ireland (till quite recently), the aspiration of Eastern Rumelia, the demands of Greece."[3] The Irishman may be wrong from his own point of view, but at least he has his own point of view, which must be reckoned with if an accommodation is to be reached. It was set forth dramatically at the outbreak of the War by a writer who is not, or at least was not, a Sinn Feiner, as might appear, but a Nationalist.[4]

"Let us suppose that Germany smashes England in this War and takes over the government of England. Let us suppose that all the English people are swept like vermin to the mountains of Wales, and the shires of England are planted with German junkers. Let us suppose that the governor of England is a German princeling surrounded by German younger sons and that all legislation for England is made by Germans in Berlin. Let us suppose that laws are passed in Berlin making it illegal for the English to export any article that could possibly compete with Germany, making it criminal for any Englishman to own property or be educated or practice a learned profession. Let us suppose that all young Germans are taught to believe that the English are poor and dirty and lazy and low, and that all Germans are righteous and God-fearing and 'play the game.' Let us suppose that education is at last introduced into England, education of a wretchedly inferior character, and the English are taught to sing, in German, 'We are happy little German children.' Let us suppose that, under the benevolent German régime, a famine occurs in which one-eighth of the population, or over four million dirty English people, die simply of starvation. Let us suppose that the English revolt and are finally allowed to send representatives to sympathetic Berlin, where, after many years' agitation, they are graciously permitted to buy their land back from the junkers, but are reproached continually for poverty, ignorance and sloth. Let us suppose that the tenacious Englishmen in Berlin keep up their agitation, always struggling to get a parliament established in London, and are finally told that the thing is practically impossible, because the descendants of the Prussians in York-

[3] *Books and Bookmen*, p. 104. [4] Francis Hackett.

shire and Lancashire feel safer in the hands of Germany. Let us suppose, however, that finally a bill is drafted which half-heartedly concedes a limited measure of Home Rule, but that the German army refuses to go against the rebellious Yorkshire and Lancashire Prussians. Let us suppose that the bill is eventually passed, subject to Yorkshire amendment—and a war breaks out against the Japanese, in which the Germans turn to the English and say: 'Come, fellow Germans, to the defence of your Empire!' Under these circumstances, would it be surprising if one found the English 'involuntary and disaffected subjects' of the German Empire?"

We can imagine an Englishman stopping his ears at such language, which must sound to him little short of blasphemy. But if the bare imagination is painful, what must the reality be to the Irish?

On the other hand we must avoid falling into the very excess we condemn. This article will have much overshot the mark if it seems to convey the impression that fair play is known in England only by reputation. On the contrary, there is a great deal of it there, and more now than ever. In days when it was rarer than it is now, it is interesting to find among those that were able to enter sympathetically into the minds of the Irish that stanch old Tory, Samuel Johnson. Whether his views were drawn from his conversations with Burke or from his own goodness of heart, we find that English misrule attracted his attention on more than one occasion. For instance, looking back over the past, he once remarked: "The Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised over the Catholics. Did we tell them we have conquered them, it would be above board: to punish them by confiscation and other penalties, as rebels, was monstrous injustice." [5]

In reference to their then condition he was not less strong. To a gentleman who hinted that the "barbarous debilitating "policy" might be necessary to support the authority of the British Government he replied: "Let the authority of the English Government perish rather than be maintained by iniquity. Better would it be to restrain the turbulence of the

[5] *Life of Samuel Johnson.* By James Boswell.

natives by authority of the sword, and to make them amenable to law and justice by an effectual police than to grind them to powder by all manner of disabilities and incapacities. Better to hang or drown the people at once than by an unrelenting persecution to beggar and starve them." [6]

The Government in time came around to the Doctor's way of looking at the matter; but there is another conversation worthy of a place here for its bearing on complaints that are still heard. It took place with George Faulkner up in the Hebrides. "George said that England had drained Ireland of fifty thousand pounds in specie annually for fifty years. 'How so, Sir?' said Dr. Johnson. 'You must have very great trade.'—'No trade.'—'Very rich mines?'—'No mines.'—'From whence, then, does all this money come?'—'Come! why out of the blood and bowels of the poor people of Ireland.'" [7] But the Doctor also attempted the rôle of a prophet, and it appears he did not do so badly. "Do not make a union with us, Sir," he said to an Irish gentleman when that important question was mooted. "We should unite with you only to rob you." And he adds the characteristic touch: "We should have robbed the Scotch if they had anything of which we could have robbed them." [8]

This will do for a voice out of the depths before the epoch of reform. Once reform got well under way, Ireland was sure to get some of the benefit, if not from love of the Irish, at least from that sense of decency whence springs the desire to dwell in a respectable neighborhood, to keep the street clean in front of one's window, to have the house next door free from quarreling neighbors. So Ireland, though not in the full flood of reform—far from it—was not untouched by some of its currents. It speaks well for the progress of fair play in the last half-century that enough has been said in her favor by noble-minded Englishmen to fill the shelf of a library. There is an augury of brighter days to come in the fact that the difficulty now is not that of a long and disappointing search, but where to choose amid such abundance. It will be sufficient to cite as a sample one whose utterances have the best chance of surviving as literature, that stanch friend of every good and noble cause, John Bright.

[6] *Ibid.* [7] *Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides.* By James Boswell.
[8] *Life of Samuel Johnson.* By James Boswell.

It is as true today as in 1848, when he said: "You have toiled at this Irish difficulty Session after Session, and some of you have grown almost from boyhood to greyheaded old men since it first met you in your legislative career, and yet there is not in ancient or modern history a picture so humiliating as that which Ireland presents to the world at this moment; and there is not an English gentleman who, if he crossed the Channel in the present autumn, and traveled in any foreign country, would not wish to escape from any conversation among foreigners in which the question of the condition of Ireland was mooted for a single moment." [9]

Not less timely is the following: "I shall be told that I am injuring aristocratical and territorial influence. What is that in Ireland worth to you now? What is Ireland worth to you at all? Is she not the very symbol and token of your disgrace and your humiliation to the whole world? Is she not an incessant trouble to your legislature, and the source of increased expense to your people, already overtaxed? Is not your legislation all at fault in what it has hitherto done for that country? The people of Ulster say that we shall weaken the Union. It has been one of the misfortunes of the legislation of this House that there has been no honest attempt to make a union with the whole people of Ireland up to this time. We have had a union with Ulster, but there has been no union with the whole people of Ireland, and there never can be a union between the Government and the people whilst such a state of things exists as has for many years past prevailed in the south and west of Ireland." [10]

Again, what could bring out more strongly the contrast between the callousness of England and the sympathy of the rest of the world than the following, even though now the void is not in the stomach; for the pain in the heart is keener from the added poignancy of disappointed hopes. "Sir, I am ashamed, I must say, of the course we have taken upon this question. Look at that great subscription that was raised three years ago for Ireland. There was scarcely a part of the globe from which subscriptions did not come. The Pope, as was very natural, subscribed—the head of the great Mahometan empire, the Grand Seignior, sent his thousand pounds—the

[9] *Speeches on Questions of Public Policy.* Edited by James E. Thorold Rogers. London, 1883. *Ireland*, iii., p. 161 d.

[10] *Ibid.*, iv., 173 d.

uttermost parts of the earth sent in their donations. A tribe of red Indians on the American continent sent their subscription; and I have it on good authority that even the slaves on a plantation in one of the Carolinas subscribed their sorrowful mite that the miseries of Ireland might be relieved. The whole world looked upon the condition of Ireland, and helped to mitigate miseries. What can we say to all those contributors, who, now that they have paid, must be anxious to know if anything is to be done to prevent recurrence of these calamities? We must tell them with blushes that nothing has been done, but that we are still going on with the poor-rates, and that, having exhausted the patience of the people of England in Parliamentary grants, we are coming now with rates in aid, restricted altogether to the people of Ireland. That is what we have to tell them; whilst we have to acknowledge that our Constitution, boasted of as it has been for generations past, utterly fails to grapple with this great question." [11]

After a picture which it is hard to forbear from quoting in its entirety despite its length, he adds: "I venture to say that this is a miserable and a humiliating picture to draw of this country. Bear in mind that I am not speaking of Poland suffering under the conquest of Russia. There is a gentleman, now a candidate for an Irish county, who is very great upon the wrongs of Poland; but I have found him always in the House of Commons taking sides with that great party which has systematically supported the wrongs of Ireland. I am not speaking about Hungary, or of Venice as she was under the rule of Austria, or of the Greeks under the dominion of the Turk, but I am speaking of Ireland—part of the United Kingdom—part of that which boasts itself to be the most civilized and the most Christian nation in the world. I took the liberty recently, at a meeting in Glasgow, to say that I believed it was impossible for a class to govern a great nation wisely and justly. Now in Ireland there has been a field in which all the principles of the Tory Party have had their complete experiment and development. . . . And yet what has happened? This, surely. That the kingdom has been continually weakened—that the harmony of the Empire has been disturbed, and that the mischief has not been confined to the United Kingdom, but has spread to the Colonies." [12]

[11] *Ibid.*, iv., 174, 175. [12] *Ibid.*, vi.

But of all John Bright's sayings the one by which he will be longest remembered is the passage which, in its striking imagery, reads like a reversal of Dante's curse against the Pisans: "I believe that if the majority of the people of Ireland, counted fairly out, had their will, and if they had the power, they would unmoor the island from its fastenings in the deep, and move it at least two thousand miles to the west. And I believe further, that if by conspiracy, or insurrection, or by that open agitation, to which alone I ever would give any favor or consent, they could shake off the authority, I will not say of the English Crown, but of the Imperial Parliament, they would gladly do so." [18]

England is to be congratulated that amongst her sons she has not a few who have the courage to tell her frankly what she needs to know, and what she would not listen to from Irish lips. The advantage of plain words over honied phrases does not need to be pointed out to the wise. It will be an evil day for England when she has no ear for hard truths. The picture which we all draw in our minds of the tyrant is wrong seated in power and surrounded by flattery.

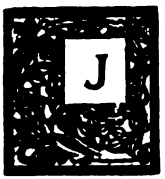
Mr. Bagehot somewhere speaks of the lyrical function of Parliament; by which he means public speaking that tickles the ear with what it likes to hear. And certainly there is no lack in recent years of oratory to usher in a reign of universal democracy with an enthusiasm worthy of the Jacobins. The small nations even, all of them, are invited to the feast; indeed, they are to have the place of honor. All save Ireland. She is the Little Gretchen left out in the cold, looking in at the glory of the lights, tantalized by the odor of the viands, and straining her ear to catch the notes of the music that mingles with the sound of the happy voices. What effrontery in the ragged urchin to knock at the door of the banquet-hall of Versailles!

[18] *Ibid.*, iv., 177 a.

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

BY ARABEL MOULTON-BARRETT.

I.



OHN? Sweet John! Sweet-John-to-Whit!"

The little brown bird in the branches of the great leafy cedar whistled his heart out to the sunny air. "Sweet John. Sweet-John-to-Whit."

If you whistle the words you will give a faint imitation of the little bird's song; but were you to try for a thousand years you could never get the roundness of the notes, nor the gay sweet triumph of them.

"Sweet John," said the bird.

The child looked up into the swaying branches; her eyes were full of light and a little fear.

"Daddy, I can't see the bird. Where is he?" and she placed her small hand in her father's. There was no longer any fear when the man's fingers closed tenderly over hers.

"John-to-Whit," sang the bird, and his little bright eye rested on the upturned face. It was such a tiny point of light that it was mixed up with the sunbeams and the child did not see it. "I *want* to see him, daddy," and her voice sang with sweet insistence. "Find him."

"He isn't very much to look at," said the man, obediently searching the branches with his strong keen eyes, "but he has a big soul."

"Sweet John" whistled the bird.

"A sweet soul, as well as a big soul," corrected the man, smiling. "He wants you to think well of him, girlie."

"Do you see him, daddy? Look, *do* look."

"No," said daddy, throwing his head still further backward in an effort to see better. "I don't see him." It was a very painful position, but he would have suffered much greater inconvenience to please his little girl. "I don't see him, but I hear him. The most beautiful things of life, the things we want most, are always hidden from us."

"I see *you*, daddy," said the child. The man's heart swelled, and he clasped the small fingers very closely in his.

She was too young to understand the deeper meaning of her own sweet words, but the innocent tone of them was very precious to him. "Sweet-John-to-Whit," sang the bird triumphantly, and the clear notes came from the far end of the garden.

"Oh, daddy! He has gone." A cloud came over the brightness of her eyes.

"He has only changed his quarters," said daddy cheerfully and manfully as became a hero in search of the ideal. "Let us follow him."

So, through the garden they went; past beds of wind-blown petunias that lay in a tangle of color and perfume; past clusters of sunny phlox, and prim sweet marigolds and jasmine flowers; past scarlet hibiscus that bent opening buds, all wet with dew, to earth; past trailing lengths of coralilla and honeysuckle, and wax-plant flowers, and beds of heliotrope that stayed their feet by its exquisite breath!

"I love you, I love you."

And on, and on, over the mossy lawn where Chinese bamboo swept the grass with heavy fringes of blue-tinted leaves; and under the tall palms that sang a little tune, their heads lifted high to the sky; and away now to the Poinciana Regia trees where the child's feet sank deep in the fallen crimson blossoms. "Sweet John," sang the little bird from a pimento tree; and the brown of his breast was hid in the silvery mist of the flowers.

"Do you see him, daddy?" said the child.

"John?" said the bird, and there was laughter in his voice and triumph of concealment. "Sweet-John-to-Whit!" and the blossoms opened and closed on the little brown bird.

"Sweet John!"

The glad clear call fled away behind them out into the wild free world beyond the garden.

"He has gone," said the child and her lips trembled. Who can penetrate to the source of a child's grief, or sound its depths? "Never mind," said daddy; and he lifted the child in his great arms, and held her close and kissed her.

"Let's follow him, daddy," said the child, and her arm slipped round his neck, and her tangled curls were against his cheek and she smiled; for here was her kingdom, and she, the queen. "*Do* let's follow him, daddy."

"He has gone a long, long, way off," said daddy very slowly, for he was thinking how best to comfort his little girl, further chase being out of the question. "Very far away; over the pastures, and across the rivers, and over the hills, and down through the valleys, and across the sea, and on, and on. And now he has reached the end of the world."

"Will he get lost, daddy?"

"When he gets to the very edge," said daddy cautiously, for he felt that he himself was perilously near the brink, "he will begin to fly up, and up and up . . ."

"As far as the stars?"

"Oh, much further, right past the stars," and daddy's voice was now quite confident, for would not the little bird's journey be over when it reached nothing?

"Does he sing all the time?"

"All the time. And now he has passed the stars, and he goes on, and on and on." Daddy paused, for now that he had reached space he found the crossing of it very difficult. Realization of space confounds the minds of even the very, very wise. But the eyes of the child were looking into his, and they were full of a strange and beautiful wisdom.

"Hasn't he got to God yet?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes," said daddy very humbly, for his soul was very big; and though he had the mind of a philosopher he still kept the simple heart of a child; and the fingers of his little girl were warm about his neck. "Yes, girlie; the little brown bird has flown right up to God. All the best and most beautiful things of life come from God, and return to Him."

"I want to see the little brown bird," said the child.

II.

"Sweet John!" sang the little brown bird. The heaving branches of the great cedar hid him from sight as he dived through the green hollows of leafy seas. "John-to-Whit-John?" The girl looked up into the branches, a wistful curiosity in the depths of her limpid eyes.

"Do you see him?" she asked the boy. "I wish I could see him."

The boy, for he was little more, laughed carelessly.

"You can never see a John-to-Whit," he said. "He gets lost

amongst the leaves. And the bird is nothing much to look at. Dead leaves and ashes. That's what he looks like."

"I want to see him," said the girl, and her beautiful head was thrown backward in a vain endeavor to pierce the mystery of the little bird's hiding place. "Look for him," she added imperiously. But the boy only laughed.

"I like better to look at you," he said, his glowing eyes on her face.

"Sweet-John-to-Whit," sang the bird, and he put his head on one side and eyed the girl too.

"When I was a little girl," she said. "I walked here with daddy."

"Did *he* find the little brown bird?" asked the boy with sudden misgiving.

"No," said the girl, and her eyes looked straight in front of her over the bright and beautiful garden where flowers and trees and palms still grew and blossomed beautiful in the sunshine. "No, he couldn't find the little brown bird." "He couldn't find the little brown bird" echoed the boy; and there was a great relief in his voice, the relief of one who is not ashamed to fail where a greater than he has been vanquished.

"But we followed the bird," continued the girl, and now her eyes were looking much further than the garden; they gazed beyond it; far, far into the distance.

"Did you?" said the boy, and he laughed. The brown depths of his eyes held inextinguishable fires of mirth. But the girl's eyes were on the edge of the world and they held a gravity beyond her years.

"We followed him," said the girl, "and he flew on, and on, over pastures and through valleys, and over hills and across rivers and seas to the very edge of the world."

"Sweet John," said the bird overhead. "And then he flew up and up, right through the stars and beyond them, and on and on. . . ."

"Then you dropped back to earth," said the boy, and he looked into the girl's face and laughed again. But she did not look at him, and the wistfulness of her eyes troubled him.

"And then the little brown bird reached God," said the girl, and the tears sprang suddenly to the clear beautiful eyes. "Sweet John! Sweet-John-to-Whit," sang the bird, and his voice sounded far away in the cool darkness of a wild-fig tree.

"Why do you cry?" said the boy, and the laugh died away in his eyes as the light does out of a landscape when a cloud drifts over the sun. "Don't cry. I love you. I love you. Do not cry because the little brown bird went away to. . . ." And then he hesitated. After all, it was only a fairy tale and very silly and childish. He could not understand the girl.

"The little bird went to God," said the girl softly. "And not long ago daddy went too. All the best and most beautiful things of life come from God and return to Him."

"I love you," said the boy passionately, and his eyes were like storm-swept seas. "I love you . . . I love you." Then he put his arm about her and led her away.

III.

The great cedar branches swayed in the sunshine, and the wind rushed through the leaves stirring them to tumultuous joy and life. Like the music of many waters the sound of it swept through the garden.

"Sweet-John-to-Whit. Sweet?" sang the little brown bird.

"Do you see him?" said the woman. She was very old, and her face bore the footprints of heavy sorrows. But her eyes, bright and hopeful, glanced upward into the tree with the eager look of a child.

"Sweet John," said the bird, and he looked down into the childlike eyes of the woman.

"Where is he? Do you see him?" She asked softly of the little grandson that leaned against her knee.

"The branches hide him," said the little grandson; "and he is an ugly little bird."

"I want to see him," said the woman, and her voice was full of piteous entreaty. "Find him."

"If I were to climb the tree . . ." began the little grandson, and he put his foot on the bench.

"Come down," cried the woman, and there was fear in her voice.

"You will frighten him away."

"Sweet-John-to-Whit," sang the bird.

"Oh, he is there right enough," said the little grandson.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bring him down with a stone." And he picked up one from the ground.

"Sweet John!" whistled the bird. "John?"

"Stop!" screamed the woman, and she rose feebly from the bench and snatched away the stone.

Her limbs trembled so violently that a great fear came over the little grandson. If his grandmother were to die out there in the garden, and he all alone! He began to cry.

"Hush!" said the woman, and she drew him to the bench, and made him sit close to her whilst she comforted him. "Don't cry, sweetheart . . . don't cry. You did not mean to be cruel, but the stone . . . the stone . . . it struck right against my heart."

"I didn't throw it," said the little grandson, and he began to cry again. He hid his face against her knees.

"There . . . there . . . Don't cry. You don't understand. It doesn't hurt now. Come I'll tell you a story."

"John-to-Whit—Sweet John!" sang the little brown bird.

"Once upon a time there lived a little brown bird in the cedar tree," began the woman; and her hand, which was still beautiful, played with the little grandson's curls. "He was only a little brown bird but he had a big and sweet soul. And he sang all day long."

"Sweet-John-to-Whit," said the bird.

"Do you hear him?" said the woman, and she smiled. "But you never can see him. I tried to find him when I was a little girl. It was very long ago. I was smaller, oh! very much smaller than you, and we went together to look for him."

"Who went with you?" asked the little grandson drowsily, for the caressing touch of the grandmother's fingers, and the torrent in the cedar, and the scent of the flowers, and the warm sunshiny air were making him feel quite sleepy.

"I went with your great-grandfather," said the woman.

"He must have been very old," said the little great-grandson, and the lashes lay on his cheek for quite three seconds, and then slowly raised themselves again. The little great-grandson was getting very, very sleepy, indeed. There were no giants in this story: only birds, and the grandmother that he saw every day, and the great-grandfather who must have been very wrinkled and bent and old; and how could such an old man, older than his grandmother, chase a bird over pastures and hills, and through valleys and across rivers and seas, till he got to the

very edge of the world? It must have been just like the edge of a table, thought the little grandson, and then he too leant over to see what was below, and lost his balance and fell over and he went down, and down and down . . . and there lay the little grandson fast asleep with his head on his grandmother's knee.

The woman's head rested against the hoary old trunk of the cedar. Perhaps the weight of the little grandson tired her, but she was not thinking of that; she was going on with the story, and the beautiful hand lay peacefully still amongst the bright tangle of curls. She had forgotten the little grandson; for now the little brown bird mounted the sky: he flew straight through the shining stars. How lovely they were, and so many millions of them; and how they shone on the little brown bird as he passed, singing. And now the stars were left behind and still the little bird flew on, and on, and on. . . .

"I have come to meet you," said daddy. "I thought you might lose your way," and he put his arms about her and held her very close and kissed her.

"I followed the little brown bird," said the child, and she put her arms about his neck in the old childish way. "Is he singing to God, daddy?"

"Yes," said daddy, and he smiled.

"Shall I see him?" asked the child, and her beautiful eyes shone like stars.

"Yes," said daddy, "for he sings very, very close to God. All the best and most beautiful things of life come from God and return to Him. Let us go together to Him now."

Then the child felt the great strong arms close round her very tenderly, her head rested against his cheek, and together they sprang upward to God.

IV.

"Sweet-John-to-Whit," sang the little brown bird. "Sweet John!"

The cedar branches moved triumphantly in the sunshine. Every leaf was a sun-lit banner that hid away the little brown bird in their glorious depths.

"John-to-Whit. Sweet?"

"The boy is asleep," said a woman's voice, "but . . ."

There came a sharp cry.

"Hush!" said a man's voice, and in it was a great tenderness.

"She is asleep too. She was very tired. Take the boy. Can you carry him, dear heart? Hush . . . Hush . . . Don't cry. Leave me with her. I am glad it happened so. She, she is smiling still."

"Did you find the little brown bird?" said the sleepy voice of the grandson; the muffled sound of the words told you his lips were against his mother's cheek. Then he fell asleep again.

"The little brown bird . . ." faltered the woman's voice. You heard her crying softly.

"She has seen the little brown bird at last," said the man's deep voice; there was a smile in the words though you knew his eyes were full of tears. "All the best and most beautiful things of life come from God and return to Him."

"Sweet-John-to-Whit. Sweet John!" The clear whistle sounded through the leaves of the great swaying branches of the cedar.

"Sweet-John-to-Whit. Sweet John!" The voice of the little brown bird came from far, far away, right away beyond the stars . . . on . . . and on . . . and on . . . the little brown bird was singing in the Heart of God.

All the best and most beautiful things of life come from God, and return to Him.

DOROTHEA.

BY MAY TOMLINSON.

THE figure of Dorothea presents, in almost ideal embodiment, the womanly character as we conceive of it today. The conditions under which Dorothea lived are, it is true, not precisely those of the present, but she herself is quite essentially modern, both in the larger sense and in the sense that one can easily conceive of her as welcoming, and even embracing, the many opportunities and privileges now open to women. It is particularly easy to imagine her as enthusiastic in the pursuit of academical knowledge; and remembering her interest in matters socially useful, one can easily think of her as applying her ready intelligence to such practical subjects as domestic science and market gardening; or one can picture her as engrossed in some one of the many forms of philanthropic work, or absorbed in self-forgetful, merciful tendance upon the sick and wounded, or actively concerned with the welfare of orphaned children.

But easy as it is to think of Dorothea as thus engaged, one half shrinks from such imagining. Somehow one prefers not to associate Dorothea with the idea of professional efficiency and special training, since, even now, when scientific knowledge and trained efficiency are lightly carried and by no means uncommon, one is rather inclined to think of this sort of service and this sort of equipment as something apart from the idea of grace and charm and youthful bloom. The imagination does not readily accept the idea of training. Grace and bloom go with spontaneity. That certain indefinable something, that delicate quality that we designate as charm, can never be coupled with the thought of grind, routine, treadmill toil, hard-won erudition. Implying as it does a certain simplicity, it very rarely belongs to the highly instructed. Now Dorothea, we know, was "adorably simple and full of feeling." "Her nature," we are told, "was always taking on some new shape of ardent activity;" her vital energies were always moving in unison with her spiritual promptings; her sympathies were

forever hungering for something to feed upon, forever reaching out in some form of direct and specific action. But, however employed, she would ever need to make for herself some vivid emotional life. She found comfort in the belief that "by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do as we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower." "She longed," we know, "for work which would be directly beneficent like the sunshine and the rain." "How happy you must be," she said to Lydgate, "to know things that you feel sure will do great good! I wish I could awake with that knowledge every morning. There seems to be so much trouble taken that one can hardly see the good of!"

This clearly expressed need of confidence in the direct beneficent effectiveness of effort makes one somewhat skeptical of Dorothea's enthusiastic acceptance of the privilege of suffrage. Of course, those who look to the ballot for the eradication of every evil and the amelioration of every unhappy condition will feel confidently sure of Dorothea's support. They would do well, however, these persons who resent what seems to them the injustice of denying to women the privileges of citizenship, to bear in mind one little fact: in her life with Mr. Casaubon Dorothea's desire was to give tenderness, not to claim justice. It was characteristic of her that she could always look "along the one track where duty became tenderness." There was in Dorothea no lack of inward fire; we know that she had moments of rebellious anger; we have seen that she could be stirred to a high pitch of indignation; but she was in no way exacting in demands for herself. The dominant spirit of justice within her was engaged in behalf of others. Her mind was occupied with the thought of other people's needs and other people's wrongs. Indeed, it may be said that tenderness was the controlling impulse of her being, a vital force shaping all her thoughts and deeds, giving color (one likes to believe) to her cheek, tone to her voice, beauty to her face, and grandeur to her form.

No, Dorothea would never be much concerned with the indirect, impersonal, unreactionary methods of reform. Nor does the execution of large schemes seem just the work for her. Consequently one feels no regret at the relinquishment

of that plan which for a time occupied her mind—the hope of founding a village which should be a school of industry. The outpouring of that full river of her soul must needs be in response to some emotional appeal, some vision of *individual* need or hardship, some exigency calling for direct, immediate action which should be the offspring of some vivid, sympathetic experience. "It is wicked," she said to Lydgate, "to let people think evil of any one falsely, when it can be hindered." When she offered to do what she could to clear him, she was quite right in thinking there was nothing better that she could do in the world. "And her voice, as she made this childlike picture of what she would do, might have been almost taken as a proof that she could do it effectively. The searching tenderness of her woman's tones seemed made for a defence against ready accusers." The simple inspiration on which Dorothea acted at all times is most admirable. It is in the doing of these direct, heart-prompted deeds of mercy and generosity that one likes to think of her. One feels that the dispensing of wholesale munificence may well be left to those who are less endowed with the rarer qualities.

But those same rare qualities are none too fine, we believe, for the offices of wife and mother. There were, however, in Dorothea's time those who thought it "a pity that so rare and substantive a creature should have been absorbed into the life of another, and be only known in a certain circle as a wife and mother." But happily the world still holds plenty of people who see in those functions unlimited scope for the exercise of noble powers, hosts of people who conceive of nothing better, nothing nobler, than the full assumption of those grave responsibilities and the glad acceptance of those glorious opportunities, people who can think of nothing better for any woman than the outpouring of womanly feeling, the transmission of noble qualities, the implanting of right thoughts. Those who so feel would exalt the office of motherhood to the highest pinnacle; they would admit into its service none but the worthy —the brave, the unselfish, the sweet-natured, the large-hearted, the noble-minded.

Despite the general modernity of Dorothea's character, she was in one respect quite unlike her sisters of today, for she dressed plainly, we are told, and with little regard to style. One finds it impossible to imagine a young gentlewoman of

today going abroad with sleeves hanging all out of style. We feel sure that nothing less than poverty would stiffen the determination of a young woman of our time to such a point of independence. The pride of being a lady might, indeed, give her courage and enable her to do with better grace the thing she would rather not be obliged to do, but it is not likely to make her sufficiently independent deliberately to appear in unfashionable attire—not in this country at least, where there are no real distinctions of rank. Dorothea, it is true, could afford better than most women to disregard the mandates of fashion, for she had, we are told, that kind of beauty that seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. "Her hand and her wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less devoid of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile, as well as her stature and bearing, seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashions gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible . . . in a paragraph of today's newspaper." Certainly the garb in which she appears before us suits her noble bearing and lessens in no degree her natural grace and dignity. Whether one thinks of her in the long Quakerish gray cloak and white beaver bonnet, or in the blue-gray pelisse edged with white fur, or as gowned in that soft white woolen stuff that she was fond of wearing and which always seemed to have been lately washed and to smell of the sweet hedges, the attire seems altogether fitting. Indeed, this individuality of dress is precisely what one would expect and desire in Dorothea. It does in truth seem a part of her distinction, just as Rosamond Vincy's nice observance of fashion and exquisite perfection of costume seems entirely in keeping with her general punctiliousness in respect to outward forms and her tendency to attach undue importance to things superficial, matters in which she was especially clever.

Dorothea, being full of sweet self-forgetfulness as well as "entirely without hidden calculations either for immediate effects or for remoter ends," had not that bewitchment which so often constitutes the fascinating power of a designing woman. She was neither covetous of conquest nor solicitous of admiration. And it appears not to have been either her personal beauty or her cleverness that fixes the attention. It

seems that men who were with her were not consciously aware of these attractions. When Rosamond questioned Lydgate as to his impressions of Mrs. Casaubon, wishing to know if he thought her handsome, "She certainly is handsome, but I had not thought of it," was his reply; and when, later, Rosamond drew a similar answer from Will Ladislaw and demanded of him what it was that men were thinking of when with Mrs. Casaubon, the answer came short and sharp, "Herself," clinched by the added words, "when one sees a perfect woman one never thinks of her attributes—one is conscious of her presence." And Lydgate, we know, found in Dorothea "a fountain of friendship for men." "A man can make a friend of her," was his inward comment.

Dorothea possessed, however, one personal charm (a charm partly spiritual, indeed—or as nearly spiritual as a corporeal attribute can ever be), of which the sensitively organized Will Ladislaw was at once and acutely sensible, the charm of a richly modulated voice. It seemed to Will like "the voice of a soul that had once lived in an æolian harp." And one remembers how Caleb Garth was impressed. Do we have nowadays speaking voices characterized by liquid flexibility? Certainly the girl voice of today is not remarkable for musical intonation. The young woman who, in conversation with her land agent or any other man, lets flow snatches of speech melodious enough to remind one of "bits from the *Messiah*" is exceptional, indeed. Because of this exceptionableness, the very thought of Dorothea suggests always a human voice, wonderful, thrilling, mercifully tender, lovingly persuasive. Her personality presents itself to the imagination in audible embodiment.

But this Dorothea with the voice of "a soul that had once lived in an æolian harp" was beset, like other mortals, with the trials of this earth. And being one of those who bear in mind the injunction, "Be ye perfect," she was not unwilling to admit her own need of discipline. No rational being, in his better moments, will rebel against what he knows will further his progress towards perfection. But his vision is not always clear. His self-knowledge, too, is sometimes incomplete. Moreover, it is only the noble soul that is capable of resolute submission. And it seems to be the noblest upon whom the Lord heaps the heaviest weight of trial. Doubtless the Father

does this out of love, just as an earnest, idealistic teacher, a devotee of the arts, is often more exacting of a promising pupil, demanding of him the very best of which he is capable, prodding him on to his highest possible attainment. Every lover of excellence is quick in the discernment of potentialities, the Supreme Instructor no less than the earthly master. And every trainer, in every art whatever, especially in the art of expression—and what is man's life but embodied expression? —knows the value of restraint. And in this life of ours, who can tell what infinitely delicate and inestimable aids to effectiveness may be administered through the agency of that form of trial known as self-repression? It was to this sort of discipline that Dorothea was subjected. In her life with Mr. Casaubon her native strength of will was converted into "resolute submission." Though high-spirited, "permanent rebellion, the disorder of a life without some loving reverent resolve, was not possible to her." There were times, however, when, "like one who has lost his way and is weary, she sat and saw as in a glance all the paths of her young hope which she should never find again." But always the resolved submission did come. "And the energy that would animate a crime," George Eliot remarks with characteristic insight, "is not more than is wanted to inspire a resolved submission, when the noble habit of the soul reasserts itself."

It cannot be said that the narrator of Dorothea's history satisfactorily accounts for her acceptance of Mr. Casaubon. To explain her choice by saying that there was in her "a dash of stupidity" (to use Leslie Stephen's expression) seems hardly fair, unless we qualify the statement with the admission that the noble have ever something of stupidity about them, something to stir the wonder of the small-brained Celias of this world. The fact that Mr. Casaubon was a stick might have been clearer, yes, to a commoner mind. And we agree with Celia that "the commonest minds" are sometimes rather useful. Celia's commoner mind could observe the manner of Mr. Casaubon's soup-eating and the way he blinked. But it was not Celia alone who was taken by surprise, not Celia alone who thought it wonderful that Dorothea should have liked a dried-up pedant.

Her choice could scarcely seem other than wonderful even to those of us who are favored with a clearer view of

the open elevation of her nature, and some perception of the fact that "all her passion was transfused through a mind struggling towards an ideal life." Even we who know that her whole soul was possessed by the thought that a fuller life was opening before her, and that she looked upon marriage as a state of higher duties, never thinking of it as mere personal ease—even we cannot but wonder at her choice. But this wonder does not lessen our admiration of her wifely devotedness and gentle loving manifestations, nor does it make us less confidently believe that she was "full of those affectionate impulses that are the bent of every sweet woman," and that "with all her yearning to know what was afar from her, and to be greatly benignant, she had ardor enough for what was near to have kissed Mr. Casaubon's coat-sleeve or to have caressed his shoe-latchet," if he would have made any adequate sign of acceptance.

That there is much wifely devotion in this second decade of the twentieth century cannot be denied by one who goes about with open eyes. Still, one does not readily picture a girl wife of today in devoted attendance, after the manner of Dorothea, upon a studious, formal husband thirty years older than herself. The young wife of today might, like Dorothea, possess to an unusual degree the power of devoting herself to her idea of the right and best, but her idea of the right and best would probably not be that of Dorothea, and would most likely not demand of her such service as Dorothea rendered Mr. Casaubon. For instance, such a picture as the following could hardly belong to the scenery of married life as we conceive of it today (the scene would be amusing, if it were not touching): "After she had read and marked for two hours, he said, 'We will take the volume upstairs—and the pencil, if you please—and in case of reading in the night, we will pursue this task. It is not wearisome to you, I trust, Dorothea?'"

"'I prefer always reading what you like best to hear,' said Dorothea, who told the simple truth; for what she dreaded was to exert herself in reading or anything else which left him as joyless as ever."

But even Dorothea found it a hard fate to be always trying to be what her husband wished, and never able to repose on his delight in what she was. And one can safely say that were she alive today she would be far less likely to marry a

Mr. Casaubon, less likely for the simple reason that there is in our time a greater wealth of opportunity. The Dorothea of today would find other channels for the outrush of her intellectual and spiritual aspirations. Her ardor would be less likely to "alternate between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood." Her energies would be more definitely and purposefully directed (whether more advantageously in respect to spiritual growth, we will not say). But we have ever to bear in mind Dorothea's hunger for something more satisfying than the companionship of "sustaining thoughts" and her longing for "objects who could be dear to her and to whom she could be dear." It is certain that Dorothea would never be satisfied with any mode of activity that did not move in alliance with the sympathies and affections. Just to be occupied, however purposefully, would not be enough. One recalls a certain little speech of hers, uttered, somewhat impatiently, in protest to Ladislaw's expressed fear that she was too much shut up, and his suggestion that it would be better for Mr. Casaubon to have a secretary, as Sir James Chettam and Mr. Brooke advised. "Yes," said Dorothea, "but they don't understand—they want me to be a great deal on horseback, and to have the garden altered and new conservatories, to fill up my days. I thought you could understand that one's mind has other wants."

Then, the Dorothea of today would possess from the beginning a clearer conception of what should be the basis of matrimonial union, the only basis on which an adventurer can safely embark upon that unknown sea. This knowledge Dorothea had to be taught through the hardships of her life with Mr. Casaubon, the trials that she had to undergo. And it was the learning of this lesson that made her the more resolute in her determination to marry Will Ladislaw. Dorothea at no period of her existence would have been very imaginative regarding the discomforts of a life without abundant means. Celia could readily conceive of the trial of being pent up to one accustomed to the expanse and greenness of a park. "How can you always live in a street?" she exclaimed when she learned Dorothea's intention of going to London. But Dorothea, with all her idealism, had in her a strain of practicality. Did she not say: "I will learn what everything costs." There is something inexpressibly charming in the naïveté of

that speech. How Will Ladislaw must have blessed her sweet soul! A man would be a very brute not to respond to such sweet persuasion.

One particular phase of George Eliot's art is so conspicuously noticeable in the novel of *Middlemarch*, and so effectively used in the working out of Dorothea's story, as to call for special comment. Among the many manifestations of delicate poetical feeling which illumine the whole body of George Eliot's fiction, and especially the novel of *Middlemarch*, there is one particular touch that is closely associated with—is, indeed, a part of—the method by which George Eliot secures for her figures that richness of background, setting, and atmosphere which so characterizes her work. It reveals, moreover, her keen realization of the way in which visions are interwoven with certain moods, and the manner in which particular aspects of nature are associated for us with certain epochs of our history. Here is an illustration: "Any private hours in Dorothea's day were usually spent in her blue-green boudoir, and she had come to be very fond of its pallid quaintness.... The bare room had gathered within it those memories of an inner life which fill the air as with a cloud of good or bad angels, the invisible yet active forms of our spiritual triumphs or our spiritual falls. She had been so used to struggle for and to find resolve in looking along the avenue towards the arch of western light that the vision itself had gained a communicating power. Even the pale stag seemed to have reminding glances and to mean mutely, 'Yes, we know.' And the group of delicately touched miniatures had made an audience as of beings no longer disturbed about their own earthly lot, but still humanly interested."

Then note the effect of the poetical touch in the following passage: "She was not aware how long it was before she answered. She had turned her head and was looking out of the window on the rose-bushes, which seemed to have in them the summers of all the years when Will would be away." One more example of the same subtle effect: "So by the end of June the shutters were all opened at Lowick Manor, and the morning gazed calmly into the library, shining on the rows of notebooks as it shines on the weary waste planted with stones, the mute memorials of a forgotten fate; and the evening laden with roses entered silently into the blue-green boudoir where

Dorothea chose oftenest to sit." Just why this mention of morning sunshine and June roses, this suggestion of flower fragrance and evening quietude, should make Dorothea's solitude seem doubly mournful and the loneliness of her heart so very piteous, it is hard to say, yet one feels that it is so.

The history of Dorothea, like that of every life where there is noble aim and noble habit of soul, is a spiritual history, a record of spiritual struggle and spiritual growth. Hence the hold that it takes upon the mind and heart; hence, likewise, the modernity, in the larger sense, of the figure itself. For it cannot be denied that the spiritual life of mankind remains fundamentally the same throughout the ages. If the inner experience of the first woman (supposing her possessed of a malleable soul) could be written out with introspective minuteness, the trials of her existence, though circumstantially different, would most likely prove to be not essentially dissimilar from those that try the metal of her pliant-souled sister of today. In both cases, the march of advancement would doubtless progress by the same stages and reveal the same general processes. And to a master in the art of fiction, the two histories would appear quite equal in plastic potentialities.

MY ANSWER.

BY C. A. CHILTON.

"How have I fared with Him
Whose early promises beguiled my youth?"
You ask.
"Has that fair-seeming high estate
Proved in these years of trial
But Dead Sea fruit?"
"That vast unmeasured store of covenanted joys
Melted—and left behind
But sad-eyed—vain illusions?"

"Illusions!"
Yes, there were illusions,
Dense webs of them before my eyes—
In those first years.
Yet such as fed my novice fancies then
Served well, and wisely, their appointed end.
Ever they lured to higher ground
My wavering, untutored steps,
And now—
Now with the great realities in sight
I bless the dear illusions
Every one!

But, for the subtle slight I read
Between your words.
Touching the honor of my Chosen One,
Take from my lips—as solemn as my vow
My passionate reply:
"A world's-breadth deeper, higher, truer
Than His word
Has been the dear fulfillment of His bond.
Sweet was the spring-time of His love,
But lo! as once at Cana's wedding feast,
So has He kept for me—(His own by that first vow)
So has He kept—the best wine of His vintage
Until now!"

FACTS RESPECTING SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K.S.G.

THE publication, in a recent issue of the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*, of a photograph of Sir A. Conan Doyle with the image of an "extra" which he claims to bear "a general but not very exact resemblance" to his deceased son, has once more drawn the attention of the thoughtful public to the perplexing problem presented by spirit-photography.

In view of the manifest importance and significance of the subject at this time, and the many inquiries that have come to me on the subject, it may not be out of place to set forth in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD what long experience and personal experiment have taught me respecting it.

The late Holy Father, who so clearly, and indeed prophetically, foresaw the coming of the present spiritistic movement and who was so anxious to guard weak Catholics against the perils incidental to it, desired that *all* the ascertained facts should be made fully known, it being his conviction that it was only in this way that a true weapon could be forged for the effectual combating of this dangerous heretical movement. "The Church," he said, "has nothing to fear from well-established fact and truth. What she has to fear is imperfect knowledge, the propagation of half-truths, and a misinterpretation of the facts ascertained." Experience certainly, it must be confessed, is daily confirming the wisdom of this statement, imperfect knowledge of the subject, ignorance of facts often withheld from the public by enthusiastic theorists, and misinterpretation of the facts established being, beyond doubt, the most frequent cause of lapses of orthodox Christians into spiritism. The dissemination of full and accurate knowledge, and the admission and *right interpretation* of facts adequately established, can alone serve our cause.

Numbers of our young Catholics, especially in the larger cities of the country who, as I have good reason to know, positively devour in our public libraries the fascinating books on

spiritism increasingly issuing from the press, have questions to ask which must be answered. They are no longer satisfied with the lame and conventional explanations of persons who claim to speak authoritatively on the subject, but from whose explanations it is often only too evident that they are themselves wholly unacquainted with the facts which modern research has brought to light.

Such ignorant platitudinizing is rapidly bringing Catholic science into discredit. Thoughtful and well-read Catholics have again and again spoken to me with positive contempt of statements on this subject, issuing perhaps from some college or university professor and clothed in lofty and learned-sounding language, but, nevertheless, disclosing a most woeful and pitiable ignorance of the subject. Such Catholics are feeling, and are feeling justly, that in view of what is increasingly being brought to their knowledge, all this foolish talk about fraud and fake, and double-exposure so far as this aspect of the subject is concerned, can, at this hour of the day, but damage our cause and make us ridiculous in the eyes of the generally well-informed non-Catholic and of "the man in the street" who, as the late Professor Alfred Russel Wallace so justly pointed out, has been found to be the true scientist.[1] The circumstance that a man knows something of photography or chemistry does not manifestly imply that he knows all about it, and from recent discoveries we may surely safely infer that he knows very little about it at best.

It has to be admitted, of course, that while the Church's decree, barring a Catholic from experimental research, is a most wise and timely one, exhibiting the accurate knowledge which the Roman authorities possess on the subject, it nevertheless places him at a disadvantage, since he cannot secure for himself that *experimental* knowledge to which the non-Catholic has access, and which has been so largely instrumental in bringing about the present movement.

But this disadvantage can be compensated for to a considerable extent by a thoroughgoing study of the works of scientific men of the saner sort, who have no particular religious or philosophic theory to advance or defend, and, above all, by approaching that study in a spirit of humility and teachableness, bearing in mind that there may conceivably be more

[1] *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.*

things in heaven and on earth than even a college or university professor has dreamt of in his philosophy.

One reason, of course, why these inquiries are addressed to me is because one of my first books on Spiritism [2] contains prints of spirit-photographs, which I claimed to have obtained under conditions guaranteeing their genuineness, and respecting which it is known that I have never seen cause to change my mind.

In a work in which the results of photographic experiment are only *one* element in the evidence presented, it was impossible to go very deeply into the matter and to produce the available evidence in full. I was anxious, moreover, not to lay *too much* stress upon this particular *kind* of evidence. I desired my readers to consider the evidence as a whole and to form their judgment accordingly. I will now, however, supplement the information given in my book by presenting the evidence of the then highest photographic authority in England which, so far as I know, has never appeared in print in this country and which will, I think, answer all the questions of my inquirers and, indeed, settle the matter once and for all, for all open and fair-minded persons. It should, of course, be borne in mind that we are here not dealing with fully materialized forms which, as the late Professor A. R. Wallace put it, "shape themselves out of the emanations from living bodies in proper magnetic relation to them," [3] and which become visible to the eyes of all persons present at the experiment. It goes without saying that such forms can be photographed, either in the dark with the aid of magnesium light, or in daylight, as in the well-known and carefully conducted experiments of the late Sir William Crookes. It is here a question of "photographing the invisible," in other words, of photographing forms so delicately constructed (apparently because of the insufficiency of the available amount of such emanations) that they are imperceptible to the natural sight, although believed and, indeed, known to be present by reason of other very perceptible indications. Can such forms be photographed and have they been photographed? This is the question before us and is the question which inquirers everywhere are now asking. I will answer it in the words of the photographic authority referred

[2] *The Dangers of Spiritualism.*
[3] *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.*

to, the quotation being taken from a popular lecture which he delivered in London some years ago when questions, similar to those now asked in this country, were asked in England:

> There are some rays of light which, when reflected from an object on which they fall, are visible; so called, because they enable the normal eye to see such an object; but there are other rays which, if thus employed, would fail to render an object visible, but would still cause photographic action. These are popularly termed invisible rays because their effects are not perceived by ordinary vision. If anything or entity—call it spirit if you like—emitted rays of this nature only, most assuredly it could be photographed *by one possessing even rudimentary knowledge only of photography*, although such a figure could not be seen. It would be amenable to the law of *optics*, by which the image will be projected by the lense on the plate, and to those of *chemistry*, by which that image will subsequently be developed.

When, years ago, I obtained on the photograph of a guest staying at my house, taken with my own camera and on a newly-bought plate, no professional medium being present, the image of a deceased friend of mine which all the members of that friend's family acknowledged to be a very fair likeness of him, I realized that the possibility of photographing the invisible had been proved to demonstration so far as I was personally concerned. I could not, with the best intention in the world, discover any flaw or defect in the conditions observed, and the preceding and attending *physical* manifestations, indicating the presence of an extraneous intelligence tended to remove any misgiving that might otherwise have remained in my mind.

But I was not even then satisfied. I thought that, not being an expert in photography, there *might*, after all, be something that had escaped my attention. I therefore placed myself in communication with the expert referred to, the late Mr. Traill Taylor, the then President of the Royal Photographic Society, Editor of the British *Journal of Photography* and the admitted highest authority on the subject in England.

I submitted the result of my experiments to him, fully detailing the circumstances under which the picture had been obtained. Mr. Taylor's verdict was as follows: "I would give a

good deal if I were able to obtain, under reasonable test-conditions, such a picture as yours. I have read your letter with great interest and have shown it to expert friends. I can only now say: by all means continue your investigations in this direction and you will have your reward in greater success."

Mr. Taylor, strongly influenced by striking evidence of this character, increasing in bulk and value and coming in from many and most unexpected quarters, finally decided upon making experiments himself. He took all the precautions which his intimate knowledge of the subject would suggest, and when, to his amazement, identical results were obtained, he communicated those results to the members of the London and Provincial Photographic Association in England. Entirely eliminating myself, therefore, and my evidence from the inquiry, I now place before my readers the verbatim report of Mr. Traill Taylor's experiments as it appeared in the British *Journal of Photography*,[4] the original copy of which is in my possession.

"For several years I have experienced a strong desire to ascertain by personal investigation the amount of truth in the ever-recurring allegation that figures, other than those visually present in the room, appeared on a sensitive plate. The difficulty was to get hold of a suitable person known as a sensitive or 'medium.' What a medium is, or how physically or mentally constituted differently from other mortals, I am unable to say. He or she may not be a photographer, but must be present on each occasion of trial. Some may be mediums without their being aware of it. Like the chemical principle known as catalysis they merely act by their presence. Such a one is Mr. D. of Glasgow, in whose presence psychic photographs have long been alleged to be obtained. He was lately in London on a visit, and a mutual friend got him to consent to extend his stay in order that I might try to get a psychic photograph under test conditions. To this he willingly agreed. My conditions were exceedingly simple, were courteously expressed to the host, and entirely acquiesced in. They were, that I for the nonce would assume them all to be tricksters, and, to guard against fraud, should use my own camera and unopened packages of dry plates purchased from dealers of repute, and that I should be excused

[4] March 17, 1893.

from allowing a plate to go out of my own hands till after development, unless I felt otherwise disposed; but that, as I was to treat them as under suspicion, so must they treat me, and that every act I performed must be in the presence of two witnesses, nay, that I would set a watch upon my own camera in the guise of a duplicate one of the same focus—in other words, I would use a binocular stereoscopic camera and dictate all the conditions of operation. All this I was told was what they very strongly wished me to do, as they desired to know the truth and that only. There were present, during one or other of the evenings when the trials were made, representatives of various schools of thought, including a clergyman of the Church of England; a practitioner of the healing art who is a fellow of two learned societies; a gentleman who graduated in the Hall of Science in the days of the late Charles Bradlaugh; some two extremely hard-headed Glasgow merchants, gentlemen of commercial eminence and probity; our host, his wife, the medium, and myself. Dr. G. was the first sitter, and, for a reason known to myself, I used a monocular camera. I myself took the plate out of a packet just previously ripped up under the surveillance of my two detectives. I place the slide in my pocket, and exposed it by magnesium ribbon which I held in my own hand, keeping one eye, as it were, on the sitter and the other on the camera. There was no background. I myself took the plate from the dark slide, and, under the eyes of the two detectives, placed it in the developing dish. *Between the camera and the sitter a female figure was developed, rather in a more pronounced form than that of the sitter.* The lens was a portrait one of short focus, the figure being somewhat in front of the sitter was proportionately larger in dimensions. I submit this picture. It is, as you see, a lady. I do not recognize her or any of the other figures I obtained as like any one I know, and from my point of view, that of a mere investigator and experimentalist, not caring whether the psychic subject were embodied or disembodied.

"Many experiments of like nature followed; on some plates were abnormal appearances, on others none. All this time Mr. D., the medium, during the exposure of the plates was quite inactive. After one trial which had proved successful, I asked him how he felt and what he had been thinking of during the exposure. He replied that his thoughts had been mainly

concentrated upon his chances of securing a corner seat in a smoking carriage that night from Euston to Glasgow.

"If the precautions I took during all of the several experiments, such as those recorded, are by any of you thought to have been imperfect or incomplete, I pray of you to point them out. In some of them I relaxed my conditions to the extent of getting one of those present to lift out from the dark slide the exposed plate and transfer it to the developing dish held by myself, or to lift a plate from the manufacturer's package into the dark slide held in my own hand, this being done under my own eye, which was upon it all the time; but this did not seem to interfere with the successful going on of the experiments.

"The psychic figures behaved badly. Some were in focus, others not so; some were lighted from the right, while the sitter was so from the left; some were comely, as the dame I shall show on the screen, others not so; some monopolized the major portion of the plate, quite obliterating the material sitters; others were as if an atrociously badly vignetted portrait, or one cut oval out of a photograph by a can-opener, or equally badly clipped out, were held up behind the sitter. But here is the point: not one of these figures which came out so strongly in the negative was visible in any form or shape to me during the time of exposure in the camera, and I vouch in the strongest manner for the fact that no one whatever had an opportunity of tampering with any plate anterior to its being placed in the dark slide or immediately preceding development. Pictorally they are vile, but how came they there? . . . I again assert that the plates were not tampered with by either myself or any one present.

"There are plenty of Tycho Brahes capable of supplying details of observations, but who is to be the Kepler that will from such observations evolve a law by which they can be satisfactorily explained?

"In the foregoing I have confined myself as closely as possible to narrating how I conducted a photographic experiment open to every one to make, avoiding stating any hypothesis or belief of my own on the subject generally, and it only now remains to exhibit the results, bad and fraudulent-looking as they are, on the screen."

In a subsequent *popular* lecture, Mr. Traill Taylor sup-

plemented his very interesting exposition by the following statement from which it will be seen how very deep and abiding a conviction is which is based upon first-hand knowledge and upon accurate and *experimental* investigation.

"I can afford to look with the greatest charitableness upon editors and photographers who, not having had opportunities of acquiring a sufficiency of knowledge, relegate these photographs to the limbo of fraud. I myself did so at one time and can therefore scarcely blame them for doing likewise. Where *blame* rests is in their not scientifically investigating a subject which ought to be replete with interest to a photographer; and where *misfortune* steps in is in the difficulty of being able to secure access to certain conditions necessary to the desiderated investigation, and this altogether apart from belief or even desire of belief in spiritism, either as a science or a religion. As known to many, I was afforded exceptional facilities for endeavoring to satisfy myself, first, as to the reality of human abnormal forms appearing on the photographic plate by means other than those regularly obtained in accordance with the well-recognized photographic laws, accepted by every student of the phenomena of photography; and, secondly, if such were the case, to do what the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour suggested when, in a presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research, he spoke of the desirability of efforts being made 'to discover what laws this strange class of phenomena obey.'"

It is hardly necessary to add anything to this comprehensive and courageous verdict on the part of unquestionably one of the very highest authorities on photography, whose intimate knowledge of the subject may surely be supposed to cause him to take all the precautions which the most skeptical mind could deem necessary to impose. It will be seen from it what the vague platitudes of half-informed writers about fakes and fraud and double-exposure are worth. They are more than twenty years too late with their assertions, and such assertions can but serve to disclose their very great ignorance. The fact of spirit photography, quite apart from the question as to the *nature* of these spirits is, beyond all doubt, an established fact in science. The men therefore, whatever their academic standing, who, at this hour of the day, still attempt to explain these phenomena in the manner indicated are most

assuredly blind leaders of the blind who are vainly seeking to instruct a public which, in very many instances, is infinitely better informed than themselves. And it must be clear that all such attempts are but calculated to damage our cause and to bring discredit upon Catholic science. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that we cannot hope, at this hour, successfully to defend our Christianity by denying facts which patient and laborious and long-continued research has adequately established, and with which the intelligent public everywhere is becoming increasingly familiarized. Our defence must be directed not to the denial of such facts but to the securing of *accurate* information respecting them, and to a true and adequate and reasonable *interpretation* of them—in the light of those facts which the promoters of the spiritistic movement are so apt to conceal from the public. And I maintain that this *can* be done even while remaining on purely scientific ground and without *directly* urging the Church's teaching, a statement of the concealed facts referred to positively necessitating an interpretation of the phenomena favorable to the orthodox Catholic standpoint.

I am convinced, moreover, that my theory, that while the "stuff" necessary for the formation of these mysterious forms is derived from emanations from living *bodies*, the images of the dead impressed upon them are obtained from the subconscious *minds* of the living, is the theory that covers the whole ground. It is certainly confirmed by the description of the peculiar characteristics of this very image of his deceased son obtained by Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

In any case it is difficult to see how the evidence for the existence and operation of some kind of intelligence, external to the observer and to the medium, can ever be better than it is at the present time, and the grave question to which we have to address ourselves and which we have to answer adequately and correctly is: *What is really the nature and aim of the intelligence or intelligences causing these operations?*

LUXEMBURG.

BY A. P. SCHIMBERG.

THE recent letter of the Right Rev. Louis C. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, England, to the Catholics of the Allied nations in behalf of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, has again drawn attention to this interesting little country which was until of late practically unknown to Americans.

Luxemburg figured in the public press to a very limited extent, and for a brief period only, when the Germans violated its neutrality in 1914, passing through the Grand Duchy on their march into France. While the War waged and the fate of mighty empires hung in the balance, the world forgot little Luxemburg. But after the armistice was signed another army passed through Luxemburg, the American soldiers on their march to the Rhine, and in letters to their homefolk, Pershing's doughboys told of the country's quaint beauty and of the cordial hospitality of its Catholic people. And Luxemburg became known to more Americans than ever before in its history.

The Bishop of Salford in his letter calls Luxemburg "practically the last thoroughly Catholic nation and State, sovereign and independent, left, at least in Europe." And H. C. Bailey in the *Daily Telegraph* of London says: "All Luxemburg stands together for independence. The events of the last four years have only strengthened the desire of the little State for complete freedom. Whatever the flag, Republic or Ducal, autonomy is its blazon."

Throughout its melancholy past, through the long centuries of foreign domination, merciless taxation and economic tyranny, Luxemburg, like Ireland, remained true to the Ancient Faith. Neither the cockle of the Protestant Revolt nor that of the French Revolution found lodgment in its Ardenne soil. The splendid faith of the Middle Ages was preserved and to this day has manifested itself in all Catholic ways, especially in devotion to the Blessed Virgin and in numerous vocations to the holy priesthood and to the religious life for women. In

proportion to its size, the Grand Duchy has sent forth from within its borders more priests and nuns than any other Catholic country. One of our American Bishops, the Right Rev. James Schwebach of the diocese of La Crosse, Wisconsin, is a native of Luxemburg, as is also the Right Rev. Bishop Fallize of Alusa, Norway, head of the renascent Church in the land of St. Olaf.

When Luxemburg lay prostrate in unprecedented misery in 1666, the provincial council on September 27th of that year unanimously chose the Mother of God under the title Comforter of the Afflicted, as the special patroness of the capital, the city of Luxemburg. On Sunday, October 10, 1666, the choice of the pious councilors was solemnly ratified and a statue of the most merciful Virgin was enthroned in the capital's chief church. Eleven years later the patronage of the Maiden Mother was invoked for the entire land of Luxemburg.

The people's centuries-old love for Mary gave rise in recent times to an appealing, peculiarly Catholic and uniquely Luxemburger custom. Each year, during special May devotions in the Church of Notre Dame in the capital city, an American flag is placed close to the Blessed Virgin's shrine and on a national coat-of-arms beneath the image this invocation is inscribed: "Comforter of the Afflicted, Pray for Thy Children in America." And it has come to pass that Luxemburgers whose *wanderlust* lured them to the New World, whose heart-hunger brought them back to the scenes of their youth in the homeland, knelt at this altar and heard the Help of Christians invoked for them and their compatriots under the Star Spangled Banner.

Another link binds the sturdy Catholics of the Grand Duchy to their co-religionists in the United States. At Carey, Ohio, there is a shrine of the Blessed Virgin with a replica of the statue set up in 1666. This shrine was established in 1873 by the Rev. Joseph P. Gloden, a priest of Luxemburger nativity, in fulfillment, it is said, of a vow to dedicate the first church he built in America to the Immaculate Mother of God, patroness alike of his homeland and of the new land to which he had come to labor for God and His Church.

Evidence of the old Catholic spirit of unswerving faith and deep piety in little Luxemburg is the annual pilgrimage or "dancing" procession in honor of St. Willibrord, patron of

epileptics, whose relics are treasured in a magnificent shrine at Echternach, one of the larger towns of the Grand Duchy. On the Tuesday after Whitsunday of each year, a procession wends its way from the bridge that spans the Sure River as it flows through Echternach, through the ancient streets of the town, to the shrine. The first pilgrimage was held in 1374, following the miraculous healing of an epileptic. Joseph II., the Austrian meddler in ecclesiastical affairs, discouraged and the French masters of the Revolutionary régime forbade the procession. After 1830 it was revived, and of late has been participated in by exceptionally large numbers of the faithful. In 1880 the pilgrims numbered ten thousand. In 1912 they numbered twenty thousand, Luxemburgers from all parts of the land and devout folk from across the German, Belgian and French frontiers.

When the confident epileptic of five hundred and forty-five years ago was cured through the intercession of St. Willibrord, he danced for joy. The marchers in this unique pilgrimage execute a peculiar step in imitation of this dance of joy, hence it is called the "dancing" procession of Echternach.

Though the Grand Duchy has an area of only nine hundred and ninety-nine square miles and a population of little more than two hundred and fifty thousand, the history of Luxemburg has a fascination all out of proportion to the country's size and importance among the nations of the world. To read the history of Luxemburg is to read the history of Europe, so wide flung are the ramifications of its story of the past.

The ancient Celts left interesting evidences of their presence when they gave way to the conquering Romans, whose roads now traverse the land and whose Cæsar-imaged coins are still turned up by Luxemburger plowmen. In 963-993 the first Counts of Luxemburg rebuilt a ruined Roman fortress on a mighty rock called Luetzelburg, and from this stronghold the country and its capital city derived their name. In 1363 Luxemburg became a duchy. The Burgundians came into possession of it in 1443, later it was ceded to Spain. While it formed part of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans, several of its rulers ascended the imperial throne, among them the illustrious St. Henry, whose wife was the chaste Cunegunda.

By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 the Duchy was ceded to Austria. It became part of France by the Treaty of Campo

Formio in 1797, and remained under French domination until after the fall of Napoleon. The Congress of Vienna, 1815, raised it to a grand duchy and made it the personal appanage of William of Orange-Nassau, King of the Netherlands, as Grand Duke of Luxemburg.

Thus, through the centuries, Luxemburg was under alien rule; Burgundian, Hapsburg, Spanish and Austrian; French, royal, republican, imperial, and Dutch. It was a tiny pawn on the chess-board of Europe, its fate determined by unscrupulous diplomats who cared nothing for the people's rights and their welfare. For hundreds of years Luxemburg suffered from the devastating armies of first one, then another Power. Its men and boys were pressed into the service of its conquerors, forced to fight for the glory of ambitious monarchs, for aims always foreign, often contrary to Luxemburg's weal.

Surcease from the devastation of contending armies, from exorbitant taxation and economic tyranny did not come to Luxemburgers until recent times. In 1839, at the expense of a final exploitation which left only one-fourth of its original area, Luxemburg was made the ward of the Powers, with its perpetual independence and territorial integrity solemnly guaranteed. But even the prosperous peace which followed did not fully satisfy the Luxemburgers, for they were still under foreign rule.

When the last King of the Netherlands died in 1890, his daughter Wilhelmina could succeed him on the Dutch throne, but was barred from the grand ducal throne of Luxemburg by an old family pact of the House of Nassau. The nearest male heir was Duke Adolph of Nassau, who ruled Luxemburg until his death in 1905, when he was succeeded by his son, William. Grand Duke William, a Protestant, had married a Catholic princess, Marie Anne of the Portuguese House of Braganza, much to the joy of the Luxemburgers. But no son blessed this union and under the Nassau family pact none of the six little grand duchesses could succeed their father. Another male of the Orange-Nassau line would come out of Germany to rule Luxemburg, and the people feared that they might, somehow, come under the domination of the Teutonic Power.

Anxious to safeguard the independence of their beloved little land, jealous of their liberties and of their individuality

as a people, the Luxemburgers called upon their chamber of deputies to revoke the obnoxious statute which forced compliance with the Nassau family pact. Then the charming little grand duchesses, in the order of their ages, and their heirs after them, were made eligible to the throne. And when Grand Duke William died in 1912, his eldest daughter, Grand Duchess Marie Adelheid, a native-born sovereign, began to reign over Luxemburg, at the age of eighteen years.

When the War broke out the Luxemburgers were dwelling in peaceful prosperity, and looked forward confidently to a roseate future. With a native and Catholic ruler, lovable and beloved, on the throne at last, free from the burden of militarism and the worries of international politics, penalties of great size and power, the Luxemburgers appreciated the almost idyllic conditions in their little land. They cared not at all that it was but a speck on the map of Europe, unknown to most tourists, especially to Americans.

Now that many Americans have learned something of Luxemburg and since it may be brought to the world's attention again before its fate its finally determined by the Peace Conference, it is probable that more travelers will include Luxemburg in their itineraries. They will find today what Goethe found in 1792: "A combination of grandeur and charm, much earnestness mingled with sweetness."[1] The grandeur of which the German poet wrote is not the awe-inspiring grandeur of the Alps, of Niagara or the wide Mississippi, the South American pampas, or the mighty ocean. The miniature country's natural beauties are cast in a smaller scale, in a gentler mood. It is as if nature had selected this land in which to show all her moods to some extent, but particularly her sweetness and alluring charm.

Luxemburg is hedged in by France, Germany, Belgium. Her mountainous forest lands cover a section of the Ardennes plateau which extends beyond the French and Belgian borders and divides the basin of the Meuse from that of the Moselle River, which latter stream forms a part of the German frontier. The potent spell of the Ardennes remains forever with all who have walked their mountain paths, gazed upwards at the picturesque castle ruins, downward to quaint and colorful villages clustered in the valleys. Luxemburg is like a

[1] *Aus Meinem Leben.*, iii., p. 166.

succession of small but exquisite stage settings; modest hills and shallow valleys, glistening rivers scarcely more than brooks, charming old houses.

But one thing marred the Luxemburg idyll. Anti-clericalism came from across the French border sometime before the War, and has to the present continued its machinations in Marie Adelheid's little realm. It was to some extent at least responsible for the girl-ruler's abdication after the armistice was signed. A Republic of Luxemburg rose and fell within less than one day, and then the next eldest grand duchess, Charlotte, was called to succeed her exiled sister on the throne.

The Luxemburgers who through the vicissitudes of their checkered past remained stanchly Catholic, are manfully fighting this modern enemy. They realize that the sinister force aims at once at the Church and at the State, that it would defeat their national aspirations: *Mir welle bleiwe wat mir sin!*[2] Luxemburgers, Catholic and independent.

That is why the Bishop of Salford addressed his letter to the Catholics of the Allied countries. He declares there is danger that the future of Luxemburg will be settled otherwise than the Luxemburgers desire, otherwise than they have a right to expect from those who have written and spoken many fine phrases of encouragement to all the little States of Europe. Though millions of brave men have died and millions suffered agony to make the world safe for democracy and insure self-determination for all peoples, there is danger that political intrigue will make a victim at the peace table of Luxemburg, "practically the last thoroughly Catholic nation and State, sovereign and independent, left, at least in Europe."

[2] "We want to remain what we are." The words are from the Luxemburg national song, written by the poet Lentz in the native dialect.

"WHOSE, THEN, SHALL THOSE THINGS BE?"

BY EMILY HICKEY.

WHOSE, then, should these things be,
Little things dear to me,
Those little things I have, the small things which
Borne on my life did help it and enrich,
Yet cannot help another's poverty?

It may be I possess
What e'en may help or bless
Kinsfolk or friends when I have passed away;
But these things that I love as well as know,
What of them when I go
Out of the twilight to the breast of day?

Trifles! And yet so dear,
I scarce can name them here;
Trifles to others, not to me,
In verity.

Among them I have kept a little shell,
One gave me, and it meant
What brought us dear content,
Albeit its meaning none but two could tell—
And one of them is with the invisible.
And if you held it to your ear
Not even a murmur of the great sea-spell
In its white spiral could you hear.

Letters? yes, letters too,
And but a few,
For many a one was burned in days gone by;
And, as I know,
All these must go,
Ere I begin the journey that is nigh.

My father, dear my father! Here he laid
His heart before the one belovèd maid,
The more belovèd wife.
Letters and pretty rimes

By love dictated in the far-off times
Of perfect life
With happy leaf and blossom and fruitage, oh!
So long, so long ago!

And other letters too,
Written, my mother sweet, by you
To her, your little child,
Whom you have met,
And gladly known,
(I love to think it true)
Albeit to woman's stature grown,
Long since, beyond earth's joyance or its fret,
In the far country that is Homeland styled.
No more than these and such
As any one might touch
Might smile a kindly smile to look upon—
Oh, trifles, yes, to any save to one,
Most certainly,
But that one, it is I.
I leave not things like these behind,
For any one to find.

And yet they will not have been all unshared
Ere they departed on the flame's white wings.
They held the subtle effluence
Wherewith the spirit dowers material things
From its own springs
I bore it biding hiddenly with me,
And gave it out unconsciously.
For none can say, in all the universe,
That anything is merely his or hers.
But this is not the whole.
The rest? The rest is silence with my soul.

HOW TO READ ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

THE DOCTRINE CONCLUDED.

FTER John's "words of heaven," were not any comment of ours an intolerable impertinence and vulgarity? I will do little more than tabulate the doctrine we have already watched unfolded in his Gospel.

In Eternity, *God* exists: God the Invisible, of a Nature which no other nature, created or imaginable, can comprehend. Yet this God has uttered Himself—adequately, in that mysterious Word which both is He, and is other than He, which coëxists with Him in His Eternity and through Whom all else is made. For God, through the Word, has created a finite universe; it too is His limited, inadequate expression; scattered, stammered syllables of His perfect self-utterance. Into this world, too, is ever streaming that Light which is suited to world-minds, reflections and gleams of that Inaccessible Light in which He is, and which is He; a Light sufficient for human thought to know what it needs of God; more than sufficient, in itself, yet proportionate, on the plane of nature, to the mind's exigencies.

But to this Word, men remained, often, deaf; and to the Light, half-blind.

Thereupon the Eternal Word and the Immortal Light became a man like them, that not thought alone might struggle its way to God, but that human eyes might see, human ears hear, and men's weak hands might handle the Divine.

True God, One Thing with the Father, and true Man, born of a woman, subject to hunger and thirst, weariness of body and stress of soul, a heart for friendship and for sorrow, a Man destined to die in the extreme of suffering and contempt.

But by no means only to preach a doctrine and to set a fair example did Jesus Christ thus enter human history. True, thoughts were henceforward to be in man's mind which were not there before; a manner of life should now be his of which,

hitherto, he had been incapable. But both creed and code should be but the expression, in the areas of wit and will, of a New Life which, through Jesus Christ, was henceforth to be personally appropriated by humankind.

A New Life, transcending that of mind as essentially as mind transcends mere sense, was to be inbreathed by a new Creation into the soul. Man must be born anew, and from above. Baptism is the Sacrament, the mysterious transaction, part physical, part spiritual, which, it was covenanted, should cause, in man, this new Birth. But the life should not remain inert. Forthwith, like a living Fountain, it should spring from its inmost spiritual recess, and flood its way through all man, transmuting him. And its condign food must it have; a food in no way inferior to itself; a food which should be Christ Himself, given, preëminently, in the Supreme Sacrament, the Eucharist.

For, after all, what is this Life? A new, real, substantial communication, so far as human nature can receive it, of that Fullness of Uncreated Life which is in God, and reaches men through Christ. Not that we can become what Christ is, nor what God is. Not that we shall ever be, or can be called, *God*. Yet neither can human thought exhaust, nor the words which alone express it, fully state, that which by participation in this Life, we *are*, and which, at the consummation of all things shall not only invisibly *be*, but shall be revealed and manifested.

Such a man, therefore, has in him an Eternal Fact, and, while for *his* natural coëfficient, so to say, there is a future date at which he shall be raised from death, and "judged," and glorified, yet, from the standpoint of the Eternal Life already his, he *is* "separated" from that which alone separates, evil will, world, flesh, viewed as rejecting God's new Gift; he *is* in Communion; he is in heaven, in Christ, in God, one with Them, as They are with one another.

Yet John guards, sternly, the enraptured soul from that false liberty which such joy in possession might suggest to its reasoning. The dark, the flesh, the world, the lie, sin, exist; our initial act of rejection has to be continued; nay, we must *die* to them, painfully, as He died, and die all through our lives, for the sake of the Eternal Life, which though it includes all reality, and enriches every other life, yet exacts the slaying

of those selfish attachments which exist in every will to the lower forms of life. Not all have that courage: not all "come," in the first instance. In some the element of response seems not to exist at all; in all it does exist, but in some it is, at the outset, stifled. Others, indeed, respond; they come, they hear; but—a terrible mystery—they change; they do not "remain" in Him; they are shoots cut off from the Vine-stem, and wither, and burn; they are anti-Christ.

But those who remain in Christ remain, necessarily, in one another; and in the visible Church they form the expression of that common inner Life, in a triumphant, mutual Love.

Do not think that St. John is alone in proclaiming this mystery. It is the essence of our Faith. St. Peter, too, speaks of the "divine power unto Life" given to us, that we might "become sharers in a divine nature;"[1] and St. Paul recurs again and again to the doctrine of the vital union between Christ and His Church, He the Head, she the members, each incomplete and in truth unintelligible without the other; and of how this mystic Christ is, indeed, still adequately to be built up, in the uncharted future, into His perfect self, and of how human marriage, in which two become one flesh is but the shadow of that supreme espousal; and how in God and man and universe one Spirit dwells, straining upwards towards the full revelation of the Sons of God.[2]

It was of this that the Greek Fathers, too little read and known, used a language almost too rapturous for modern ears: how God became man, that men might become gods; how the Eucharist is the very Medicine that makes Immortal; for this too the Liturgy prays daily, when the priest mingles at Mass the wine and water, and reminds the Father how His Creation of the world was wonderful, but its Re-creation yet more wonderful, and asks that we may be worthy "to be partakers in His Divinity, Who in our humanity did not disdain to share."

And of this Catholic philosophy and theology, ever more perfected across the ages, have taught. There are *kinds* of life, they tell us: the stone does not live; the rose, at least, can live; but the lion, more richly and fully than the rose; and than the lion, the thinking man; so that while the rose, by culture, can

[1] 2 Peter i. 3, 4.

[2] See especially Eph. i. 10-22, 23; ii. 13-22; iii. 19; iv. 8-16; Col. i. 16-20, 24-28; ii. 6-15, 16-19; iii. 11. And 1 Cor. iii. 9-11, 16-17; vi. 15-20; xii. 12-21; 2 Cor. v. 17; and Romans viii. 16, 18-22, 28-27.

become a perfect *rose*, yet may it never be developed into a thing of animal life; nor the animal of mere instinct, into humanity. Even so, above all these natural modes of life, remains a super-natural life, which man, left to himself, could never claim nor earn, nor into which in any way could he *raise himself;* but God gives it to him, freely, as a "grace," if he will but accept it.

This super-natural life He did, indeed, already give to our first parents: but conditionally. They held it, provided they proved obedient to His command. They disobeyed, and lost it. That is the Fall. But Adam was regarded not *isolatedly*, but as head of the race, and as forming a solid unity with his descendants. Therefore they, in him, lost that Super-nature, and were born on their co-natural level merely—in "Original Sin." "In Adam all died."

But not irretrievable was the fault. A Second Adam was to come into the world: a new Head to a new race; a "new creation." He should be, in a higher sense than Adam, God's Son; true God, albeit true man. By incorporation with Him, mankind should recover its super-humanity, with its capacity for a super-human vision and joy of God. This substantial union, on earth, is given the name of "sanctifying grace;" hereafter, it is glory. Glory is the flower and fruit of that germ: we *are* what we shall be; but what we shall be has not yet been made manifest. This grace is, by covenant, given in Baptism, and is increased by every willed unification of the soul with the Source of grace, preëminently through those Sacraments which symbolize, convey, and cause it; and of these, the chief is the Eucharistic Communion. By grave sin, this grace is lost: its final loss is hell; its triumph, heaven.

Yet need a man not fear. Though his act of faith, by which he yields consent to God's revelation, is free, and his acts of love, whereby he adheres in will to God's command, are free, yet initial act and even further act of persevering choice, are alike preceded and assisted by God's own act, His summoning and supporting grace, so that throughout, the process of salvation is, indeed, man's, but yet more truly God's. The two wills intertwine; better, interpenetrate. As to each "how" in all this mystery, *how* each of these things can be, *how* the new creation is accomplished, so that man receives thus a divine life, and yet becomes not God, *how* by no metaphor he enters into

this transcendent relation with the ever-inviolate Absolute—well, even the law of the first Creation outstrips our comprehension: enough we know, through God's good guidance of our thought, intelligently to believe and humbly to adore.

Thus, without coercing the Gospel's words to suit our dogma, nor proving our dogma by any misuse of the words of John, we can see, by a broad yet accurate vision, how Gospel and dogma make one harmony. And thereby, assuredly, our whole spiritual life is enriched. The dogma remains no mere map; and the Gospel is no bewildering, though beautiful, document of ancient Apostolic piety. There have been those who tell us that John's Gospel marks a crisis in Christian history, because it breaks with the narrow Palestinian tradition and abandons its set forms of language, and is accessible to "Alexandrian" ways of thought, spiritualizes the old materialisms, and in fine offers a Christianity "acceptable to culture." Chill and worldly notion, which the Evangelist would have rejected with horror, and from which even we turn, indignant. The Gnostics traveled along that road; the Gnosis is dead, dead its philosophies and spiritualisms: what lives in the Gospel is first, the human love which may bring poor and peasant to the side of Jesus weary by the well, bowed at the Apostle's feet, and making Magdalen His messenger; and then, the outpouring of a Spirit which a very child, be he but pure in heart, can recognize and welcome far better than can scholarship; Love, at the last, is better, as interpreter, than logic. Even the outlined explanations of these pages must be forgotten, in their thin separate poverty: once the mind has found contact with John's mind, and moves freely in his circuit of ideas, the world of his Gospel need no longer be mapped out by diagrams be they never so exact; its air can be breathed, its mountains scaled, its valleys rested in; it can become our home and familiar dwelling-place.

The Word of God.

Why does John, in his prologue, describe the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity as the *Word?*

A very brief account of the history of that expression must suffice.

In John's world, the term *Logos,* which we translate, inadequately, *word,* was as much on everybody's tongue as,

say, *evolution* has lately been on ours, though its meaning was, as a rule, much more carefully thought out.

Logos means the *reasonable account* which may be given of a thing: the intelligible expression of its nature. It tends therefore to define itself in two directions; either as *intelligible*, then it approximates to our *idea*—"The Idea of a University" —or as *expression:* a thought in the brain, a word on the lips. Greek philosophy began six hundred years before Christ, by trying to explain the manifold universe by a single formula, the shorter the better. It was accounted for, say, by water, or fire, manifesting itself variously; one immanent, ultimate Fact. This, in itself, is the unseen Thing which underlies all else; the ultimate *account* which can be given of things: their *Logos*.

From the East (presumably) came the notion of (in effect) *two* Ultimates, Spirit and Matter, Light and Dark, Truth and Illusion, of which the conflict, or at least the combination, creates the world-process, and is to be offered as its reasonable explanation, its *Logos*. Plato and Aristotle, in different ways, far too subtle to explain here, combined the notions of One Ultimate "God," and of "matter," definitely distinct from Him, and yet governed and as it were "souled" by Him. It was the Stoics who best developed this suggestion: the universe is so indwelt by God as to be, taken as a whole, His adequate *Logos*, or expression, while He, *in it*, is *its Logos*, or living explanation. You have therefore (to speak briefly, I have to speak to some extent inaccurately) God, the Ultimate: God, as containing the universe in Himself: and God, as expressed outwardly in the universe.

Now it was the habit of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians and perhaps of all ancient religions, to present their theories under a veil of myth, that is, in the shape of a human or human-divine story. Very many beautiful personifying myths developed in which the God, the *Logos*, and the history of the universe were related. One of the most beautiful is that of Osiris in Egypt.

Not only, then, were different theories of the Ultimate account to be given of the Universe, and of God's creation and preservation of it, current in the pagan world, decked out, very often, in touching and human mythology, but the Jews too of Alexandria made great use of them; of these, the writer whose works best survive is Philo, who died about 50 A.D.

These Alexandrian Jews liked to apply Greek philosophy and habits of mind to their own very un-Greek religion, and Philo used the "*logos*" idea very frequently, both in allegorizing the Old Testament, and in constructing a general philosophy. But his was not a great mind, and his system was very confused, and, indeed, contradictory, and at no point original. Until this was realized, it was often said that John borrowed his *logos*-doctrine from Philo. But the divergencies are radical. In Philo, the *Logos* is primarily God's thought, immanent, in Himself; in John, His uttered Word: Philo calls it God's First-Begotten, in contrast to the world, His Second-Begotten: but in John, the Word is the Sole-Begotten: Philo's is the image or shadow of God; in John, he who sees the Son, sees the Father also. Philo's *Logos* is a real half-way intermediate nature, a link between two separate antagonistic objects. In John, it "mediates" because compenetrating and welding into one, two extremes. In Philo, it is divine: in John, God. And with John it is a human person too, a man, flesh: *that*, all Greek philosophers would have agreed, however divergent else their systems, it could never be, though as man or hero it might be metaphorically portrayed.

Therefore John neither borrows nor even adopts *logos*-doctrines. He is aware of *logos*-doctrines, many, beautiful and in various measure true. He does not say—"Yours is my doctrine from another point of view"—"There is much to be said for your idea"—"We mean almost the same thing"—and "Each may learn from the other." He simply takes the term *Logos*, and then declares *his* Doctrine: that the Word is co-Eternal with God; one with, while yet mysteriously other than, the Father. Through Him was made the universe. He is Truth and Life in fullness; He comes, a Light into the world, and in His fullness we, if we will, participate. For He is become Man, and *a* man; and to His welcomers He gives power to become God's children.

The "Witness."

No one can fail to notice the recurrence, in the Fourth Gospel, of the word *witness*, and allied expressions. Practically, what John is trying to offer is an answer to the question: What evidence for your extraordinary doctrine can you provide? And the situation is complicated by his conceiving the question

put, first, by the Jews to Our Lord Himself, and then (though this is less in the forefront) by his readers to John. And again, an external (and to us, unnecessary) complication is introduced, by an attempt to accommodate his answer to the requirements of the Jewish law regarding witnesses.

The first external witness is John's own. Whatever else may be said about the writer of this Gospel, this at least is obvious: he gives himself as an eye-witness of historical fact. I cannot see that this can be seriously disputed. Moreover, if the objective reality of what he witnesses, is to be doubted, the whole character of his witness is impaired. Over and above incidental phrases like: We beheld His glory;[3] and special incidents referred to, like the Water and Blood after the Piercing of the Side: "and he who saw bore witness, and truthful is his witness, and he knows that he speaks the truth;" and phrases where his personality and his affirmation are descried *across* the actual speakers,[4] you have the quite definite assertions of the character and purpose of the book itself[5] resting entirely on the reliability of its author.[6] And the whole sums itself up, perhaps best of all, in the emphatic declaration at the beginning of John's First Epistle.

> That which existed from the Beginning,
> That which we have heard,
> That which we have seen with our eyes,
> That which we have watched and our hands have handled—
> (Concerning the Word of Life: yes! for the Life was made manifest, and we have seen, and we are bearing witness, and we are announcing to you, the Eternal Life which existed with the Father and was made manifest to us—)
> That which we have seen and have heard
> We are announcing to you too, in order that you too may have fellowship with us . . . yes, these things we are writing, even we, that our joy may be full-filled!

Could appeal to *personal experience*, full sense-experience, be made more emphatic?

But it was as clear to St. John and his contemporaries that this appeal to personal experience might be taxed with subjectivism, though that word was not at his disposal nor theirs. He had to appeal to some sort of evidence, other than

[3] John i. 14c. [4] John i. 34; iii. 11. [5] John xx. 30, 31. [6] John xxi. 24.

his own, which his hearers would start by admitting as valid. Now a Voice to which an even exaggerated authority had been attributed, was the Baptist's. Of him and his witness, John therefore has much to say. But that witness *presupposed* belief in the Baptist. "You believed the Baptist in all other matters: *a fortiori* you should believe the whole point *of all his* career, namely, witness to Jesus, Son of Mary." But what is there for those for whom this *argumentum ad hominem* is not valid, who can say: "For us the witness of the Baptist has no cogency?"

I pass over as rapidly as the Evangelist does the appeal to the witness of Moses and the prophets. Christ made that appeal, and the Jews recognized that their sacred books were a legitimate court of appeal; but experience had amply proved that "Moses and the prophets" supplied nothing which would convince a mind undesirious of being convinced; and anyhow that past was rapidly becoming too remote to be of much cogency for that changed world in which St. John was writing. In any case there was a spiritual *opposition* between one element of Moses' work and one element of Christ's: through Moses came the law: Christ brought "grace and truth" and freedom.[7] None the less, what Moses lifted up before men's eyes *was* a symbol, though no more, of that reality which was *Jesus;*[8] the mysterious manna should have made it easy for men's minds to welcome the True Bread;[9] the Jews did "search" the Scriptures, because they thought that in them they had "eternal life"[10]—well, it was those very Scriptures that witnessed to Himself. *He* had no need to accuse them before God of spiritual blindness; Moses himself did that, Moses, in whom they had hoped. If really they were believing Moses, they would be believing Him; for about Him Moses wrote. "But if you do not believe his writings, how shall you believe My words?" Words? No, He had definitely declared:[11] "If they will not believe Moses and the Prophets, neither will they believe though one returned from the dead;" and the summing up of the story of "Lazarus" is justified by the ill consequences (in so many cases) of the miracle worked upon the real Lazarus, and by the failure to convince of the Resurrection itself. Even as Moses and the Law carried no convincing

[7] John i. 17. [8] John iii. 14. [9] John vi. 32.
[10] John v. 39-47. [11] See Luke xvi. 31.

force, so neither did Isaias and the prophets,[12] for Our Lord here definitely declares, there is a spiritual obstacle in the minds of the Jewish readers which prevents their understanding even what they read, and reading recognize as authoritative.

Our Lord's first appeal is to His own miracles. "The works that My Father has given Me to accomplish, these very works bear witness" to My divine mission.[13] Yet you will notice that all through this Gospel a belief in Christ due to having seen a miracle, is subordinated as definitely inferior to belief in Him on His own intrinsic merits. The "Works" are a useful—almost a regrettably inevitable—stimulus to belief. The Messiah was expected to do such things;[14] had He *not* done them, there would have been *excuse* for disbelief; but now that He has done them, there is no real excuse for not turning *the will towards belief*. Christ has fulfilled a condition promised in order that belief might be the easier. Take some examples. Nathanael is "shocked" into submission by Christ's miracle of clairvoyance. "Because I said I saw thee under the fig-tree, dost thou believe?" Jesus asks, half sadly. "Greater things than *that* shalt thou see." The Samaritan woman, "shocked" in her turn by Christ's having read her thoughts, rushes to the town, relates the incident, and numbers of the townsfolk "believe" because of her "witness." But Christ spends two days there, and "far more" believe because of His words. "And to the woman they said that 'No more because of thy chatter do we believe; for ourselves, we have heard.'"[15] When the officer from Capharnaum begs him to cure his son, Our Lord protests, "Unless ye see miracles and portents ye will not believe," and thereby extracts a profession of *faith*, antecendent to the working of the miracle. *Then* is the wonder worked and becomes a confirmation of faith rather than its cause.[16] After the miracle at Bethesda, Jesus similarly affirms that greater works than this act of beneficence shall the Jews behold, that they may have true grounds for wondering—the spiritual resurrection of the

[12] John xii. 38-41.

[13] John v. 36. *Cf.* John x. 25. "The works that I do in My Father's name, these bear witness concerning Me:" "In My Father's name" like "which My Father has given Me to do," is important. God's veracity is involved. Were Jesus a liar, or deceived, His divine works would be sufficient to convict His Father of abetting His lie or deception.

[14] John vii. 31. [15] John iv. 39-42. [16] John iv. 48-53.

spiritually dead." [17] In chapter six, verse twenty-six, the attitude of the Jews towards the great miracle of the Bread seems put even *below* wonder-lust; they sought Him not even because they had seen miracles, but because He had supplied them with plenty of food.

Jesus is longing to win from the Jews acceptance on His own merits; because of the intrinsic character of His words and message. "If you will not believe Me, at least believe the works;" [18] "Believe Me, that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me; failing that, believe for the sake of the very works . . . these and greater, shall he do who believes in Me." The works are sufficient to condemn the Jews: "If I had not done among them these works, which no man ever did, they would not have had sin; but as it is, they have both seen them and have hated both Me and My Father." [19] Yet even this strong affirmation follows and is subordinate to a similar claim to the cogency of His words.[20] The whole episode of St. Thomas' recovery of faith, and Our Lord's approval, primarily, of the belief which does *not* rest upon material signs, throws light on the whole of Christ's feeling about miracles, and even on St. John's who follows the story of St. Thomas with an acknowledgment of their due function—"Many other signs Jesus did in the presence of His disciples, which have not been written in this book: but these have been written in order that you should believe that Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God." [21]

Christ's miracles, therefore, are a sufficient guarantee of the divine sanction of His message. But they are not the best He can do for us: nor all that He intends to do. After all, the physical cures and even resuscitations had been paralleled, long ago, by other accredited envoys of God. The real difference is in the message—a difference affecting alike the nature of the Messenger, and the kind of work which He really intends to be His work; His unique, unshared work, achieved within the soul. It stands to reason, that in the long run, the unique quality in Christ can only declare itself through itself; and the unique work done in souls, be adequately recognized not by sight, but by faith, issuing, it well may be, into a unique and unmistakable experience.

[17] John v. 20. [18] John x. 38. [19] John xv. 24.
[20] *Ibid.*, xv. 22. [21] John xxi. 30, 31.

Our Lord insists that He speaks what He *knows*, and what He alone knows, and what He alone *can* know.

> What we know, we speak;
> What we have seen, to that bear we witness . . .
> No one hath *ascended into heaven* (to discover God's secret)
> But He alone (knows it) who *came down from* heaven,
> Even the Son of Man Who exists in Heaven.[23]
> What I have seen at My Father's side, I speak. [23]

The obvious retort to this is: We only have Your word for it. The first reply of Our Lord is: [24]

"I do *not* merely bear witness to Myself. If I bear witness to Myself, My witness is not true (valid); I have an outside witness. The Baptist. His witness was true. You ought to take it. Still, I do not take my witness from a human creature at all. I have a witness greater than John's: My works. But you do not accept them. There are, too, Moses and the prophets. But neither do you understand them."

And again, in chapter eight, verse thirteen, the Pharisees say:

"You bear witness to Yourself; such witness is worthless."

Now Jesus answers: "Even if I do, My witness is valid. Because I know my Origin and my Destiny. You know neither. Your way of judging is a human way. I judge no one. [Does this very difficult sentence receive its meaning from what follows? *i. e.*, I am *Man*, pass no verdicts, not even on My own message?] But even if I do pass verdict on Myself, my verdict is valid, for I am not alone—but there are Myself and My Father. Now in your law, it is settled that the evidence of two witnesses must hold good. Well, there are here Myself, the Eternal Son of God; and My Father, Eternal God. You do not know Me, really—nor yet My Father. If you really knew Me, you would know Him too." Here is an *argumentum ad Judæos:* an appeal to the regulation of the Mosaic Law. Two witnesses are needed. For Jesus of Nazareth there *are* two: the Eternal Word who makes, indeed, one Person with the Man Jesus, but is independent in existence of that humanity, and the Eternal Father, Who also sanctions Him.

[23] John iii. 11, 13. This is Johannine diction. Maldonatus sees well (ii. 485) that Our Lord does not use this plural of Himself. He considers it a generalization: Men speak of what they know, etc.: so, *too*, I.

[24] John viii. 38. [24] John v. 31.

But to tell the truth, we are no further forward. "Yes," say the Jews, "we know You say You *know*, that You have *seen*, that You are the Son of God, and God. *But why should we believe You?* We still have to take your word for it. Why should we? As a matter of fact, Your claim seems to us a horrible blasphemy. We have no means of testing Your claim."

Our Lord answers in effect: "You have, or you should have. There ought to be in you an interior response to My words. Something in you—*you* somehow—ought to leap up and cry, 'Yes, that is true! I *know* it. I affix My seal to it. My whole self is explained by it, and rushes to welcome it.' If it does not; if you have no such affinity with My message, and neither do nor wish to nor can welcome it, well, you are wrong; you are mutilated men; you are dislocated and out of vital communion with the world and with God. You *ought* to experience that unique consciousness which asserts, without tolerating any denial, that *My* words are *God's* words, and true."

But is not this the strangest doctrine? Does it not reduce all the act of faith to mere feeling and emotion?

Whether or no, St. John states this as clearly as possible.

"Men preferred the dark to the Light, because their works were evil . . . he who does the truth comes to the Light, that it may be made manifest how his works are done in God." [25]

"He who accepts His witness, sets his seal to it, that God is truthful." [26]

"You have never heard the voice of God nor seen His shape; but you have not got His word (His mind, as we should say) remaining in you, because you do not believe in Him Whom He sent." [27] . . . I know you, and how you have not the love of God in you. I came in My Father's name, and you do not accept Me; others come in their own name, and them you accept. How *can* you believe, if you accept one another's opinions, and do not seek the Mind of the Only God?" [28]

"If a man chooses to do My will, he will *know* whether My doctrine is from God or My own invention.

[25] John iii. 19-21. [26] John iii. 33. [27] John v. 37b, 38.

[28] John v. 42, 43, 44. That is: You hunt for Me—*e. g.*, in the Scriptures; but you do not find Me. You form theories, and inquire about people's "views;" but you can't get the View of God. The word δόξα which can of course mean *glory*, must needs be rendered here, I think, as I have done. It is unlikely that there is, even, any latent "ambiguity" in John's use of it here. Contrast with vii. 18.

"You seek to kill Me, because My Word (or Mind) finds no place in you. What I have seen at My Father's side, that I speak; and you what you have heard from *your* father, that you do:[29] (You are God's sons? No!) If God were your Father, you would be loving Me . . . Why cannot you understand My words! because you cannot appreciate My thought. [This is what this difficult sentence practically means.] You are from your father the devil, and you choose to work the lusts of your father . . . He who is of God, hears the words of God: the reason that you do not hear them, is, that you are not of God."[30]

All this passage, chapter eight, verses thirty to fifty-nine, is directly to the point.

"If you were blind, you would not have been guilty. But as it is, you say: We see. So your sin remains." There is a double doctrine in this very compressed sentence, if not a triple one. First: You are unseeing; you neither do nor can see: despite your claim to sight. You willfully prefer the dark. So, from this point of view, to start with, you are guilty. Second: You don't really see, but you say you do, which is equivalent to saying the dark is the Light, and you *teach* that, and mislead the world. This too is a horrible guilt. Third: You are *right* in saying "you see." That is, you have the power of sight, and the Light is shining for you, and the object of vision is there, and *in your hearts* you are seeing: but you refuse to acknowledge what you see in your conscience, and say that there is nothing there. This is to blind your conscience, and a soul-suicide. "I know Mine, and Mine know Me.[31] You do not believe, because you are not of My sheep. My sheep know My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me."[32]

"He who sets Me at naught, and does not accept My words, has his judge. The word that I spoke, *that* shall judge him at Last Day."[33] (Notice here again, the distinction between ῥήματα the actual words listened to, and λόγος their spiritual, vital content which is *not* "heard," but rejected by the soul, and thereby made the occasion of its self-chosen separation.)

"Everyone who is 'of the truth' (*i. e.*, belongs to it, is 'born of' it) hears My voice."[34]

[29] John viii. 38. [30] John viii. 42-47. [31] John x. 14.
[32] John x. 26, 27. [33] John xii. 48. [34] John xviii. 37.

This Discourse in the Supper-room is full of apposite sentences; especially John xiv. 6, 10, 17, 24; xv. 16; xix. 22, 24; xvi. 9, 13; xvii. 2, 3, 9. So also is the First Epistle: ii. 19, 20, 24, 27; iii. 1b. 6, 9, 24b; iv. 5, 6 (very strong), 7, 15, 9-12 (very strong too), 18-20. *Cf.* Second Epistle 1, 2.

There are two main elements in all this which are points of anchorage. For *any* supernatural result, God's initiative and grace are necessary. And man's will is free. Mapping out the Eternal Fact in time, this is what happens: There is enough Light in the world, even apart from the Incarnation, for men to know God "naturally." To know him *sufficiently.* The human intellect may muddle its conclusions terribly; may achieve very curious and (in reality) false ideas about God. But it can know Him *enough;* and if in the end it rejects the knowledge possible to it, it does so through evil will. Hence we need not fear to say, that, *in God's judgment,* pagans, the ignorant, scholars and skeptics, may well have that amount of knowledge of God which is possible to their temperament and cast of mind, natural or acquired. But Christ came into the world to give a supernatural knowledge of a super-natural union with God. How *are* we, then, to *give in our adhesion to Christ?* He supplies us with sufficient natural evidence. His miracles: prophecies concerning Him; the character of His sinless life and incomparable preaching: the result in the lives of those who sincerely live by Him: a cumulative agreement of which each part multiplies itself into each other part and is not merely added to it. But this is "sufficient evidence" for what exactly? To make it prudent for us to give in our intellectual assent to this: "Christ is God's envoy, and His doctrine is sanctioned by God and therefore true. But what makes us actually give in that assent? Well, sheer reasoning, if it be no more than a natural consent. But such a consent is in any case improbable, because the evidence is not *coercive.* There is no two plus two equals four about it. Grace, therefore; and the assent is supernatural. Grace solicits the attention in the first instance; I look: it illuminates the mind, in the next; I see: it strengthens the will, in the last; I adhere. I "see," "hear," "come," "believe," *am.* But how do I know that has happened? Well, how do I ever know I am alive? or not dreaming? or not hypnotized? By direct intuition. Immediate awareness. I *know* it. It is vital experience. It is no good

telling me I'm not alive. And, if I believe, it is no good telling me I do not.

Is not this reducing Faith to "feeling?" Not exactly. Mere emotional feeling may be, and often is, quite absent. On a higher level, *reasonable* assent there must be and is. But some other name than feeling must be found for that precise mode of consciousness which awakes and responds to grace. Grace cannot make you get more out of a thing than what is in it: therefore, not out of an argument. Arguments are natural things; therefore, supernatural stuff is not to be got out of them, however much the arguing mind be deluged with grace. The inexperienced may find it hard enough so to dissect themselves as to "realize" that in their assent, and therefore mode of consciousness, is a double element, natural and super-natural. Often an onlooker can see more clearly than can they. But St. Teresa, for example, insists till she grows tired of it, on the absolutely indisputable knowledge which the soul has when it receives an authentic communication from God that it has received it. It simply cannot doubt it. Its intellectual mapping out of the *pros* and *cons* may be hesitating and faulty; but as to the fact, it simply cannot doubt about it, because something has happened which *is* it. It is a vital self-conscious way of being. We repeat, this need not overflow into the emotions: it may be quite a dull experience; but it is a direct one, and under all the soul's sheaths and surfaces.

Therefore, all alike the Father "draws" to Jesus. Else, no one would approach. Even of these, not all yield to His solicitation. They are not His. They oppose Him. But if they are His, they "come" to Christ, for all that is the Father's is His too: therefore, they too are His. He speaks; they can "hear:" He "chooses" them, they welcome His call. Thenceforward, none can snatch them out of His hand. But they can snatch themselves—separate themselves. "Have I not *chosen* you, the Twelve? Yet out of your numbers, one is a devil." On God's side and Christ's, all is love: yet that love, if it cannot kindle the human heart into a reciprocal glow of heavenly heat, chars it to a cinder.

John is happiest, and therefore writes most easily, when he is not wrestling with "proofs." They are but incidentally drawn in, because of restive thoughts and wills, and actual problems in the early history of the Christian Church. He is

not constructing an apologetic, primarily: not seeking to solve the mystery of predestination and perseverance. He is hymning the Communion of the Soul with Christ. He supplies illustrations and authority to the professed and formal theologian, yet not such is he. He would be sorry, almost, were "proofs" in the front rank. He *wants* Christ to be self-sufficient: he exults, to find that He knows His own and His own *know Him. "Dilectus meus mihi: et ego illi."* And humbly, together with the great rapture of incommunicable personal knowledge, comes submission to that Church's doctrine to which all Saints, however triumphantly ecstatic, have yielded their unhesitating assent. It remains that

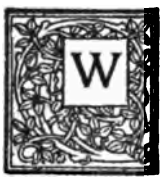
> . . . The Master is so fair,
> His smile so sweet to fallen men,
> That those who meet Him unaware
> Can never rest on earth again.

[THE END.]

AN UNCANONIZED SAINT.

BY MARY FOSTER.

XII.



HEN Caterina was left alone outside the city walls, she looked at the olive trees which gleamed dully in the shadow the sun had cast on them, at the waving cypresses and at the tinkling little brook. Then she looked up to the cloudy vault above her.

"Madonna," she said slowly. "I don't think he meant it."

"Dear Lord God," she prayed in her little chapel before seeking her father's house, "You won't take him from me, will You? If he does not really believe in You, send him to good Don Filippo who will tell him all that is right and good."

For a few days she was almost as happy as ever in her quiet trusting faith, and each morning she watched for his return. But the days stretched into weeks, and he did not come. Strangers came to see the church and the house, but he was not amongst them. Don Filippo said his daily Mass, heard the confessions of his simple folk, and performed his parish duties as usual but no one came to him for instruction.

Slowly Caterina began to realize that he was gone.

"Madonna," she whispered, as she stood in her dark corner in the church, "he is really gone. I shall never marry, and have dear little babies to love me." Her voice faltered in a sob. Perhaps after all, he never loved me, though I loved him better than any one but the dear God and you. Won't you send him to Don Filippo that he may learn to love you? Surely you must wish him to do so! But perhaps he will find a priest in England who will make him believe. And then," she added naïvely, "he would come back to me."

She sobbed quietly for a few moments, and then raised her head. "After all, dear God, You must have Your way," she said softly.

Little children came trooping into the church as she stood there, laughing as they stretched forth their little hands to the sanctuary lamp. Caterina smiled through her tears.

"How You must love those babies, dear God," she whispered, "and how glad You must feel that they are so happy in Your House."

She watched them as they trotted down the stone pavement, making clumsy attempts at genuflections, and disappeared behind the leathern curtain where their cries mingled with the shriller voices in the street. Caterina had grown thin and silent. But now, as she prayed for strength, it came to her. The neighbors scarcely had time to notice her listless step and altered demeanor, before she was as her old self again—not inwardly, for she would never be the same light-hearted girl. But outwardly her cheerfulness came back to her, and she resumed her old life with all the interests that had filled it before she had met the artist stranger in the church.

So time passed on, weeks giving place to months, and they in their turn speeding by, till spring came round once more. Caterina was very weary of waiting, poor child, but she never gave up hope. That anyone should not love and believe in the Good God, was something that she had not known was possible. She had never met anyone in her quiet life, who was not in the habit of spending a few minutes each day in prayer before the tabernacle. Yet she remembered she had never seen him pray, and that he had often smiled at her faith and devotion. Her childlike mind could not comprehend the mystery, so she prayed the more earnestly to her one real Friend, and left the answer in His safe Hands.

"Are there people who do not love the dear God?" she asked timidly of Don Filippo one day.

The priest looked at her in some surprise. He was hard working and earnest with an intense love for his parishioners, and the big warm Italian heart for children, and he was watching Caterina rather wistfully as she grew into womanhood.

"Alas! my dear child," he returned quietly, "do we all love Him as we should?"

"But, I mean, are there people who do not believe in Him?"

"Ah, yes, child. You have heard of the missionaries, priests who go to convert the heathen in countries far from here. There are many, yes very many, in this big world of ours who have never heard of Him."

"But when they hear, they believe?" she asked eagerly.

The priest sighed, glancing at the upturned face with some curiosity.

"There are some people who are not good," he answered, "some who will not believe in Him or love Him. We should pray for them."

"Is everyone who does not believe in Him bad?" the girl asked gravely.

"Some cannot, my child, some may wish to believe but cannot, because they have not faith, which is God's free gift."

Caterina was silent for a moment. Then she said in very low tones: "And those who laugh at Him, and at His dear Mother?" Don Filippo looked at her sharply.

"What should you know of such people?" he asked swiftly. "Those are not good people."

The young girl hung her head, flushing deeply. "Then we should pray for them," she murmured.

"Yes, we should, indeed, pray for them," the priest replied gently. "We should pray very earnestly for them. They require many prayers."

Caterina crept home. Some young children had come up to the priest, and were clustering round his knees, and he patted their little heads as they looked up fearlessly into his face with their innocent eyes. But he glanced regretfully at Caterina's retreating figure, and wondered why she had asked him such strange questions.

The following winter proved to be a season of unusual severity. Snow fell in the streets and was piled in great heaps in the narrow little *vicoli*. The children snowballed each other, and laughed with glee at the unusual sight of the frozen fountains. Caterina smiled too, for she fancied that it must be like an English winter, as she watched the white flakes falling softly all day.

Christmas came round, and as she knelt in the dusky church, at the priest's feet, after her simple confession, he detained her for a moment.

"Do you pray for the conversion of sinners?" he asked her quietly, as she raised her bowed head.

"Yes, oh yes, Father," she replied quickly, "I pray for them every day, that is I—I pray for one in particular."

"Then offer your Christmas Mass and Holy Communion for that soul, and pray earnestly, and still more earnestly.

Think what a great thing it would be if you could be the cause of bringing one soul to God."

In the few weeks that followed the festival, Caterina felt curiously restless and unhappy. She experienced, as it were, a shrinking from something unknown which seemed about to happen to her. Gradually she felt as though some task lay before her, that this soul she desired so earnestly to bring to God, would require a very heavy price from her. God must be going to ask her to give Him something very dear to her. Yet her prayers seemed very difficult to utter, very cold and lacking in devotion. One day she stood in her corner in the church. Outside the boisterous January wind rushed through the streets, and the short day was drawing to a dreary close. The young girl's face was raised according to her wont, but she stood in silence, no whispered prayer parting her lips.

It seemed to her that the church grew very dark around her, and that the sanctuary lamp burnt dimly and fitfully before the tabernacle door. Suddenly she felt frightened, at what she knew not. The wind had been moaning sorrowfully, but now there came a sudden lull, and in the stillness a voice seemed to say to her:

"Why don't you offer your life for his soul?"

It sounded so close, that she turned quickly. But she was alone, and there was no sound, save a sighing whisper from the rising wind. The young girl knelt, and leant her head against a chair. She fancied that, for the few minutes it rested there, no thoughts passed through her brain, but hours of time seemed to have elapsed when at length she raised her head very slowly, and turned her eyes towards the one spot of brightness.

"Dear God," she said steadily, "if You will turn his soul to Yourself, and bring him to the Faith, I will give You my life to do what You will with it. Take it altogether, if You wish."

How the young life seemed to thrill in her body! how rapidly the warm blood seemed to leap through her veins, how strongly the strong heart beat within her breast! And how dear was the beautiful world, the joy of living in it among the beauties of nature, birds and flowers, and the lovely country under the vault of God's own heaven.

Caterina turned and left the church slowly, her head bowed down. She had left her offering in His Hands to do with it what He would.

XIII.

Assisi lay bathed in a bright flood of sunshine as Mark and Tony drove up the steep, dusty road from the station.

"This is something like the 'sunny south,'" said Bland, and he gave a vicious kick to the great coat for whose services he had been so thankful in England.

Mark was supposed to be the leader of the expedition, but he did not know any more than Tony why they were ascending the road to Assisi. The great dome of Santa Maria degli Angeli rose amidst the vines, a landmark for the whole plain. Up above, Assisi's square campaniles reared their heads upwards and Perugia's site was marked by a tall church tower upon the horizon.

"One can't escape churches after all," Standish remarked. "Everywhere one looks there is some temple dedicated to the God of the Catholic Faith."

Tony nodded. "All over the world," he returned. "The Catholic Church is universal, there's no doubt about that."

Mark did not reply and they drove on in silence.

The vines were a tender green on the plain, the fruit trees were putting forth timid white and pink blossoms. Wild flowers laughed to each other in the hedges, the pink nettle flower vying with the starlike anemone, while the humble violets hid beneath their cool leaves and sent a cloud of perfume to freshen the sun-scorched air. Mark found Assisi very charming. The sun peeped into his room every morning and blinked at him, as it rose over the crest of Monte Subasio, dashing aside the clinging mists with his power. Nature at her fairest is best enjoyed in solitude, so when Mark and Tony, each provided with their packet of lunch, set out of a morning, they parted, each to his own way. Mark always chose the olive groves, which swept down in silvery confusion to the plain below. He clambered down a favored gorge which a little stream had cut out for itself, a huge bed for so small a creature. It gurgled down in the depths of its high banks, half hidden by the rich growth on either side and bounded into the sunshine as it trickled from stone to stone until it disappeared once more into the cool recesses below.

Mark sat down as close as he could get to the water, for the sun was playing hide-and-seek and was searching for him.

It was pleasant to sit comfortably on a soft knoll with the flowers nodding around and the bees droning, as they passed from bell to bell gathering the sweetness from the cool depths of the petals.

In the orchards, the peasants were tilling the ground, or, perched on ladders, they pruned the wealth of silvery olive leaves, throwing them to the ground in great branches. These were carried away by flat ox-carts, or tied in bundles on to backs of mules to be burnt. Below, the little stream was captured and persuaded to fill a large stone basin where the women washed their linen. Their voices rose on the humming air, shrill and loud. Sometimes they broke into song, weird strains with scarcely any noticeable melody, something like an Eastern church chant, which they poured out from throats which were surely made to sing. The dull beating of the wet clothes upon the stone accompanied their voices, as the humming insects formed a bourdon to the whole.

There was a tiny shrine at the foot of the path which led to the washing place. It contained a picture of the Madonna which displeased the painter's artistic susceptibilities, but he was struck by the picturesque homage paid to the ugly little oleograph. Each woman, as she passed, drew her colored kerchief closer over her dark hair, and knelt for a moment to say a prayer to the Virgin and her Child. Little babies toddled up, crying to be lifted to the Madonna, that they might press their soft lips to the staring pink and white cheeks. A small girl came with a bunch of freshly culled flowers, and taking down the gaudy blue and gold vase full of yesterday's blossoms, she washed it carefully in the stream and arranged her fresh posy in it. Then she laid her offering very close to the picture and her lips moved as she made her prayer. When it was finished, she tossed back her clustering hair, and with a loud joyous song, she ran back to her home.

"These people are all the same," Mark said to himself. "They all believe. And what faith they have!"

The sun grew hotter as noon approached, and the clocks struck twelve one after the other, and were succeeded by the melodious clang of the church bells as they pealed out the *Ave Maria*, answering the deep-tongued Cathedral bell in their various voices, shrill and sweet; low and harsh. The tower of a little chapel close at hand in the olive groves almost shook

with the eagerness with which its two cracked little bells obeyed the summons. All round rang out the praise of the Creator of all, and Mark thought it quite a pretty idea.

To the midday clatter there succeeded a wonderful silence. Voices in the orchards ceased as the prayer died away on the peasants' lips, the men replaced their rough hats upon their heads, the women rose from their knees, and all turned homewards. It was very still. Even the insects droned lazily, as if they, too, wanted a *siesta* after their labors. Only the brook ran on hurriedly in its anxiety to reach the plain below.

Mark lazily unpacked his parcel of lunch, and ate. He threw the paper to the rapacious little stream which clutched eagerly at its prize and played with it, until a long bramble stretching out a thorny arm, caught it in its embrace. But still the river laughed; it was very good-tempered. Standish changed his position once more. There was very little shade now, but he laid his head on a little grassy corner which was shielded by a projecting corner of the bank. From there he could look down the symmetrical rows of olive trees with their dainty foliage and dark distorted trunks.

All was very peaceful. Even the church door was closed and the wizened old man who had rung the bells and locked the chapel had disappeared. There was something very drowsy in the air, and following the example of his surroundings, Mark slept.

When he awoke the sun had found his way to his sheltered nook, and was laughing and winking at him through the olive branches. Only it was less ardent now, and Mark allowed its rays to play upon his face with their chastened warmth. There were voices close beside him, and the regular thud of the spade told him that work had begun again. Two bare-legged urchins stood on the bank above him, regarding him with large wondering eyes. They sat down beside him as he opened his heavy lids, and asked him if he had slept well. Mark smiled. They were such mites, but they were so self-possessed and confiding.

They told him where they lived, and how many brothers and sisters they had, and when he asked them their names, they asked him his. They opened the book which lay untouched at his side, looking with bewildered eyes at the strange prints, and the queer etchings they could not understand. But

when they saw a queenly form in a small engraving, they cried out that it was the dear Madonna, and pressed their rosy lips to the page with a pretty fervor. Mark did not undeceive them, but he drew the book gently away.

Then he stepped across the stream and chose a shady nook near the now deserted washing-pool, from where he could see Perugia rearing a slender campanile against the western sky. When the sun chose to set, he would watch its radiant disappearance from here.

The church door had been unlocked and showed a cool interior dimly lighted by an ugly stained-glass window, but against the dark background below there burnt a tiny flame. From out of this coolness into the sunshine came an old priest. He carried a book and his lips moved quietly as he came slowly forward. Then he raised his head, and slipped the well-thumbed breviary into his pocket. He was a bent, white-haired old man, with a shabby snuff-colored cassock, and an unshaven chin, and Mark, whose person was always the essence of cleanliness, felt a repulsion to the untidy old figure. But the priest raised a pair of kind eyes, and when he saw the stranger he smiled and bowed graciously and quickened his steps, sure of a welcome.

"Ah, a lovely day," he exclaimed genially, "and you are comfortable where you sit. Have you seen my little chapel? There is not much of interest to show you, perhaps, but we simple folk love it and think it beautiful."

Mark smiled slightly. He did not remember ever having spoken to a priest before, and this old man was different from what he had expected. But he refused politely to visit the chapel, and the priest, glancing kindly at him, did not insist.

"Pray for me, my son," he said gently as he turned away, "and I will pray for you. For we are all poor sinners."

He passed into a small garden near the chapel, and took a seat under a great bare fig tree. Then he took a huge pinch of snuff with slow enjoyment and blew his nose loudly. Presently little feet came pattering along the narrow path and young voices vied with the stream in merriment, and a dozen urchins burst into the priest's garden with an easy familiarity and surrounded him on all sides. Three or four little girls followed, and pushing their way through the group, seized the priest's hands and kissed them. Then with much scrambling

they settled themselves down like a swarm of bees, and the priest's voice alone could be heard speaking low and earnestly. A shrill voice interrupted now and then with a puzzled interrogation, and giddy little heads constantly turned this way and that and their owners had to be frequently brought to order by the mild-eyed instructor.

Mark could not hear what was being said, but he watched the little group with interest and forgot to look for the sunset glow, as his eyes rested on the picture before him. A wild whoop from the children told him when the instruction was over and they scattered all over the tiny garden in pursuit of a low flying bird, a belated bee, anything, to serve as a vent for their pent up energy. Then the priest called them, and they flocked round him once more, wrangling for the places nearest to him and plucking at his cassock with their sunstained dirty little fingers. Thus they walked out of the narrow gate together, in a pushing, struggling mass, and bent their steps towards the chapel.

From Assisi the sunset hour tolled forth, and once again the bells took up their tuneful hymn of praise, the two little cracked bells waving frantically as they joined their discordant voices to the evening prayer. A few men and women left their work and joined the children in the chapel, and a low murmur was wafted through the open door as they prayed. Then they sang a queer tuneless hymn which seemed to have no beginning and no end. It was not pretty, the voices were not in tune, some lagged behind, while others took a note of their own. But somehow the simple rendering did not displease even Mark's critical ear. The sparse congregation streamed out talking volubly, the women smiled at Mark as they passed, wishing him a soft good night.

The sun had dipped behind Perugia, leaving a flushed sky behind it. And as a certain glamour rests upon one departed which perhaps had not been his lot in life, so a radiance greeted the sun's disappearance. The rosy clouds in the west told their neighbors in the east how beautiful was the sun which had just gone from their midst, until the news spread over the whole sky in a marvelous glow. Nature forgot that the sun had scorched some of her tenderest blossoms and let the ruddy magnificence rest upon the weary petals she was closing so gently, and throw a reddened hue upon the sombre

olive trees. And then it faded, and night crept up, throwing her dark blue mantle swiftly around.

Mark looked upwards at the pale stars which were appearing in the sky, and then his eyes fell again on the shrine. A couple of women were lighting the lamp as they talked and laughed and prayed in one breath. He felt half pleased that it was burning, although it only illuminated a very ugly picture. Still, he had looked to see it lighted ever since he had that morning spied the common blue receptacle filled with oil, standing near the vase of flowers in the shrine.

XIV.

After that day Standish used to seek his friend, the stream, very frequently. Each time he went everything seemed different. The sun never cast precisely the same shadows, new flowers unfolded their beauties, different mists hung over the plain. Sometimes distant roads were indicated by a cloud of flying dust sweeping along in the wake of some hurrying motor, or a passing carriage caught a ray of the sun and shone like a diamond for a moment. One day, as he sat there it struck him that there was an unusual silence around. A few voices sounded from the field, and Mark could not at once discover what familiar sound was missing. Then he realized that the bells were silent, and he missed their jangling discord. No one passed him as he lay in his sheltered nook, but as the day stole on silently, the old priest walked down the steep path from the town. He bowed as he saw Mark and they entered into desultory conversation. Then the artist asked idly:

"Why are the bells not ringing today?"

The good Father stared at him with his red handkerchief half way up to mop his hot face.

"Is it possible that the *signore* does not know?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," replied Standish, smiling.

"You do not know that the great *Signore* died on this day?"

"The great *Signore?* Oh! Who is He? One of the town councilors?" Mark inquired flicking the head off a daisy.

For a moment the priest looked angrily at him and opened his mouth to pour out a torrent of words. But as he met the young man's glance of quiet surprise, a look of profound pity came into his face.

"Ah, you do not know," he said very gently. "This is the day upon which the Good God died for us, nineteen centuries ago."

Mark felt, for perhaps the first time in his life, that he must, indeed, look small in the eyes of his companion. He murmured some sort of apology and rose with a hurried farewell. He did not like to be under the gaze of those kindly, sorrowful eyes.

He tried to find another spot in which he could ensconce himself during the next few days, but he ended by returning to his favorite corner near the stream. Here, all the old bitter thoughts of his love and the religion he had so hated were softened, and in their place came an indescribable longing for something better. With it, was mingled an intense curiosity about that God Whom he had looked upon as a successful rival, and the feeling of pressure which he had tried to express to Tony became intensified.

In the long hours he spent in the orchards, he meditated upon many subjects. He dwelt upon his past life, the life of which he had been so proud, full of talents, riches and pleasures. Yet nothing stood out above the rest. Even his pictures had not lived, nor had his art which he had prized so highly, won him a name. Now that he came to think it out, his existence seemed to have been empty hitherto—peaceful and pleasure loving as the life of an animal. Surely there was something higher in man's life than the existence of mere brute beasts!

Mark had known no opposition. Up to now, there had never been wanting rich, amiable friends to praise his talent and to fête him. Nothing had ever been denied him until a poor Italian girl had renounced his love for her Faith, and his London world had laughed at him when they discovered that there actually was something he could not paint. These thoughts occurred to him as he idled in the orchards and he brooded over the crosses which had been suddenly laid in his path.

He had begun to feel a strange friendship for the old priest whose chapel lay buried in the olive trees, an unexplained interest in the personality of his new acquaintance. It seemed strange to him that this quiet old Father—like Mrs. Langford in far away London—never spoke of his Faith.

Though of the people, the priest was a well-read and intellectual man, possessing a deep insight into human nature coupled with a keen appreciation of the beautiful, untutored though his taste was. And Mark suspected that there was a very noble nature hidden beneath some perhaps uncouth characteristics. His hands were always dirty but Standish grew accustomed to their touch. He even once suffered a pinch of the despised snuff to remain on his coat sleeve, for fear of offending the old man if he flicked it daintily off.

Gazing at the mild countenance of his companion, Mark often marveled at the complex nature which lay behind it. How was it possible to combine a broad-minded knowledge of the world with simple faith, childlike sincerity? When Standish asked questions about the Catholic religion, he met with courteous but brief replies.

"You think I am idly curious," he said to his new acquaintance one day as they sat together near the chapel garden. The Father was drawing patterns on the ground with his stick, raising a cloud of dust which was settling upon the well polished boots of the artist.

"You are walking on holy ground," the priest replied gently.

"I do not wish to be disrespectful," the younger man responded, "but sometimes I feel that I would like to know something about your Faith. It interests me, it interests me strangely."

"We do not talk lightly of what we hold most dear," the *padre* said after a moment, "and what we believe is so precious to us that it is only with those who are in earnest that we can discuss such things." Mark felt reproved.

"I do not know why I feel interested," he said slowly, "for I do not want to become a Roman Catholic. Yet something seems to urge me to ask about these things. I do not want to scoff now. I have done that in my time—it was bad form, I know—worse than bad form, no doubt. But though I want to find out what puzzles me, I do not want to be—" "caught" he was about to say—"compelled," he substituted, "to believe what I cannot."

"Faith can never be compelled," the other answered. "In such matters coercion is impossible. If God wants you, He will give you the grace."

The last words rang in the artist's mind all day. That God should not want him, had never occurred to him. He had always fancied that it must be the other way about. If he wanted God at any time he could get Him. It certainly gave rather a jar to his pride, nor were his feelings soothed upon the occasion of his next meeting with the old priest.

The latter was telling his beads with a crowd of young children around him. He waved the young man aside, paying no attention to him until the prayers were quite finished, and the last child had said all he wanted to. Mark was acutely conscious that, after all, he was only a human atom in the great world, second even to children where prayers were concerned.

When the priest at length turned to him, his manner was very gentle and kind and they sat together till the sun was lowering in the west. Then the old man took his friend to see his little chapel in the quiet fields, and somehow the bare interior, with its crude pictures and tawdry hangings, made a pleasing impression upon the particular artist. There was something very real in the atmosphere of the place.

No one could have been more surprised than was Mark himself, when, next evening, he related his story to the priest, and actually found it easier to pour it into his old ears than it had been to tell Tony upon the Devonshire moors. Before he knew what he was doing, he was also speaking of the events which had occurred since his love dream, and of the sensations he had experienced in the past few months. It was wonderfully easy, the Father was both tactful and kind, and Mark was aware of anxiously awaiting a reply to his confidences.

"I do not think she has forgotten you," the *padre* remarked slowly, taking a deliberate pinch or snuff. "I think she is praying for you."

"Is that why I have this strange, urging sensation?" the young man asked eagerly; then he smiled at himself the next moment that he could entertain such a thought.

But the priest did not smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASHINGTON'S ASSOCIATE AT YORKTOWN.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

THOSE who seek stimulus in historical parallels may find it abundantly in the expedition led to America by the Comte de Rochambeau and that of General Pershing in the late glorious chapter of American military history. Hope and material resources were almost exhausted when on July 11, 1780, Rochambeau and his army landed at Newport. The devoted Washington could well be described in the term which gained such currency in the spring and early summer of 1918, with his "back against the wall" and facing the dreaded extremity of retiring beyond the Susquehanna. Fifteen months later, the contending armies faced each other at Yorktown, drawn by a series of strategy which Washington cordially acknowledges the work of his associate commander. There were seven thousand French soldiers under Rochambeau and St. Simon and five thousand of the Continental Line, with a reserve of three thousand five hundred Virginia and other militia men. Surrounded, Cornwallis had but one hope of escape, the open sea and at the mouth of the James and York Rivers, thirty-six French ships under De Grasse blocked his way. On October 19, 1781, the army of Cornwallis surrendered, and the cause of American freedom had been won, equally by Washington and Rochambeau and the troops they commanded.

It was in the summer of 1917 that the American army under Pershing arrived in France. Those were black days when Foch saw the French line bend and break under the German offensive which began in March, 1918. Never was the cause of the Allies more critical than when the American legions were hurled into the Argonne Woods and stormed about Chateau-Thierry. In the late autumn came the surrender, as the acceptance of the terms of the armistice will be written by history. Allowing for the changes which the lapse of one hundred and thirty-nine years had wrought and the difference of the modes of warfare, there is sufficient similarity between the martial exploits of the French allied army under Rochambeau and

the American Expeditionary Forces under Pershing to engage the attention of the chroniclers.

This study of parallels serves, also, to establish the fact, seemingly forgotten, that Rochambeau rendered no minor aid, but was the immediate instrument of Providence for the triumph of the sacred cause of freedom, just as Pershing and his army were the final weapons of Foch to smite the oppressor. From the military standpoint, then, there can be no controversy over the success with which the Commander-in-Chief of the French allied army executed the benevolent intentions of his King. Rochambeau, however, too often figures in the American mind solely as a symbol of the friendship of France, gained through painful weary efforts of Franklin, Jefferson and other great fathers of the Republic. It is full time that he should be known for the splendid, virile unusual traits of character, which his contemporaries give him, an admirable type of old Catholic France, a member of the ancient *noblesse*, a sturdy soldier, an upright, religious man. He is a figure to fill the canvas, no matter who takes up the brush to paint him. Washington shows him as the honest colleague and dependable ally from the moment he set foot on American soil. In his greeting to the Commander of the Colonial forces, the French General wrote: "I send you a copy of my instructions, and of my secret instructions as well, for I feel that if we are to coöperate usefully I must have no secrets from my General." In the late days of February, 1784, when Washington, another Cincinnatus, was busy with the cares of husbandry about Mount Vernon, and Rochambeau, honored by his King, also for the nonce rested on his sword, he wrote that immortal eulogy to his former associate which may be found graven on the statue of the French hero in Jackson Square, Washington, "We have been contemporaries and friends in the cause of Liberty and we have lived together as brothers should, in harmonious friendship."

Some historians make an episode of the trifling disagreement between Lafayette and the commander who brought the forces of the French King. Lafayette always impetuous, and acting as intermediary between the French army and the Colonial, allowed his zeal and ambition to overrun his prudence in accepting the judgment and experience of the soldier who had won fame at Klostercamp and Minden where the

elder Marquis de Lafayette fell. But the friction was momentary. Rochambeau in many letters to the brilliant young Marquis, and in speaking of him in letters to Washington, alludes to himself as "the old father speaking to his dear son." There is a saying of Rochambeau, recorded by Lafayette in his memoirs, which deserves to be engraved on his statue, adjacent to the great tribute of Washington. No soldier can make a nobler claim and with more truth. As Lafayette records the incident, he had urged Rochambeau to make a brilliant sortie which could not but add to his military repute, and to do it even though he had to sacrifice some of his men. Rochambeau replied sternly that he would never consent. Then he added gently to the noble-minded if somewhat headstrong young soldier: "If during my years of service, I have retained and still retain the confidence of my army, it is because, and God is the witness of my sincerity, that of the fifteen thousand soldiers and officers of higher rank who have been killed or wounded under my orders and in most deadly action, I have not to reproach myself that I caused a single one to die or be maimed for the sake of my own fame."

An incident is related by the Baron Closen, secretary and later aide of Rochambeau, which throws an amusing human light on the French general's conduct when the troops of the two armies lay encamped side by side. Some of the Indian warriors who still clung to the old régime in Canada, had traveled down to pay their respects to Rochambeau. They could not conceal their amazement that though the French soldiers were in quarters in an orchard, the boughs of the trees hung heavy with fruit, and the nearby barn fowls strutted about in freedom and at their accustomed pursuits. Things had been different when a French army was in their country. Count de Ségur, son of the Field Marshal under whom the General had once served, and a future Academician, has an illuminating paragraph in his memoirs of this period: "Our Rochambeau seems to have been created purposely to understand Washington and to be understood by him. For like the great American, he too is a friend of order, of law and of liberty. It is his example, much more than his authority, which obliges us scrupulously to respect the rights, the properties and the customs of our allies."

Vivid as these portraits are, Washington's associate at

Yorktown has painted his own picture in two volumes of memoirs, as no one else could do it. His private papers, including many autograph letters from Washington, which American historians, with masterly inactivity, have allowed to remain undisturbed in the files of the Congressional Library, are also illuminating. Doniol has gathered many documents dealing with the French army of alliance and has published hundreds of valuable letters from the Commander to the Minister of War; also the correspondence of Chevalier La Luzerne, the French envoy to the Continental Congress, including his report on the presentation of the oil paintings of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, later destroyed by the British act of vandalism in burning the United States Capitol in 1814. Mathieu Dumas wrote brilliant memoirs of his experiences in the American War of Independence. So did the Duc de Broglie and his erratic young colleague, Duc de Lauzun, who ascended the scaffold with him fifteen years after. The regimental chaplain, Abbé Robin, has left entertaining accounts of Rochambeau's army. These papers, untranslated, remain a virgin field for the American patriot who seeks to know something of the services of France during a crucial period of the Revolutionary struggle, and of the personality of the General Commander and the brave officers and men who accompanied him. Many names encountered there were written large in the later history of France.

Jean Baptist Donatien de Vimeur, Comte de Rochambeau and Maréchal de France, was born, as he tells in his memoirs, in the château of his family on the River Loire near Vendôme, July 1, 1725. He was to die eighty-two years later in the same stately chamber where he was ushered into a life of varied and noble achievements. He was to spend sixty years on the battlefield, so that it is plain that he hurries through the homely details of his early years to reach the great adventures. Yet he tells enough for the sympathetic reader to fill the long space. He was the second son and of fragile health. In the old *noblesse* there were but two professions, arms and the Church, therefore he was sent in his sixth year to study under the the Fathers of the Oratory in Vendôme.

The young Donatien was not without pride and ambition in his chosen career. He relates that he was frequently called the "Little Vicar" because he relished the ceremonial and was

happy when in radiant sacerdotal attire. He was contented with the Oratorians, but with a stroke of his pen the future friend of Washington reveals the seething polemics of the era when that fateful alliteration, Jesuit and Jansenist, was heard so clamorously. The house of Rochambeau was stanch and conservative. Knights of the line had fought with the sainted Louis during the Crusade; one had died in Egypt. All had followed the Faith with uncompromising adherence. The father of Donatien, governor of Vendôme, preferred that his son should follow the Jesuits as there were hints of Oratorian sympathy for the other side of the controversy. So one morning M. de Crussol, Bishop of Blois, appears at the school, armed with instructions from the Comte, and conveys the youth to the Jesuit Seminary in his episcopal city.

Donatien utters no complaint, indeed makes no comment on this change, but continues his ecclesiastical studies with zeal and diligence. He has passed the age of fourteen and is about to receive minor orders when again, say the memoirs, M. de Crussol appears before him. He has portentous news. His elder brother has died, he is now heir to the title and must at once prepare for the army and to carry down his noble line. And the good Bishop adds solemnly: "You must now prepare to serve the King as loyally in the army and with the same zeal and devotion you would have served God on His altar."

The Bishop of Blois makes but one more appearance in the memoirs of Rochambeau. On the occasion of the assembling of the three classes of the French people, nobles, clergy and third estate in response to the *Cahiers* of Louis, Rochambeau differs with his former superior and mentor. He has passed almost two years in constant association with Washington and the Continental patriots and his ideas have been revolutionized. He cannot see three classes, as he explains to the Bishop, and afterwards in a letter to Washington, but only two, the privileged and the unprivileged, and his vote and his sword are for the oppressed. No doubt the Bishop was sorely tried, for his horizon had not widened as had his pupil's.

At sixteen Rochambeau had won a commission and was serving with St. Simon, uncle of the general who was to serve under him at Yorktown. He drew his sword in high hope and with fervor in defence of Maria Teresa in the Bavarian cam-

paign against Frederick of Prussia. At twenty-two he had won a colonel's rank, and he notes that Washington had won his at twenty-one. He draws stirring pictures of the various campaigns in which he served under Marshals de Saxe, Richelieu, de Ségur, d'Estrées and de Broglie. He records with evident pride that he had always been a line officer, that he had refused and disdained using court influence to become an ornamental figure on the staff. "I never relished the atmosphere of courtiers," he writes, "and I could never catch the tone of the courtiers." He won his spurs painfully, and on the battlefield: functionary glory is never his lot. We follow him through scenes of carnage, and through triumphant entries into conquered cities, but he is always calm and aloof from the exterior things, and keeps his soul free from the pollution of war.

So through the years until he had reached the fifty-fifth, and was suffering from a violent attack of an old enemy, inflammatory rheumatism. He is resting in his Paris mansion, a fine edifice yet, in Rue Cherche-Midi and the home of the Ministry of Labor, when he is aroused in the night to go to Versailles. There he learns that he has been selected to command the army of alliance and he sets to his task despite bodily discomfort. A grotesque attempt was made in 1838 to translate into English that part of Rochambeau's diary which describes the American expedition. But there are so many errors of proper names, dates and general description that this task also still awaits some clever pen. The other parts of this wonderful autobiography remain untranslated except in meagre extracts. In the French, but few copies of the memoirs are found in this country.

There is one incident modestly told, with no aim at self-glory but as a necessary part of the record. It is the mission of the younger Rochambeau, Donatien Marie Joseph, who was sent to plead with Louis for more troops, for ships and above all for money to satisfy the demands of Washington's soldiers. Congress had virtually repudiated the Continental currency. De Grasse had brought one million two hundred thousand *francs* with the men and ships from San Domingo. This war chest, Rochambeau divided with Washington, *louis d'or* to *louis d'or* until all had been distributed.

He tells of the honors paid him and his officers and

soldiers when he arrived in Philadelphia after the victory at Yorktown, and he gives a spirited encounter with a pacifist Quaker who upbraided him for following the profession of arms. Then the splendid reception in Paris and his few quiet years as governor of Picardy. His memoirs tell his anguish as his country was caught in the maelstrom of revolution, and he writes sadly to his friend at Mount Vernon. But cheerfulness and firm reliance on the will of God are the paramount traits of Rochambeau's character, and throughout his life the spiritual training received in the novitiate at Blois bears fruit in the substantial virtues of fortitude, resignation and devotion to an ideal. There is one splendid saying handed down by the loyal Closen. When France danced madly in the red stream, after she had executed her Bourbon King and his Hapsburg consort, Rochambeau, last Marshal of France under the dynasty, gathered his bewildered army and offered his services to the awful tribunal. His old friends and aristocratic kindred reproached him for making peace with the enemy, and hinted at unworthy motives. Then the hero of Yorktown and of a half century of wars, drew himself up haughtily and flinging his sword on high, he exclaimed: "France! whoever rules her, my best and my all."

No more graphic picture of the Conciergerie, "that sepulchre of horrors," exists than the one Rochambeau has written. Despite his endeavor to bring peace and order he fell under suspicion, for was he not the last great general of the Tyrant, and why was he so rewarded if he were not too a tyrant and friend of tyrants? So he was seized in the shelter of his chapel at the château on the Loire and thrown into the dungeon. He lingered day after day while so many went to the guillotine. Finally he boldly demanded of the President of the Revolutionary tribunal a fair trial, citing his services for France, his wounds and sacrifices and adding, as if an incantation against that evil power: "I invoke the name of the great Washington as the safeguard of my honor and that we made war together for the liberty of America." More fortunate than many of his companions in arms in the American campaign, Rochambeau escaped the guillotine and returned to his château on the Loire without the formality of a trial or, indeed, any charges being lodged against him save the vague one of being an aristocrat. Here he lived in retire-

ment, solaced by a well beloved wife, until Napoleon called him to become First Marshal of France under the new régime as he had been the last under the old. Seeking a man who would be a type of all the noblest and best in France: in the France of Charlemagne, of the Crusades, of the troubled Mediæval Ages, and the stormy reaction against their influences typified in the Terror, the aged Marshal at the Loire realized Napoleon's idea.

No finer tribute to this good man, whose early training as a member of the religious order founded by the warrior Saint, Loyola, had prepared him so nobly for the duties of life, can be found than in Napoleon's citation offering him the Grand Commandership of the new military order of the Loyal Legion. For this supreme honor, Napoleon's document says, he desired a man whose martial renown was fair as the fame of France. Such a man was the Comte de Rochambeau. He desired a man whose life had been blameless, whose honor was unsullied and whose soul was lofty. Such a man was the Comte de Rochambeau. It was thrilling praise but the days of the Marshal were running low. He had known the depths and shoals of fortune. He had sat with nobles of France during the burning "Night of the Pentecost," when freely and for the good of the people they had renounced feudal privileges and given up century old estates. Napoleon's honors could not have made a great appeal. His last quiet years were passed at the château on the Loire.

A most entertaining paragraph in his memoirs tells that in more than sixty years of military service he had never set foot on a foreign country without a regiment at his heels, until he went to England on a twelve days' leave to visit Lord Cornwallis, this sometime in the early nineteenth century. Courtesy and generosity which made so large a part of his nature, were so evident at Yorktown and in the management of the details of the surrender, that the British general nourished the most profound gratitude for his Gallic foe. He invited him for a visit, and Rochambeau, happy over a holiday as a boy of twelve, accepted the invitation. Just before the end, Rochambeau records in his memoirs what he considered the chief blessing heaven had sent him during his long life—the love and devotion of his wife. "She has made my happiness all these years," he writes, "as I hope I have hers by a love

which has never wavered even for a moment." The venerable Marshal of France and hero of Yorktown died on May 10, 1807, in the room where he had been born, but now enriched beyond words with trophies of his American campaign and by the handsome portrait of Washington in Continental uniform painted by Charles Wilson Peale, with a dedicatory inscription in the First Patriot's writing, "To my cherished friend and ally." He was buried simply in the parish cemetery at Thoré, a mile and a quarter down the Loire from the château, his mausoleum occupying a commanding point on the river. His obsequies as Marshal of France were celebrated simultaneously in Paris. The rare American visitor to the tomb may read a spirited account of the Marshal's life written by Chevalier de Boufflers. He may read also one of the most touching of lapidary tributes, that of his wife, who survived him for more than seventeen years.

A model as admirable in his family as in his armies;
An indulgent but enlightened mind ever
Concerned with the well being of others;
An honorable and tranquil old age
Was the crown of a spotless life:
His tomb awaits me, but before I descend,
I have desired to engrave upon it
The memory of his many merits and virtues
In gratitude for more than fifty years of
Happiness.

Not all of the nation which owes so much to the man who inspired the tender tribute his Countess has engraved in stone, have neglected his memory. Ten years ago the Regents of Mount Vernon sent to the cemetery at Thoré, some saplings of the noble oaks and sycamores and maples which shade the tomb on the Potomac. These are now full grown and are silent guardians of the sacred place where Rochambeau has found his well-earned rest.

New Books.

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL SCIENCE: LEVITATION, CONTACT, AND THE DIRECT VOICE. By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

Last year a record of a series of experiments carried out by Dr. Crawford in 1915 and 1916 for the purpose of determining the nature and mechanism of so-called physical phenomena of mediumship appeared under the title, *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena.* The present volume follows as a continuation of this work, but besides a description of additional experiments with Miss Goligher, the Belfast medium, and a comprehensive analysis of the total results, it also contains a chapter of questions and answers and a chapter each on contact and direct voice phenomena.

The new experiments with Miss Goligher show the same kind of phenomena as the older—chiefly movements of or pressure on the séance table, apparently without direct contact with the medium, and raps conveying intelligence. To the author's mind they serve to confirm and amplify his theory of a "psychic cantilever" issuing from the medium and with its protruding end causing the phenomena.

In whole, Dr. Crawford's theory is purely hypothetical and could be sustained, apparently, only by elimination of other possible causes of the phenomena. Of rival hypotheses, that of mechanical operation on the part of the medium, whether with or without apparatus, will necessarily lay claim to serious consideration. In a criticism of the first series of experiments which appeared in the July number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, it was pointed out that Dr. Crawford's account lacked evidence of necessary precautions against fraud and of sufficient control of the medium; the present volume fails to show an improvement in this regard.

Dr. Crawford admits that he considers constant, painstaking efforts to prevent fraud unwarranted. He thinks that "the true and genuine nature of the phenomena can always be discovered by a little investigation." But this is distinctly contrary to the experiences of many distinguished investigators in the field.

Purely psychological considerations have formed a very important element in the study and investigation of mediumship in the past. It has been found that tricks may not only be hidden from ordinary observation, but that the subconscious activities

of persons in certain psychological states will account for much even in physical mediumship. Moreover, where intelligence is conveyed, thought-transference as well as mental phenomena of abnormal psychological states, so amply demonstrated by Janet, Boirac, Alrutz, and others, must be taken into account. In his later volume Dr. Crawford admits that the medium was in a state other than the normal waking during the séances, but he confesses that the psychical side of the question puzzles him, and that he dismisses that part from consideration.

The direct voice phenomena were produced by a medium other than Miss Goligher and occurred in a completely darkened room. Under such conditions, as Dr. Crawford also admits, there can be no control of the medium, who therefore is free to use fraudulent methods.

The fact that Dr. Crawford has made use of very little exact scientific apparatus in studying the phenomena is a source of disappointment. One would have expected, for instance, attempts at photographic reproduction of the cantilever by employment of different sources of light.

Dr. Crawford proposes as his own opinion that discarnate spirits manipulate the cantilever, but does not insist upon this point as essential. There is, however, nothing in the whole series of phenomena to suggest preternatural causation. If there were sufficient warrant for the acceptance of the "psychic cantilever" theory, it would rather seem that Dr. Crawford had hit upon a purely natural process and that he thus had dealt a severe blow to Spiritism. For it must be admitted that whatever force produces the phenomena, these may be occasioned at will and occur in a perfectly constant manner according to the laws of physics. On the other hand, the intelligence displayed gives no evidence of being supramundane, but seems rather quite unable to go beyond the suppositions of the experimenter.

STANDING BY. War-Time Reflections in France and Flanders. By Robert Keable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

It is a refreshing experience in these days of material turmoil and spiritual insensibility to meet with such a book as this of Mr. Keable's, whose testimony, coming as it does from one outside the Church, strikes us by its rarity as well as by its truth. The circumstances of its writing are these: Mr. Keable had been for some years an Anglican pastor of a native parish in Basutoland, South Africa, and in the third year of the War went to France as chaplain to a regiment of natives. His book, however, possesses value not as a chronicle of wasted fields and shattered

towns and drifting populations and all the other devastations commonly described in war-books, but as a record of his own spiritual reactions—what he thought and what he felt rather than what he saw, and these are, indeed, magnificently out of the ordinary.

For instance, one of the first things he noted was the popularity among the men of the British Expeditionary Forces of what he calls the Y. M. C. A. religion. He enumerates its attractions and advantages: "It keeps the men's spirit up; it provides them with amusements; it offers a flavoring of religion, sufficiently toned down so as not to hurt anyone's feelings (except those of the Roman Catholics, who stand entirely by themselves in the view of the army); and it is a thoroughly successful business concern." But after all, he feels, whatever else it may be, this is not the religion of Christ, and so he says: "The whole question resolves itself very simply, therefore, into a question as to whether you believe Christianity to be a dogmatic, sacramental, sacerdotal religion, or whether you believe it to be a theistic system of ethics." As to his own position in the matter the reader is left in no doubt. "Chaplains," he says, "are an anomaly in the B. E. F. . . . The greater part of them should be absorbed by the Y. M. C. A., and the rest should become Roman Catholic. Not that I suppose either will happen; we are English."

The book is overflowing with splendid and wistfully loving tributes to the Church. It is full of the most delicate spiritual intuitions and of the keenest observations as, for instance, where the author contrasts the Church of England and the Church in France: "In a word, if religion means anything, it means the abandonment of oneself to God, indifferent to appearances; and in England, even in religion, it is improper to abandon oneself, and appearances are everything. . . . Montmartre is an Act of Faith, of course, but there is something so abandoned and childlike about it that it brings tears to the eyes. . . . And on any weekday probably more people worship at Montmartre than in all the churches of London put together. . . . And above all, Christ shows His Sacred Heart, which is a figure so humanly simple and sentimental that English religion is positively shocked at it."

And then there is that War-Sunday at Notre Dame which "stands out as unforgetable. . . . Far away the mysteries of religion were being performed. I formulated to myself, for the first time, the realization that Humanity has gathered, in Catholicism, the Christ-story to its heart, and made of it a world religion. . . . Once the Faith of Humanity had gripped the Christ-story, the Love of Humanity demanded its expression. High Mass at Notre

Dame is a worthy expression. It is Catholic, for everywhere Humanity has striven for expression—in India, China, or in the ancient world—it has expressed itself as here. Matins in St. Paul's, or even a sung Eucharist, is a totally different thing. It is the congregation that is catered for in London; it is Almighty God in Paris."

Altogether *Standing By* is a really extraordinary performance and a sign of the times in which we live; it is a frank utterance and a most touching cry from the heart of a sick generation. The author has, indeed, a most uncommon apprehension of spiritual truths, especially of those spiritual truths which among non-Catholics are as a rule not so much passed over as totally unperceived. This, together with his brave outspokenness, makes us wish for his book the widest possible circle of readers.

THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTRY. By Charles Gore, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6.00 net.

The first edition of this volume was published by Bishop Gore thirty years ago. The present edition has been revised by Mr. Cuthbert Turner, the author of the essay on the Apostolic Succession in the recent volume of *Essays on the Early History of the Church and the Ministry*. According to the author it is an apology for what is in fact the formal or official attitude of the Church of England—he should say of a certain party in that church—towards non-episcopal bodies. "She does not condemn them, but she refuses to acknowledge their ministry."

When Bishop Gore resigned his bishopric some months ago it was reported that he intended to submit to Rome. This volume gives not the slightest indication of his having accepted the Papal claims.

On page after page he uses the offensive terms Romanism and Romanist; he sets aside with a wave of the hand the special witness of St. Irenaeus to the Papacy, and proves to his own satisfaction that St. Cyprian was a good Anglican. He speaks of the payment of Masses and naïvely wonders "how frequently, and from what opposite quarters, we meet with the identification of Christianity with that phase of Christianity which is characteristic of the Middle Ages." In his viewpoint authority and discipline were needed then to win to the Church the untamed and undisciplined races which were to form the material of our modern nations. The Papal authority of today is to his mind mere imperialism, which has colored both church theology and church organization.

It is amusing to find the learned bishop rebuking his fellow

Protestant Christians for heresy and schism, while throughout this volume he shows his utter inability to grasp the meaning of these terms.

CATHOLIC TALES AND CHRISTIAN SONGS. By Dorothy Leigh Sayers. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.00 net.

There are, as Charles Lamb long ago pointed out, books and "wolves in books' clothing"—and we confess with no little disappointment that the present volume falls, from a Catholic viewpoint, into the latter class. To be sure, it is a winsome and at moments a worshipful little wolf! That is to say, it is an effort to reproduce the *divine familiarity* of the Middle Age singer—and of the saint in every age. But while it attains the familiarity, it usually misses the divinity. For to achieve Catholic songs, or even to retell Catholic tales successfully, more is needed than archaic type or ecclesiological illustration, more than Anglo-Latin ballad forms, more than a jocose intimacy with Christ and much more than sentimental visions of Him. What is needed is, briefly, the Faith: Faith in the *Lamb of God Who takes away the sin of the world*—in His sacraments and His Mother, and a real, if ofttimes stormy, allegiance to His vicar upon earth. These things made up the sum of the nearness, the intimacy of mediæval prayer-poems—an intimacy exquisitely reproduced in our own day by Hilaire Belloc or Joyce Kilmer. Occasionally this very Catholic consciousness is attained by one as yet outside the body of the Church, like Gilbert Chesterton—perhaps because he never jests save when very much in earnest. But by the present writer it is not captured, and so her book will have little real appeal for Catholic readers. Yet the poet who can achieve a religious lyric as appealing as this opening one on Judas' kiss, may almost be trusted to travel further up the "narrow and green path," as one gracious Middle English bard described it!

THE STORY OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION. By Raymond S. Tompkins. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.60 net.

Typifying and symbolizing the best ideals of American manhood, the Rainbow Division will live always in the hearts of the American people whence it was drawn. When praise is given, the difficulty lies in making it adequate.

In this respect the author of its "Story" shows his wisdom by letting the facts, to use a legal term, "prove themselves." There is nothing of the exalted, the heroic about his story. It is a human document of the doings of human beings who had no pretensions save those of the American doughboy. As a conse-

quence it is quick with the tread of the unwearied feet that crossed unfalteringly the Ourcq, glows with the intrepidity of those hearts that knew no dismay at La Croix Rouge Farm, inspires with the spirit of sacrifice that carried them on at St. Mihiel, and endears with the homely humor of the American soldier mingling with the Germans in the Rhineland. The author has rendered a rare service in thus catching up the spirit so representative of the United States. Not merely does he record valorous deeds, but re-creates the atmosphere in which they were performed—a knowledge of which adds love to the feelings of admiration and pride that have been the universal reward of this wonderful Division.

ZIONISM AND THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Dr. Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, while heartily sympathizing with the effort to establish a Jewish colony in Palestine, is strongly opposed to the reorganization of Palestine as a Jewish state. He holds that the existence of a tiny Jewish state, representing at the most one-tenth of all the Jews, so far from helping to solve the Jewish Question, will only succeed in complicating it in various directions. It will, he says, arouse the opposition of the natives of Palestine and of the adjoining Syria who resent being pushed to the wall; it will create hyphenated Jews all over the world; and it will place Jews outside of Palestine in a position that will oblige them in self-defence to present a decided attitude of opposition to their fellows who insist upon their separate nationalism.

RHYMES WITH REASONS. By the Author of "Aunt Sarah and the War." New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 35 cents net.

From the hand of Wilfrid Meynell comes this new volume of whimsical poems, which may be said to concentrate the message of those two rare prose volumes which preceded it—*Who Goes There* and *Aunt Sarah and the War.* Mr. Meynell was once aptly described by the *Athenæum* as "an earnest wit," and seldom has that unique combination of qualities been more manifest than in the present little book. It is very deft, very daring and very distinguished. Verses such as *Leap Years* or *The Sculptor* recall the gracious and ingenious punning of the same author's *Verses and Reverses.* But in *Bearers of Lost Sons, A New Commandment,* and *Of England: Her New Army,* this pregnant and vivacious fancy is seen playing "about the foot of the Cross"—even the cross of Eng-

land's multitudinous battlefields. High-souled and deep-hearted then becomes the music of these modestly-labeled "rhymes"—and vibrant with such fine *compassion* that lovers of the best in our contemporary literature will lift this slim sheaf of verses up into the company of that which must live when war is done. Back to Wilfred Meynell himself may well be thrown the closing apostrophe which he so finely applies to "the soldier poets:"

> O men, the doubly armed and dear of name,
> Take your promotion in the ranks of Fame!
> Splendid with swords you were; but with a rhyme
> You dulled Death's razor-edge, and conquered Time.

SAILOR TOWN. By C. Fox Smith.

SMALL CRAFT. By C. Fox Smith. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net each.

MAN-O-WAR RHYMES. By Burt Franklin Jenness. Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.25 net.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in one of his lectures on English composition at Cambridge University remarks on the disadvantage of the sea as the scene for an epic poem, since the incidents that may happen on board ship are so few and the life so restricted in movement that the poem almost necessarily grows monotonous. We are often reminded of this fact in reading the three books of verse before us, and though they are of course not epics but series of short poems on various incidents connected with life at sea, still one cannot avoid getting from them a certain effect of monotony. There is, however, quite a difference in quality between the first two books and the last.

The author of *Sailor Town* and *Small Craft*, though a woman, has acquired a wide knowledge of sailors and their ways of thinking and talking, and she has the power to bend this knowledge to artistic use. Her rhythmic sense is well developed, and her songs and chanties and ballads have in consequence a lively, rollicking swing. For the most part she follows her own lead, but so far as she can be said to have a model it is that of a very fine artist indeed, namely, the author of *A Shropshire Lad*, and in such pieces as *Gerrans Churchtown*, *The Prairie Shepherd*, *Traveller's Rest* and *The Traveller* she has written deftly and with restraint.

Not nearly so much can be said for the third volume, which is a collection of pieces having to do with men in the service—in the army as well as the navy. The individual poems are undistinquished in workmanship, and in general the author's sense of rhythm is very defective and is constantly playing havoc with

his tunes. The influence of the *Barrack-Room Ballads* is predominant, and most of the pieces have an unpleasantly imitative effect.

THE PRISONERS OF MAINZ. By Alec. Waugh. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

This, although it must be classed as a war-book, is a really charming affair. The facts it sets forth are commonplace enough, namely, the daily round in a German fortress, in which the author, an English officer of twenty, was imprisoned with five hundred other officers during the last eight months of the War. But the facts are told with such buoyancy and good humor and in such an eminently readable style that the reader is hurried along in a wholly delightful and, in such a kind of book, far from usual fashion.

The author has no asperities, no rancors—due partly perhaps to the proverbial generosity of youth and partly to the fact that his prison experiences were not so severe as those of men in other prisons in Germany. Moreover, he has real humor. And thirdly he wields a style of fine literary quality. But, after all, probably the real reason he escapes the stodginess of most war-books, is because he is content to be personal and individual and human instead of trying to represent the collective consciousness and the general mind of the race. It is in such broad attempts as these that, as the author himself says, a writer "does not write what he feels, but what he thinks he should feel. All that is genuine in him is inarticulate, and the obvious rises to the surface." It is the merit of the present book, and the reader's gain, that here the genuine *is* articulate and that the obvious is resolutely kept under.

THE JOURNAL OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN. By W. N. P. Barbellion. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00 net.

This volume is a narrative in diary form of various impressions, impulses, ambitions, achievements, and disappointments of a young Englishman named Barbellion from 1903 until just before his death in 1917. Barbellion was a self-taught naturalist who won a position in the Natural History Museum on his merit. Tense nerves and precarious health seem to have been a part of his heritage and his emotional reactions in consequence are frequent and marked. He studied hard, read enormously, and in his *Journal* revealed the thousand and one impressions which his books, his studies, the theatre, music, his friends, casual glimpses on the street or in trains, all made upon him. But while introspective, Barbellion has the saving grace of self-criticism and

thus his work has the savor of a mind fundamentally clear and sound.

His comments on men and books are unusually fine, as, for example, where he enjoys Hardy's poetry "for its masterfulness, for his sheer muscular compulsion over the words and sentences." He confesses to knowing "what stubborn, sullen, hephæstian beasts, words and clauses can sometimes be," though the reader would not suspect it, for the volume is written in a style limpid and graceful enough to derive from the letters of Lawrence Sterne.

The book makes an unmistakable appeal, for it invests the minor details of life with unfailing interest and mirrors a spirit so glowing with romance as to suggest a kinship with Stevenson himself. Though dying at twenty-eight, this boy had genius. Perhaps one should say *has* genius, for everlastingly in the reader's mind the question, like Banquo's ghost, refuses to down: Is the authorship a clever literary hoax? If so, the disclosure of the writer's identity can detract nothing from his fame, even though he prove to be the ablest of our modern day novelists.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. Volume IV. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

In this the fourth volume of his history of the War, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives with a wealth of detail the British campaign in France and Flanders, covering all the actions of 1917 and stressing particularly the operations at Arras, Messines, Ypres and Cambrai.

He shows at the opening of the new year, the retreat of the Germans in the Arras-Soissons sector due to the pressure exerted by Gough's army in the district of the Ancre, and their solidification on the famous Hindenburg line. He then takes up the battle of Arras from April 9th to April 23d, and points out that the objects of the Arras battle were to hold and use up as many German divisions as possible in order to help the French offensive which was about to start in the south. In this respect, he justifies the heavy losses and the limited results. The author then outlines the operations in the Arras sector which were of a minor nature, but no less important than the battle of Arras. In like manner, he treats of the battle of Messines, the fighting around Lens, and the third battle of Ypres, which ran from July 31st to October 3d, and which the author claims as a British victory, although incomplete in the south. In this arduous struggle, lasting three and one-half months, the British took twenty-four thousand prisoners and seventy-two guns, and used up no less than seventy-eight divisions of the enemy.

The volume ends with a survey of the battle of Cambrai in both its phases. In his summary of the critical period of 1917, the author states that while the French and British armies had met with hardly a single repulse, yet in spite of these results in the west, the year was a disappointing one for the Allies, since the Russian collapse greatly weakened their position. It clearly showed that the year 1918 would find them confronted with the whole force of Germany aided by contingents of her allies, and that their only hope lay in the help that might come from the United States.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has done much for history in thus presenting the military phases of the War, and, in this volume, the operations that made the year 1917 a very uneasy one for the Allies. He gives a vast amount of detail yet not enough to make the recital a mere technical review of military movements. His style is clear and entertaining which, together with the subject matter obtained from the official record, makes his work one of great interest and, as a contemporary chronicle of momentous events, of some permanent value.

THE GOVERNMENT OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES. By Rev. Hector Papi, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00.

The main subject of this treatise is The Government of Religious Communities taken from the Tenth Title of the Second Book of the Code. A preliminary chapter treats of the definition of the religious state and the religious institute, the excellence of the religious state, the various kinds and the organization of religious institutes, and the rules of interpretation and precedence. Title I. discusses the establishment and suppression of religious institutes, houses and provinces; Title II. on the government of religious communities, discusses the various classes of superiors, their appointment and obligations, the duty of canonical visitation, their parochial rights and duties, their honorary titles, the duties of confessors and chaplains, the administration of temporalities, and kindred questions.

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF OLD GLORY. By Samuel Abbott. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.60.

Although not one hundred and fifty years have yet seen the folds of the American flag waving to the breeze, there is no little controversy on the subject of its history. Into this, however, we do not propose to enter. It seems strange that inaccuracies and false statements should have crept into so plain a story. Mr. Abbott instances the well-known painting of Washington crossing

the Delaware, which has become classic, as an example of anachronisms and states apropos of the appearance of the flag in the picture: "The Stars and Stripes on that wild night of high adventure was still to be designed in a room in Philadelphia thirty miles away" (p. 14).

To be sure, artists should be true to history in historical scenes, but veracity is an equally desirable characteristic in our chroniclers. The question of the flag is worth settling, now.

After 1781 the writer gets into calmer waters, and the story is most interesting. Not always in fights on land and sea does our flag wave, but in the ways of peace in Arctic Sea or in Africa in the Livingstone expedition. A most interesting exploit was that of W. F. Lynch, U.S.N., in the exploration of the Dead Sea, when Old Glory sailed where, "The blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee," descended the Jordan and swept into the Dead Sea. So it has floated over the waters into which the Master gazed and where His disciples ofttimes cast their nets.

Of course, those periods of history when the flag was endangered, are those upon which the writer dwells, and especially on the late War ending with "Old Glory" at Coblenz on the Rhine. The writer concludes with an appeal to make known the glorious achievements of the colors which began their career not two centuries ago. The book would serve as a review of United States history, every part of which is linked with *The Dramatic Story of Old Glory.*

LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE. By Sister Mary Philip of the Bar Convent, York. London: Sands & Co. $1.80.

The occasion of the canonization of this Saint renders the publication of her life both suitable and timely. And this action of the Church in this era of working for results, for success, sometimes for show, seems more than usually significant. Blessed Margaret Mary was the saint of apparently small things, of motives, of abnegation. No matter where we fix our gaze upon her magnificent mission we note how wonderfully God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the strong. Shut up in an enclosed convent, not even appreciated as able or talented by her own; timid and shrinking among the most retiring; seeking only humiliation and oblivion, Margaret Mary was triumphant for the cause of her Beloved.

Her life is fortunately written by a nun—one who, knowing intimately convent life, could enter into the views and motives of those who thwarted and opposed, as well as those who befriended

and admired the Saint. Among the former were superiors genuinely anxious to do right, to serve God, yet afraid of any deviation from uniformity, who desirous of making assurance doubly sure, carefully tested her spirit, and caused her wonderful humility and obedience to shine forth the more brilliantly. But there were occasions, also, when the spirit of the world in the days of Louis XIV. penetrated even into the cloister of the Visitation. On the whole fervor and regular observance ruled. Yet ambition or rather tenacity of rank was responsible for much of the Saint's sufferings as Novice Mistress. Her life, so full of details of the spirit, is an impressive lesson on Our Lord's ways of seeing and judging, and affords food for serious thought. The volume closes with an account of the movement for the consecration of families to the Sacred Heart, a devotion much favored by our Holy Father and a sure source of joy and honor to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

OUR OWN ST. RITA. By Rev. M. J. Corcoran, O.S.A. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

The cult of St. Rita has borne an almost charmed life throughout the centuries from 1457 to our own day. Her gentle personality, joined to the wideness of her appeal, "as girl, wife, mother, widow, and nun," have endowed her with an attractiveness for the children of the Church who are led to those whose life resembles their own—she who had lived their life, known their sorrows, could aid them to win heaven out of the very stuff that formed obstacles in their upward path.

This story is satisfactory, in explaining many questions concerning the traditional honoring of the Saint, and the emblems connected with her representations, but in some respects it lacks definiteness. There are a few typographical errors which might well be corrected in a future edition.

CANADA AT WAR. By J. Castell Hopkins. Including a Story of Five Cities, by Robert John Renison, Chaplain Fourth Canadian Infantry Brigade. Introduction by Sir Robert Borden. New York: George H. Doran Co. $5.00.

Nothing could be more perfunctory than Sir Robert Borden's preface to this large and important work. The magnificent achievements of citizen-soldiers, the majority of whom had never seen a shot fired in anger, would almost unloose the tongues of the dumb. But the Prime Minister's inspiration runs dry at the end of a few soulless, platitudinous sentences. *Nescis, mi fili, quantilla sapientia homines reguntur.*

The book itself is a full and painstaking compilation of Canadian deeds and heroism. The whole effort of the Dominion is passed in review, from the very outbreak of hostilities to the close. The Homeric battles in which the Canadians covered themselves with glory—Amiens, Arras, Cambrai, Valenciennes—are graphically described in the words of eye-witnesses. Numerous photographs enhance the value and interest of the work. A reviewer, whose tastes are mainly literary, observes one omission—there is no chapter devoted to the literary productions of the War, to the songs, poems, tales, vignettes that war conditions suggested to Canadian writers. Such a chapter still remains to be written and is well worth writing. For it will record results, less tangible perhaps, but less perishable also, than trenches captured and towns re-won.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Maximo M. Kalaw. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

This volume contains a record equally honorable to the people of the United States and the Filipinos. The conquerors undertook to train their vassals in self-government, and the latter wisely permitted themselves to be so trained. The result is mutual respect and esteem, and the advancement of the Filipinos in culture, prosperity and happiness. Mr. Kalaw singles out for special encomium the late Representative William Jones of Virginia, and Governor Harrison as particularly helpful and sympathetic towards his fellow-countrymen. The archipelago has prospered marvelously under American rule. Education has been extended, philanthropy increased, the civilization of the non-Christian tribes notably advanced. Withal taxation is light, and the national debt less than three dollars per capita. In these days of colossal expenditures and unbridled extravagance, such a bagatelle is not worth notice.

CRUCIBLE ISLAND. By Condé B. Pallen. New York: The Manhattanville Press. $1.00.

This is described in the sub-title as "A Romance, An Adventure, and An Experiment," and it belongs to the ever-growing body of Utopian literature, of which Sir Thomas More is the progenitor in modern times, though it goes back to Plato, if one is curious in searching out origins. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* is the chief modern success in this difficult field of the fictional presentment of ideas and ideals in conditions supposed to be appropriate; though H. G. Wells is probably the name most commonly thought of in connection with literary Utopias. Dr. Pallen's con-

tribution to the subject is a notable one. It contains a story which would make a thrilling "movie," and at the same time it deserves its title of *The Crucible* through the way in which it exhibits the working out of philosophical ideas to their logical ultimates, with the certainty (and much of the explosiveness!) of chemicals in combination. The ideas he employs are mainly those of "pure" Socialism—the same which are now rending and blasting that vaster crucible which is Russia. Crucible Island is a place set apart by the governments of the world as a prison for Socialists, in which, however, they are permitted full liberty to run a Socialist State of their own. The story describes the great success the exiles make of their experiment—a success, however, which is the most awful and tragic failure to poor Mina and Carl, the lovers of the tale, when the State-mating bureau of the island destroys their dream of personal love, and condemns Mina to be an item of the anonymous motherhood system which is set forth as the logical result of Socialistic ideas, abolishing the private family. How the lovers escape after adventurous and most interesting chapters which describe the Socialistic workings of Crucible Island, make up a book which fully justifies its sub-title.

WOODEN SPOIL. By Victor Rousseau. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

This odd title refers to property in Canadian timber, inherited by Hilary Askew from his uncle who, living in Massachusetts, has been steadily and systematically defrauded by those to whom he intrusted his business interests in Quebec. Hilary discovers this rascality soon after he arrives upon the scene to take personal charge of his affairs; and he at once enters upon a desperate struggle for his rights against powerful and unscrupulous enemies.

The opening chapters are full of animation and humor, and give the reader well grounded expectations of a story wherein keen wits and cool, daring action triumph over treachery and cunning. He soon finds, however, that in depicting an energetic fist-fight the book's jacket conveys the spirit of the content with unusual accuracy. Undoubtedly, physical violence is sometimes appropriate and necessary, but few of us share Mr. Rousseau's apparent faith in it as the supreme remedy of universal applicability. The attention wanders while the author lingers relishingly upon the details of these encounters, nor is there any edification gained when he shows us Father Lucien, the *curé*, resorting to singlestick in order to stop the drink habit among his people, beating the principal offender into submission, and promising to "break the head of every man who has brandy in his house."

There is a love-story, but its heroine is uninteresting, as is the case with most of the many characters. The plot moves along traditional lines; nowhere is there any effect of novelty. Mr. Rousseau's paucity of inventiveness is regrettable, for he has given to his work a literary quality above the average, as is shown in some of the dialogue and in the really delightful descriptions of Canadian scenery.

HERITAGE. By V. Sackville West. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

Heritage will probably attract considerable attention, since artistically it stands immeasurably above the great mass of contemporary writing. Nor is it altogether the usual blatant exaggeration for the publishers to compare the book, as they do on the jacket, to the work of Conrad and to *Wuthering Heights*, although, to be sure, it has neither the imaginative glow and solidity of the one, nor the intense passion and tragic gloom of the other. Rawdon Westmacott, indeed, is very far from being another Heathcliff, on whom he is obviously modeled, nor has Malory the brooding imagination and subtlety of his prototype Marlow in Conrad's *Lord Jim;* but there is nevertheless enough original power and artistry here to bear up even under these high comparisons.

Despite its splendid qualities, however, or rather because of them—since the finer the edge, the deeper the wound—the present novel must be considered anything but healthful reading. Not for the ordinary reasons of decadence or suggestiveness, for from both of these the book is free, but because of its total lack of an actuating moral principle. This, in fact, is the book's great defect simply on artistic grounds, since even a work avowedly pagan in ethics, must, when it deals with man, take into account the moral order of the universe in which man moves and has his being. In this connection we are inevitably reminded of such similar, and yet such dissimilar works as *Tess of the D'Ubervilles*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Lord Jim*. Beside these, with their final deep note of tragedy, the present book seems tawdry and thin. Instinct and not principle is the law which governs the characters in *Heritage*, but it is an instinct arbitrary and unreal. The book is a more or less glorified plea for naturalism, but it is a naturalism which refuses to work on natural lines. That is an old proverb which says that you cannot eat your cake and have it too, and a still older one, which tells us, what are the wages of sin. In such ancient saws Mr. West apparently places no credit, and chooses rather to enroll himself among those to whom the Spanish proverb ironically refers as those who are "wiser than the wise."

FLEXIBLE FERDINAND. By Julie M. Lippmann. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

Flexible Ferdinand has the reputation of being "soft," and "yielding," but in reality he is a goodhearted boy, full of character, that prompts him to take upon himself all the cares of a family already on the road to dissolution. We are introduced to him at the age of seven, and leave him a successful surgeon—against his will—with aspirations for an artistic career. The characters of the story are well drawn—the hardworking actress mother, the unsuccessful, despondent father, the utterly selfish elder brother, the ambitious sister, and above all the wonderful nurse, Matilda, who reminds one of Martha in *Martha by the Day*, one of Miss Lippmann's most successful plays. The war theme is introduced on account of its popular appeal, and we leave Ferdinand about to start for the front after a long and strenuous wooing of his most attractive sweetheart. The story is clean, well written, and remarkable chiefly as a study in character.

THE WORDS OF LIFE. A Handbook of Explanations for Those Seeking Knowledge of the Catholic Faith. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 60 cents net.

The sub-title of this little book of only fifty-eight small pages describes its contents but gives no adequate idea of its value. It is sure to prove a veritable boon to all those who have to do with the instruction of converts or are thrown among those seeking light. As the author tells us in a pre-note, the work is not intended to take the place of the Catechism, nor is it a complete instruction book, but rather a skeleton outline of Catholic belief into which an inquirer can fit each new truth as he comes into possession of it. The practical value of the work is increased by being produced in two forms: one strongly bound to be kept intact; the other with detachable leaves which may be torn off and given to the convert or inquirer as needed and afterwards discarded. It will prove a very desirable book for free distribution at non-Catholic missions.

HIDDEN TREASURE. By John Thomas Simpson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

It is not a tale of adventure on the order of *Treasure Island*, that we have here, but a story of modern farming. Bob Williams, a lad of eighteen, comes as chore boy to his uncle's farm. He has initiative, quick wits, and some knowledge of new and better farming methods than those he finds in use upon his arrival. His uncle gradually yields to the persuasions of his enterprising nephew,

and such improvements as reclaiming rich acreage by draining and plowing by tractor, transform the run-down farm, drawing forth its "hidden treasure" of productiveness and putting it on a well-paying basis.

Like others of its class issued by the Lippincott Company, the book is thoroughly practical. The story is negligible, but serves the purpose of imparting valuable bits of knowledge chattily, and to demonstrate to boys and girls that farm work may be made more easy and more profitable than work in the cities. It is inexplicable that Mr. Simpson, addressing a young audience, should have introduced an incident making light of Sunday observance.

IN *Preparation for Marriage*, Rev. J. A. McHugh, O.P. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents net), gathers together for the use of the clergy the laws of the Church that have reference to the preparation of couples for marriage. In ten brief chapters the author discusses the necessity of inquiring about the fitness of the parties to contract marriage, formal and informal engagements, the civil requirements, residence, impediments, dispensations, the publication of bans, the knowledge necessary for the reception of the sacrament of matrimony.

This little manual is valuable both to the newly ordained priest and to the laity contemplating marriage.

THE appeal of the epic poet will never be as wide as that of the dramatic, yet lovers of Milton will be grateful to Allan H. Gilbert, Ph. D., for *A Geographical Dictionary of Milton* (New Haven: Yale University Press). His pages reveal the astonishing number of places Milton touched upon in his works, and his intimate knowledge of geographical subjects. His inquiring mind assimilated, not only the science as then known, but also contemporary publications illuminating the travels of the period.

THE American Book Co., New York, publishes an Introductory and Secondary Course of *New Modern Illustrative Bookkeeping*, by Chas. F. Rittenhouse, C.P.A. ($1.20 each), which introduces the subject by the account method much favored by the best teachers in this department of mathematics and by accountants in practical bookkeeping. The exercises are reproduced from accounts of daily business life, the price lists being real business documents. The Examinations, the Questions and Reviews are abundant, and the Bookkeeping Accounts are written up in neat script by Edward C. Mills.

ESSENTIALS OF SPELLING, by H. C. Pearson and H. Suzzallo (New York: American Book Co.); makes the study of spelling more the work of understanding and less of memory, while giving full weight to the fact that much depends on visualizing of words. The page of diacritical marks is very succinctly and clearly put. A knowledge of the alphabet is declared necessary for consulting a dictionary, yet it is nowhere given. Where, then, is the place for an alphabet?

A CATHOLIC SOCIAL PLATFORM, by Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons, $2.50 per 100), "based on the official pronouncements of the Holy See and of the Catholic prelates of various countries . . . places Catholics in the van of social progress." It merits careful reading and practical application.

TWO other pamphlets whose content is vital to all hopeful social reconstruction are those of the Catholic Social Guild of London, published by The B. Herder Book Company (St. Louis, 15 cents each). *Questions of the Day*, by Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., and Dom Anselm Parker, O.S.B., treats pithily and succinctly the great social problems and their Christian solution. The *Gospel and The Citizen*, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., goes a step farther and higher in indicating "the social *implications* of the Gospel" as a guide and incentive to make Faith bear directly "upon human life at large and the various departments of social ideal and conduct."

A BOOKLET to be highly recommended to schools and all teachers is *The Objective Teaching of the Holy Sacrifice of The Mass*, by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Philadelphia (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press, 25 cents). The most approved modern methods are here applied to familiarize the child with the Sacred Liturgy and to arouse devotion of a solid order. The lessons are arranged according to grade. The booklet also contains a useful bibliography with many beautiful extracts from writings on the Mass and explicit instructions how to follow Mass.

IN *The Essentials of Spiritual Unity*, Ronald Knox (London: Catholic Truth Society. Sixpence), indicates the route by which he traveled to arrive at "the idea of the Catholic Church." It will prove interesting to those *en route* as well as to those within the fold of the One True Church.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Among the new books from the Librarie Téqui are the following:

Canon Léon Duflot's *Apologétique Chrétienne: La Révélation, l'Eglise.* (4 *fr.*) Professor of Philosophy for nine years, of Apologetics for eight years, afterwards Moderator of Higher Criticism for a distinguished audience for which he had prepared excellent notes on Apologetics, Canon Duflot was well prepared to give a serious, clear, well arranged, and well distributed Manual on the delicate matters necessarily touched upon in a course of Apologetics.

Of the two parts which make up this work, *La Révélation* and *l'Eglise Catholique,* the newest and most profound is certainly the latter. To form an idea of the importance and the influence of this second part, it will be sufficient to underline the following titles: The Constitution of the Church; The Church a Necessary Society; The Magisterium of the Church; The Legislative, Coersitive and Judiciary Powers of the Church; The Church and the State; The Church and Civilization.

Throughout we find ourselves in the presence of profound thought and of sure doctrine, drawn from the very best sources.

La Sainte Eucharistie, by Abbé Jean Ramel. (3 *fr.* 50). During the course of forty years missionary work, in Norway and in France, the Abbé Ramel was called upon many times to explain the beautiful and great subject of the Holy Eucharist, from a dogmatic, moral, and liturgical viewpoint. Having arrived at the end of his career, when his weakened forces disabled him for preaching, he has continued his apostleship by means of the pen, hence the book which he now publishes.

The eighteen chapters contain all the Catholic Doctrine of the Real Presence, the Mass, and Holy Communion, explained with exactness and piety, in a clear and simple style, based upon Holy Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, the most recent decisions of the Roman Congregations, the opinions of the best theologians, and illustrated with numerous and interesting narratives of Eucharistic miracles.

This work will be found serviceable to the preacher, the confessor, and the faithful.

La France, les Alliés et l'Allemagne Devant la Doctrine Chrétienne, by Monsignor Chapon (2 *fr.* 60); and *Le Renouveau Catholique: Les Jeunes Avant la Guerre* (3 *fr.* 50), by Abbé Rouzic, will be chiefly interesting for French readers.

From the Librarie Gabriel Beauchesne we have:

Volumes XIII. and XIV. of the *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique,* edited by the Abbé A. d'Alès, containing articles on Ecclesiastical Law; Loretta; Father Loriquet; Louis XVI.; Lourdes; Magic and Magianism; Mahomet; Marriage and Divorce; Mary, Mother of God; Mariolatry; Martyrdom; Materialism; Millennium; Miracles; The Religion of Mithra and Modernism by capable scholars.

Recent Events.

Russia.

Russia, as the radiating centre of Bolshevism and the philosophy of social unrest, still holds the wondering attention of the world. According to trustworthy information the genesis of the present policy of the Soviet Government at Petrograd has been as follows:

At the beginning of the year (1919) that policy took a sudden change when Lenine and his associates decided to abandon their terrorist methods and their plan for immediate socialization. For the first month of the year a moderate programme was carried out, the object at this time being to make peace first and later reorganize the country and put communism in force. While determined to keep the power in its own hands, the Bolshevist government endeavored at home to obtain, as far as possible, the coöperation of the Russian parties that were opposing it; to have the latter cease hostilities on condition that their present territory were left to them. The Government itself agreed, in turn, to cease agitation in other countries.

This policy of the Moderates, however, failed to secure the longed-for peace, and it was then that the Bolshevists turned to Peters and Dershinsky (two of the leading Red commissioners), whose extreme policy it is to make no peace until Europe and the world are bolshevized. A majority of the Soviets joined this movement, and for the last three months they have been the real government, with only nominal power in the hands of Lenine and the other people's commissaries. Latest reports indicate that the Bolsheviki, feeling they have not succeeded in Europe, intend to develop their propaganda in an easterly direction, with Asia as its special object. The ground for such propaganda in the East is apparently well prepared, as China since 1900 has been in a state of unrest, and the civil strife between southern and northern China could be used to advantage by the Bolsheviki.

In furtherance of this campaign the chief of the department at the Bolshevist foreign office in Moscow recently assured a meeting of Chinese that in a short time hundreds of thousands of copies of a pamphlet printed in Chinese would be distributed in China, telling the people that victorious Bolshevist troops had occupied Siberia and intended to march into China and throw out all the foreigners. The governments of both north and south China have been invited to institute official relations with the Lenine

Government. In dispatches, Chinese detachments have already been reported among the Red forces.

Strenuous efforts are being made also to produce anti-foreign outbreaks in Persia, where Foreign Minister Tschitcherin is personally in charge of the propaganda campaign. Moreover, India and Afghanistan, which at the present time are in a serious state of unrest, offer a fertile field for the spread of Bolshevism. Developments towards the East, therefore, may be looked for in the next three months, if the present Bolshevist Government still continues in power, which, in turn, is contingent on the military situation.

Politically, therefore, the Bolshevists seem to feel that they have been definitely checked in Europe, a conclusion strengthened by the fact that at present their doctrines are opposed from various motives and in various degrees, by the neighboring States of Poland, Esthonia, Finland, Letvia, Lithuania, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Hungary, and Austria, many of which have troops in the field coöperating with the All-Russian forces of Admiral Kolchak; while in Russia itself they are facing the armies of Siberia, Ukrainia and the Ural Cossacks.

With certain of the neighboring States, named above as opposed to Bolshevist doctrines, peace negotiations have been in progress for the last several weeks between the Bolshevist Government and those of Letvia, Lithuania, and Esthonia, and according to a late but unconfirmed report have been concluded. Esthonia's decision to enter into negotiations seems to have been prompted by distrust of the army and the protests of the Esthonian workers against the continuance of the War. The Bolshevik envoys, according to an English correspondent, "have offered to recognize Esthonian independence and the inviolability of racial boundaries, and restore Esthonian property. But it is stipulated that Esthonia shall not become a base for the enemies of the Bolsheviki." Similar proposals have apparently been made also to Letvia and Lithuania.

Turning to military operations we find matters in a highly confused state, and because of conflicting reports it is difficult to visualize the general situation. Roughly speaking, the southern anti-Bolshevik forces under General Denikin have continued their successful advance. The forces of Admiral Kolchak in Siberia and the north, after falling steadily back to a line several hundred miles west of Omsk, at last made a stand, and on the first of September began a counter-offensive, which so far has met with success. Latest reports are to the effect that he has broken the Bolshevik front in three places and threatens to outflank the Bol-

...the following: Section I. declares ... sovereignty being based ...ve legislative rights, but ...idual States. Each ...islative elected ...men and ...nal As- ...he Presi- ...will hold ...r or peace ...reaties with

...esentatives of ...being based on ...ths of the total ...sia's votes must ...omposition of the ... twenty-five votes; ...Württemberg, three; ...ties, coupled. Judges ...for life and cannot be

...nt provides that all Ger- ...d that men and women ...and duties. Preferential ...position are removed, and ...ly part of a person's name. ...i no tokens of honor may be ...ccepted from a foreign State. ...ity of Life" the Constitution ...s the basis of family life and ...it is, therefore, under the special ...on the basis of equality of the ...all be placed under the same bodily, ...s as legitimate ones, and youth must ...itual, and physical neglect.

...stitution declares that all citizens of ...plete freedom of belief and conscience. ...d religion plays no part in citizenship. ... must be universal attendance at school ...rs, and that pupils must attend advanced ...years. It will not be necessary to pay ...will be given needy pupils and their families. ...exist only with government permission.

Since the adoption of the Constitution, President Ebert has taken the oath as Imperial President. He has also withdrawn the decree which designates the Assembly as the "Reichstag," in deference to protests from the Assembly.

To one feature of the new Constitution the Allies took strong exception, and on September 2d the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference issued an ultimatum demanding its amendment. The whole matter turns about the ultimate union of Germany and German Austria which appears to be provided for in Article Sixty-one of the new German Constitution. This clause, which according to the Allies categorically violates the Treaty of Versailles, reads substantially as follows:

"German Austria will receive, after annexation to the German empire, the right to send to the German Reichstag a number of deputies corresponding to the population, and meanwhile said deputies will have a consultative voice."

The German reply to the Allied ultimatum on this point has been considered unsatisfactory. Definite assurances will be required of the Germans.

The disturbances in Silesia seem to be due partly to Spartacide propaganda on one side and partly to the provocative attitude of the German authorities on the other, which has caused insurrection among the Poles. The situation thus resolved itself into a three-cornered fight between the Spartacans, Poles and Germans, which involved the mining districts and makes more acute the coal shortage in Central Europe. In consequence of these troubles the Polish delegates broke off negotiations which had been going on in Berlin relative to a plebiscite over the ultimate frontier between Germany and Poland. Following fierce engagements between insurgents and Berlin troops, the German authorities declared martial law. Though the insurrection in upper Silesia spread rapidly in the industrial sections, the German military authorities declared they had the situation in hand.

Later at a conference of the German Government and the Polish Mission, the following resolutions were passed: first, the Germans will refrain from further executions; second, the Inter-Allied Mission shall start for upper Silesia; third, the Polish Mission now in Berlin will go to Warsaw and remain there until the Inter-Allied Commission has made a report. The functions of the Commission are limited to those of an investigating board that shall report to the Peace Conference at Paris. Sporadic fighting is in progress still in many sections of the country. The Supreme Council of the Peace Conference has discussed the question of sending troops to Silesia in case the Germans are willing to permit

foreign troops to enter the district for police purposes before the Peace Treaty has been ratified. The general impression in Conference circles is that the Germans will consent, because of the large property interests involved.

A much more disquieting situation is that provided by the refusal of the German troops under General Von der Goltz, to evacuate the Baltic provinces, as ordered by the Peace Conference. The German Government has addressed a note to the Entente Powers, saying it is not in a position to compel the obedience of its troops by military means, and that "as a result of the extremely excited feeling among the troops, it is impossible now to prepare a plan of evacuation and return the troops to the sea."

It has not become clear at this writing just what is the purpose of these troops whose numbers have been estimated as high as eighty thousand men. Many profess to see in it an international conspiracy headed by General Von der Goltz and Russian nobles of German origin, aiming at the establishment of a new German-Baltic state as the base of operations against Moscow. Their headquarters are Mitau in Courland. That the army is determined to remain in the Baltic region is shown by the attempt of the soldiers to become citizens of the newly established republics of Letvia, Esthonia, and others, thus evading the Allies' orders that the "German" forces should be withdrawn. When this attempt at citizenship and a local *landwehr* failed, and orders for evacuation were actually received from Weimar, the troops abandoned pretence and declared that, orders or no orders, they would remain. In face of this resolution the German authorities at home so far seem helpless.

Von der Goltz is reported to have promised land in Letvia to the troops under his command, and much bitterness has been caused by the refusal of the Lettish government to grant Lettish citizenship to German soldiers. The opposition of the Germans to evacuating the country was also reported to be the result of the attempt of the Letvian government, headed by Karl Ullman, to coöperate with the British forces in that region in expelling all the Baltic barons, who are chiefly of German extraction, and other Germans in order to break up the strong German influence in the former Baltic provinces and to "frustrate the coming alliance between Germany and Russia." Well-informed critics are of opinion that Germany intends to try for a league of nations, hoping for the adherence of Russia, Austria and Hungary, and later of Italy, Japan, and the smaller nations dissatisfied with the Paris Conference.

Hungary.

As a result of instructions sent to him by the Supreme Council of the Allies to the effect that he must leave the Hungarian Government in the interest of European peace, Archduke Joseph withdrew late last month as dictator of Hungary. Stephan Friedrich, Hungarian Premier during the short régime of the Archduke, has since formed a new Cabinet in which besides the Premiership he assumes the post of Minister of the Interior. The Cabinet decided that elections should be held about September 20th, and the Premier is to consult the Entente Commissions regarding their carrying out.

News dispatches from Budapest and editorial comment in Hungarian newspapers very generally express the belief that events in Hungary presage a return to the monarchical form of government. Elements favoring a political and economic union between Rumania and Hungary are said to have been very active in Budapest, and it seems that Hungarian politicians are becoming completely under Rumanian influence. Color is lent to these rumors by the report from Vienna that Premier Friedrich has sent a Hungarian delegation to Bucharest. Besides being empowered to negotiate a separate peace with Rumania, the delgation apparently may discuss the eventual union of Hungary and Rumania. Premier Friedrich's position, however, is by no means assured and the next turn of events is problematical. All the members of a proposed new Cabinet to succeed the ministry of Herr Friedrich have been summoned to Budapest by telegraph, giving rise to a report that an agreement has been reached with the Paris Peace Conference authorities. On the other hand Premier Friedrich is said to have extended his original stipulations as to his retirement and now makes his withdrawal contingent upon a guarantee by the Allies that Hungary shall receive money, food, and raw materials. That the present Cabinet is in a very wavering state is certain, and the formation of a new Cabinet may shortly be looked for—an event which the Peace Conference will greet with relief, as the Hungarian Peace Treaty has been ready for presentation for some time, but no one has come for it.

Latest reports are to the effect that the Rumanian army, which has been in control of affairs in Budapest and has held on to that control despite urgent protests from the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference, has begun to withdraw, a steady movement of trains being in progress. It is believed that the retirement will be completed within the next fortnight. It is also reported, however, that the Rumanians have begun the evacuation of Hungarian territory without leaving behind any organized police,

and under conditions presenting great dangers of disorder. It is intimated that the Rumanians hope that, after their withdrawal, the disorders will be such that they will be asked to return.

Austria. After three months of negotiation between the Austrian Republic and the Allied and associated Powers, the Austrian Peace Treaty was finally signed on September 10th. Under the terms of the Treaty the former provinces of Bohemia and Moravia and a part of the duchy of Teschen now form the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia. The rest of Teschen and most of Galicia have been incorporated into Poland. The new Ukrainian Republic takes certain sections in Eastern Galicia and the former Austrian crownland of Bukowina. Hungary has separated from Austria along the historic boundary between those portions of the former empire, but has herself lost parts of the province of Transylvania which have been awarded to Rumania.

On the south the provinces of Carinthia, Dalmatia, Carniola, Croatia and Slavonia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, as well as parts of Styria, are formed, in conjunction with Serbia, into the new Jugo-Slav kingdom. Parts of Tyrol are taken over by Italy, the boundaries of which are also extended so as to include most of the Istrian Peninsula and a strip along the western frontier of the province of Carinthia. All, therefore, that remains of the former empire is what is known as German Austria, including Upper and Lower Austria and parts of Styria and Tyrol. Since the close of hostilities there has been a movement afoot to annex Austria to Germany. By one of the most important clauses of the Treaty this is forbidden.

The Treaty does not stipulate an exact sum to be paid in indemnities, but this amount will be fixed by the Reparations Commission on or before May 1, 1921, and payments are to extend over a period of thirty years. This sum must be paid by the Austrian Republic, and is not to be apportioned among the component parts of the country which have been declared independent. In addition to paying indemnities Austria must also replace, ton for ton, all ships lost by the Allies through the activities of the Austrian navy during the War and physically restore invaded area. Austria's army is reduced to thirty thousand on a purely voluntary basis, and the entire Austrian naval fleet is to be handed over to the Allies, all warships under construction to be broken up and the salvage used only for industrial purposes.

By a covering letter which accompanied the Treaty the Allies set forth the great responsibility of Austria, which therefore can-

not obtain the same treatment as Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, but in view of the small expanse of its territory, promised to give her economic and financial aid in order to assure her possibilities of existence. No such assistance from the Allies, however, has apparently yet been given, and since the signing of the Treaty, Austria has drifted toward an internal situation almost chaotic.

Demands are being made for a strong central government that can weld the country into a more harmonious national whole. At present, apparently, each region or district is for itself and all of them against Vienna. The basis of the trouble seems to be largely two-fold—the continued decrease in the value of the crown and fear of famine. The central government thus far seems to have been unable to cope with either. Recently all visitors were expelled from rural and summer resort regions by a decree of the provincial governments, and, in some instances, of the village authorities, all in contravention of the State laws. Furthermore, in upper Austria, which is the granary of the empire, the farmers and district officials have decided that all grain shall be milled and stored in the districts where grown, and none exported to Vienna or other parts of the State. This would mean actual starvation for the cities and less favored regions of lower Austria. In its effort to cope with the food and fuel conditions which threaten the country, the central government has just issued a decree expelling from the country all persons not legally residents. This decree, which becomes effective on September 20th, affects principally a large number of Galicians and those Hungarians who remained after they were ordered to leave the country by a former decree.

Rumania.

The outstanding feature of the situation in Rumania over and above the recent withdrawal of its armies from Hungarian soil, is its continued firm opposition to the Austrian Treaty. The basis of this opposition is the refusal of the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference to grant Rumania the privilege of making reservations in connection with the rights of minorities in territories detached from the former Austrian empire, as provided for in the Peace Treaty. The Rumanians point out that by royal decrees which will be approved by the new Chamber of Deputies elected in September, minorities not only in the new territory attached to Rumania, but in the old kingdom, have been more amply protected than the Peace Treaty provides. Rumania, however, does not desire to have forced upon her, so it is said, provisions which

it is feared would be interpreted by the minorities as giving them really the upper hand.

In old Rumania, it is said, the Jews have been given full citizenship, while in new Rumania measures have been taken to give ample protection to the Germans in Transylvania and to the other nationalities of the annexed districts. If the same measures were imposed by treaty, instead of being freely taken by the Rumanians, the minorities would be likely, in the opinion of the Rumanian authorities, to taunt them with the fact that they were obliged to do so. A spirit of opposition and rebellion instead of harmony would be favored, the Rumanians say, by placing Rumania under obligation to third parties in her relations to minorities.

The Rumanian Cabinet has also refused to accept the decision of the Peace Conference relative to the division of the Banat between Rumania and Serbia, and as a result Serbia is reported to be considering the general mobilization of her army. Banat is a province in southeastern Hungary, between Rumania and the western part of Serbia, which the Peace Conference in May decided to divide between the last two countries, giving the eastern part to Rumania and the western part to Serbia. Although the Rumanians were allotted the larger share, they protested vigorously against the decision, appealing to the Treaty of 1916, concluded at the time Rumania entered the War. By the terms of this pact, Rumania was to receive the whole of the region. Premier Bratiano of Rumania withdrew from the Peace Conference several months ago as a protest against the decisions of the Supreme Council on the disposition of the Banat and on methods of protection of racial minorities in the small countries of eastern and southeastern Europe. Rumanian troops occupied Temesvar, the capital of the Banat, in the course of their recent advance into Hungary.

An election of a new House of Deputies was set for September, and several weeks ago Premier Bratiano declared that in spite of his desire to retire before the elections, he had decided to retain office in order to take personal responsibility for not signing the Treaty of peace for Rumania. The latest dispatches, however, announce the resignation of the Rumanian Cabinet, headed by Premier Bratiano; but whether this is due to failure of support on the part of the country in Bratiano's firm stand against the Treaty or is merely a form of procedure contingent on the election of the new House of Deputies, is not clear. From previous intimation as to the general feeling of Rumania, the latter would seem to be the case.

Italy.

A dramatic raid on Fiume by a force of volunteers from the Italian army led by the soldier-poet Gabriele d'Annunzio, has been the chief event in Italy in the last few weeks. It is easy, however, to exaggerate the facts, which actually seem to be as follows: Ever since the Fiume issue became acute at the Versailles Conference, d'Annunzio has been agitating vehemently in behalf of Italy's claim to the city. As a result there were serious clashes between French and Italian troops in Fiume early in the summer. D'Annunzio has now entered and taken the city with a force which at first was estimated at twenty-three thousand men, but is now reckoned at ten thousand regulars and four battalions of Fiume volunteers. On his entry into the city one thousand five hundred English and French troops withdrew. The Italian army and the great mass of popular sympathy are undoubtedly in ardent support of d'Annunzio's attempt, but Premier Nitti and the Government and all responsible Italian politicians have characterized the incident as mutiny. Steps have been taken to suppress the outbreak. In this policy the Government is supported by the Chamber of Deputies and by the solid backing of the press, with the exception of a few extremist newspapers. The plan at present adopted is a land and sea blockade, whereby the mutineers are to be starved out. The Peace Conference looks on the incident as a purely local and internal Italian concern, and has decided not to interfere, at least not at present, apparently having full confidence in the Nitti government.

A portion of the Peace Conference consider the d'Annunzio coup as a logical consequence of Rumania's successful defiance of the Supreme Council in its prolonged occupation of Budapest, which has only recently been terminated.

September 19, 1919.

With Our Readers.

THE great human family is constantly being drawn closer together. Mechanical inventions have made the world much smaller. The nations of the earth, and the people of the nations, are much closer to one another than ever before, and the problems of one quickly become the problems of all. Such community of life may not be acceptable to some, but whether we like it or not, it is here to stay and to increase.

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AS this fact comes home to us we will see more clearly the need of common truth—of definite principles with regard to conduct that will guide the whole world and beget justice to all; equal opportunity; liberty; good feeling and charity. Into clearer light, because of the very necessities of mankind, is thrown the position, the right, and the authority of the Catholic Church. She is the sole Church in all the world that even claims to be able to fulfill this present need of the world. In presenting a solution to the fundamental problems of unity in truth and in conduct, she gives the light that will ultimately solve every problem.

Her light should not be hidden nor obscured. Her voice should not be that of the gentle zephyrs, but rather the sound of a mighty wind that fills the world.

So conspicuous is she in the world of today, that knowledge of her position on any living question is sought by every man. The conduct of her children becomes readily the gossip of the world. What works she proposes to launch; how her institutions labor; how she affects governments, and how in turn governments affect her—all these, and the list might be extended indefinitely, are news of an inviting kind to all the world.

The only power today that can adequately carry her voice is the Catholic press—the printed word that has millions for audience.

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OUR own people need to realize the opportunity of the Catholic press. They need to realize how thoroughly such a press should be equipped if it is to do the work which both the Church and the world will demand of it. It should have, in the first place, a news service that would command immediate information from every portion of the globe: that would, by definite information,

correct misunderstanding or misrepresentation regarding the pronouncements and the actions of the Holy See. Its news service upon all matters that even touch Catholic interests should be so complete and reliable that any inquirer might resort to it with confidence.

To state the problems which the world is grappling with today: problems very basic and very fundamental; to expound their solution is the work of the Catholic Press. But it would be idle to think that this work can be done by other than trained or skilled writers. It requires the master hand, the literary craftsman who knows his subject matter intimately and thoroughly.

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A LITERATURE is created by the enthusiasm of the followers of the cause it represents. Our Catholic literature and our Catholic press will grow more perfect as the interest and enthusiasm of our Catholic people in Catholic work and the whole Catholic cause increases. One feeds the other. The desire to know the extent of our Catholic Mission work: its manifold departments, will not only help the Catholic press, it will help the missions also. How is the Church going to meet and answer the intellectual problems of the day, to make known the findings of its own "university" of ideas, save through the Catholic press. Can any Catholic who reviews the fact that scholars and teachers have been called to lead and govern the nations of today, remain indifferent to the fate of Catholic scholarship?

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SOCIAL work today, covering such a vast field, and exacting such extended service is but another word for the work which the Church has done through the ages. Our Catholic laity must know that it is primarily their work. They must not only know the problems, they must know how they can actively serve in meeting the problems. Their hearts long to know this. Who shall acquaint them with the vast fields open to them? Only the Catholic press can be such an organ of publicity and of leadership. It is but leaving the matter in the air if we constantly repeat that our laity should be active, yet never lay down the definite lines on which they may act. To know these lines: to read also of what our fellow Catholics are doing—not only in our own country, but throughout the world—is an incentive and a guide to them, and an evidence that the Catholic press is fulfilling its mission.

Pius X. declared emphatically that we would build our schools in vain if we have not a stable, intelligent Catholic press. Every

Catholic today, clerical and lay, should put his mind and his hand to this task, the upbuilding of the entire Catholic press and Catholic literature of America.

WHEN the world seems almost ready to throw itself into a struggle that will deal solely with material well-being, it is encouraging to note the emphasis now and again placed upon the preëminent necessity and worth of spiritual virtues and spiritual gifts. This is the more important and significant when the statements are made by secular journals, for with them it is surely true to say that such a note has not been too frequently sounded.

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LIFE in a recent issue said of a wealthy man who died recently: "The great and lasting gifts to the world are spiritual. He did not have them to give. Of what he did have he gave as intelligently as he could and with power and much good."

Scribner's for September speaks of a class of women whom the War has not ennobled—the degenerate result of a new nation with more wealth and luxury than it could assimilate. The same short essay speaks of how to such people, home has been but "a place to sleep in, to take one's morning bath and breakfast, and then forget." "The less home you have, in inverse ratio the more divorce. Before you get a vital race again you've got to establish homes." "A world in earnest doesn't need an undue amount of frivolous luxury and amusement: it's glad to own a hearthstone." "I'm sick to death of the sex talk that's flooded everything for the last twenty years." "Men will be more humble and more appreciative after what they have gone through, and women will put maternal tenderness in place of selfish passion." And the essay concludes with the hopeful words that "we are looking forward to a new world of patience, and devotion, and unselfish giving; a world of home-making and of home-keeping."

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GENERAL PERSHING'S return to this country recalls, in this connection, one or two of his noteworthy utterances on spiritual values. "The invisible, unconquerable force let loose by prayers, hopes and ideals of Christian America is incalculable." "As soldiers inspired by every spiritual sentiment we have each silently prayed that the success of righteousness should be ours. Today with thanksgiving, we humbly acknowledge that His strength has given us the victory."

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AFTER the great parade of the First Division in New York City, headed by General Pershing, and during which the General paid his respects publicly to Cardinal Mercier, the New York *Times*, said editorially: "At the Cathedral stand, almost as if by accident, he met the Belgian Cardinal who is called the Soldier of God. In his purple robe, with bared head, Cardinal Mercier raised his hand, and with lips moving bestowed the apostolic blessing."

THE *Christian Advocate* states that Cardinal Mercier by "his unconquerable spirit lighted the darkest days of the conflict (in the Great War), not only for his Belgian countrymen, but for all who honor nobility of soul." And yet the same editorial charges Cardinal Mercier with allowing his popularity to be used "to wipe out the stain upon Benedict's pontificals." The use of the last word of the quotation is an index to the worth of the entire editorial. Not only does it in the same breath praise Cardinal Mercier, as a man of great moral worth and condemn him as a willing tool of hypocrites, but it absolutely ignores the evidences that Pope Benedict gave of his sympathy with the suffering Belgians and his protest against Belgium's invasion by the Germans. The *Evening Post* of New York, which is not a Catholic organ, stated as early as August, 1917: "The Holy Father has not concealed his sympathy with the attitude of Cardinal Mercier. His heart has bled for Belgium. This he has made known."

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UNFORTUNATELY, such editorials are inspired by a preconceived prejudice—to injure the Holy Father and to cast discredit upon the Church in this country. The *Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the Reformed Church in America, reports from the notoriously unfair *Protestant Review* of New York, an article entitled: "The Case of the Bombs." It contains such gross unwarranted misrepresentations as the following: "We have the public declaration of Mr. De Valera . . . that among the reasons why he and his fellow Sinn Feiners were pro-German in their sympathies was that the Kaiser intended to restore the temporal power of the Pope in the event of the success of the German arms."

And also "the (Protestant) Bible Societies undertook to provide Bibles or Testaments (Douay Version) for every Catholic soldier." As matters of fact, De Valera never made any such statement nor anything resembling it, and the Bible Societies never published nor circulated a Douay Version of the Bible. The Chaplains' Aid Association, of the National Catholic War Council,

printed and distributed hundreds of thousands of the New Testament, free, to our Catholic and also non-Catholic soldiers, and supplied the Y. M. C. A. with the Catholic New Testament. And in that work there was a spirit of fairness that would shame the belligerent, unenlightened editors of both the *Protestant Review* and the *Christian Intelligencer*.

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IN happy contrast to these so-called religious journals are two estimates published in the secular dailies of New York City: the *Times* and the *Sun*. The former on its editorial page of September 10th, published the following:

"Apart from and above every other figure of the War, that of Cardinal Mercier stands august, not merely a symbol of the steady courage and long endurance of his Belgian people, but of faith in the triumph of good over evil. A man of the people, long dedicated to the study of theology and Scholastic philosophy, he became an Archbishop and a Cardinal in whom revived not only the antique type of the pastor, counselor and friend of his flock, but a great administrator and, in the agony of his country, the inflexible protector of civilization against barbarism.

"The motto of his coat-of-arms is *Apostolos Jesu Christi*, an Apostle of Jesus Christ. There is an apostolic energy, love of truth, large religious spirit, candor and courage in all those pastorals and addresses which have made his name famous around the world. The massacres of August and September, 1914, the destruction of immemorial monuments of art and religion and the humanities, the bombardment of 'our dear City of Malines,' its episcopal palace and metropolitan church, the first stations of Belgium's long Calvary, brought from him the immortal Christmas pastoral which told the Belgians that their duty was 'patriotism and endurance.' 'I hold it as part of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore, in soul or conscience, you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience.' The Germans burned what copies of it they could lay their hands on. With more than savage insolence they tried to call him from the Mass and force him into an apology. Then, and afterward, they could not bend his lofty resolution. He would not sell his own or his 'country's honor.' They itched to arrest him, but they did not dare. His appeal to the German, Bavarian, and Austro-Hungarian Bishops and Cardinals, his messages of consolation and strengthening to his people, his

protests against their deportation and servitude—a long series of brave and dignified words and acts were to be his; and at length his unfaltering faith was to see the triumph of right and the salvation of his country.

"In Brand Whitlock's *Belgium* there is more than one vivid picture of this character of mingled austerity and charm, strong, gentle, inflexible, commanding and salient, as if some great 'athlete of the Church' had been reborn from mediæval times:

"'I told him that after the War he would have to make a voyage to America, where he was so much loved and admired, and when I related how Protestant clergymen and Jewish rabbis had united with the priests of his own Faith to praise his courage and to extol his patriotism, he looked at me in the astonishment that was the product of his modesty. . . . I wish more than all that I might give some sense of the charm and puissance of his personality. The effect of his visit was most uplifting. He is one of those great beings that, in a world crowded with little men, lift themselves far above the mass and by the sheer force of moral grandeur radiate sweetness and light. In his presence all cares, all petty feelings, and all haunting fears fade away; one is before eternal verities, and we felt that night as though we had had a prophet in the house. Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked with us by the way?'

"From books and pictures, from statues and windows of cathedrals, saints and prophets look at us. It has been thought that they were unintelligible to these later times. A saint and prophet, the most admirable and the most exalted actor on the scene of nations for four years, has come to New York. He finds here a whole nation of friends."

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AND the New York *Sun* wrote just after the freedom of the city was extended to the Cardinal:

"Cardinal Mercier is a celebrity who wears well. His appearance in less heroic environment than that with which his secular fame is associated, produces no sense of disillusionment. To scores of thousands of Americans he is, it is true, a prince of the Church, but to other scores of thousands he is first and last an heroic citizen of a despoiled and ravished country.

"In either rôle he fills the eye and satisfies the imagination. His brilliant robes befit his dignity and bearing. His manner is that of one on whom authority sits gracefully. On occasion he might be stern. Under grave provocation he might be filled with magnificent wrath. He could unbend to the pleasures of men who have not risen to the heights of responsibility or walked in the depths of

suffering he has known. But he could not be dictatorial, or irritable, or lacking in poise. His gravity is not the affectation of high place, the pose of a man adjusting himself to the traditions of a great office, upholding consciously its outward demands. The clear light of a scholar truly great in the fine simplicity of gloriously endowed humanity, to whom honesty of thought and sincerity of purpose and unflinching courage are the commonplaces of a rigorous life, shines from his countenance."

IN his letter to the Bishops of the Committee on Public Interests and Affairs, Cardinal Gibbons, in a thoughtful paragraph on "Home Missions" said: "Some suggest a more active preaching campaign of going out to the people since the millions fail to come to our churches."

Apropos of such a suggestion, it is interesting to note the comment of the English *Church Times*, an Anglican organ, on public speaking that treated the evidences for the Catholic Faith. The *Church Times* thus speaks of the Catholic Evidence group "Over and above a Roman Catholic crowd stood the Crucifix. A young layman made a strong claim for the 'Catholic Roman Church.' He appealed—suitably in Hyde Park—to a world which is weary of controversy, and some of his claims rather added to the controversy. Withal he was genial, kindly, respectful. He mentioned the Bible, daily prayer, frequent Communion. He was what we would call 'evangelical.' He was followed by a more elderly man who begged his sisters and brothers to come to a hall behind the Cathedral at Westminster and to continue their search for truth. It was a significant assembly."

Might not we here in America go more publicly to the millions who will not come to our churches, and give them what we alone have, and for want of which their souls are starved, the saving truth of Christ?

UPON the meeting of the American Hierarchy that was held late in September, was focussed the full attention and the hope of every Catholic in America. That meeting will mean much, very much for the immediate welfare of the Catholic Church and of the entire country. Such a meeting of the Hierarchy at frequent intervals was a wish often earnestly expressed by Father Hecker. As he would have wished, the present Superior General of the Paulist Fathers officially offered the services of the Community to carry out any special works that the Bishops may direct.

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UNDER the newly elected Superior General of the Paulists, the Very Rev. Thomas F. Burke, the Community may be said to enter upon a new period of its life. Former Superior Generals were either among the founders of the Community or else were closely associated with them. Time has demanded that their sons in religion take the reins of government. The spirit, the work, the purpose, will be the same as of old. "All the men in history who have really done anything with the future have had their eyes fixed upon the past." The exceptional emergencies and grave problems of the day demand fresh energy, new interpretation and immediate application of old truths to new needs. The world has wandered far from the Church, but its very destitution is our opportunity. Such is the leadership demanded from the new Superior of that Community, which has ever aimed in a special manner to prove to a doubting world that the Church is not only not opposed to democracy, but is its only safeguard, its only protector, its only guarantee.

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THE Very Rev. Thomas F. Burke received his early religious education with the Paulist Fathers. His collegiate course was made at the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City. Later he studied at the Catholic University, where he won his licentiate in Sacred Theology. He was ordained priest in 1896. Within a year after his ordination he began his career as missionary preacher, which has been singularly successful, and his ability as an orator is known throughout the country. For over fifteen years he has preached to hundreds of thousands that eternal truth which is the salvation both of the individual soul and of society itself. Those years have given him the sympathetic understanding of St. Paul. He has served all classes of society; has known by experience the needs and the aspirations of the people; beyond the mission platform his voice has been heard in the public forum, and his word has been written in the public press. He organized and administered the Newman Club at the University of Toronto, and for the past four years was pastor of St. Mary's Church in Chicago.

He assumes the office of Superior General of the Paulists well trained in the traditions of the founders, equipped with both special ability and far-reaching experience. And it will, we know, be the special prayer of our readers that he may fulfill his high and responsible task with glory to Christ and His beloved Church, and with blessings to the souls of men.

READERS of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will learn with deep regret of the death of the Rev. Gilbert Simmons, who for almost fifteen years wrote the department of Recent Events in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Father Simmons died on Wednesday, September 2d, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. It may be said that he died in harness, having written Recent Events of the September CATHOLIC WORLD, and having begun the preparation of notes for the October issue.

What the preparation of Recent Events demanded the outsider can scarcely begin to realize. Almost monthly a volume of notes was made in following the innumerable publications, the dispatches, the inquiries that had to be consulted.

Few men in modern life were better acquainted with world events and world leaders than Father Simmons. But his was a far-off acquaintance with the latter, for he never went into public life, and was of modesty so great that he never allowed his name to be signed to any of his work.

* * * *

FATHER SIMMONS was a Scriptural student of exceptional ability, in the devotional not the critical sense. He was converted to the Catholic Faith in Canada, to which country he had traveled from England, the land of his birth. He was ordained a priest of the Paulist Community in 1882. For years he was novice master in the Paulist Novitiate, and later served as assistant in the parish of St. Paul the Apostle, in New York City. He was exceedingly popular as a confessor, and his characteristic gift was that of sympathy, particularly with the afflicted and the sorrowing. Ever courteous in manner; considerate in speech; tenacious in his opinions; wide in his reading; devout in his religious life; he was a man who lived with God. Of himself and of his history he never spoke. Those who knew him loved and admired him. One could but wish that he were better known; that greater numbers might come under his influence, yet, undoubtedly, he did a greater work both for himself and for others, because so truly a hidden servant of God.

We earnestly ask our readers to pray for the eternal repose of his soul.

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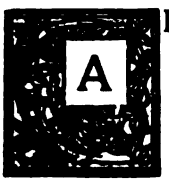
THE CHESTERBELLOC.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

INTRODUCTION.



BOUT eleven years ago in the pages of the *New Age* there was carried on a controversy on Socialism in which the antagonists were, on the one side George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, and on the other G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. The debate was conducted with extreme brilliance, for in that war of wits not only great blows were struck, but great jests were made. I believe that in one of these Mr. Shaw coined the word "Chesterbelloc," though I cannot refer easily to the files of the paper; I am certain that Mr. Chesterton accepted eagerly so perfect a title, for the combination of two names results in an onomatopœia which cannot be improved. What the Chesterbelloc did not refuse, I may gratefully use.

Though the literary styles of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton are as unlike each other as any two things on earth; though there is between the friends so great a difference of temperament, they are popularly associated as the exponents of a certain set of beliefs, from the subject of God to the subject of beer. Together they make up one philosophical entity, whereas separated they might have become merely two journalists writing on a variety of subjects. United they correct and confirm one another; apart the efforts of each would have been largely wasteful. Had they

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been divided by a generation the fame of either would probably have been greater than it is, but their influence would certainly have been considerably less.

The strength of the coalition, it seems to me, lies in this, that it strikes a just balance between innocence and experience, worldliness and other-worldliness. Gilbert Chesterton's romanticism is supported by Hilaire Belloc's practicality. The one man is mystic and the other a rationalist; and their agreement is strengthened by the fact that though their arguments do not follow the same lines they reach the same conclusion. Every road they tread leads to Rome.

Hardly any other writers have in our day produced so enormous a body of work. Chesterton's and Belloc's printed books alone would fill a fair-sized bookcase, but their printed books contain only a small part of their literary output. It would be almost impossible to collect it, scattered as it is in the columns of countless papers broadcast over the English-speaking world. Even of their writings which have been gathered up between book covers it would be difficult to give a full account, and all that I propose doing is to write in so many articles on the Chesterbelloc as, in turn, poets, philosophers, politicians and personalities. Much of necessity must be omitted. I shall not be able, for instance, to deal with Mr. Belloc as a military critic—and by such an exception abstract a very considerable bulk of work. Even the Chesterbelloc as novelists, critics, travelers and humorists will have to be ignored, except in so far as they come within the scope of poetry, philosophy, or politics—though nearly all the Chesterbellocian books come, at least in some part, often with a swagger, into such a scope.

Cecil Chesterton is usually looked upon as the greatest disciple of the Chesterbelloc. Influenced he undoubtedly was by the older men, and his mind, oddly enough, inclined to be more Bellocian than is Belloc himself, though his style possessed the family touch. He had, however, a lucidity which neither his brother nor Belloc could rival, great as they are in debate, and was becoming because of these gifts the Parliamentary leader, as it were, of the party when death took him away. But though he often directed an army with great skill and personal courage, he was only the inheritor, not the originator, of the Chesterbellocian plan of campaign.

I.

The Poets.

Johnson, putting into the mouth of Rasselas words which all except a few have to use at last, cried: "I have experienced enough; now give me desire!" Mysticism struggled for mastery with stoicism in the soul of Johnson, who saw, without being able to reach it, the contentment of the saints beyond. Mr. Chesterton is frequently thought to resemble Johnson. He probably likes to believe that he does resemble Johnson, for he has several times impersonated him in pageants with tremendous success. But though in avoirdupois the two great Englishmen are equal, though they both belong to that type of men of letters by whom private debate is preferred to writing, though they both possess a deep sagacity and humanity and each his crowd of eccentricities, though Chesterton is the only man who ever filled Johnson's place in Fleet Street, though, most important of all, Chesterton is the most representative Englishman of the twentieth as Johnson was of the eighteenth century, the two men are far apart in temperament and spiritual outlook.

The nobility of Johnson's character can never be praised too highly, but it was, despite a few hints of shame-faced Catholicism, a pagan nobility, that of a stoicism which would not suffer the soul to be crushed. Johnson bore the weight of living manfully and suffered without growing bitter; his head was bloody but unbowed. One can hardly say of him, however, as one can say of Gilbert Chesterton, that his whole life was one long song of praise. It may be conceded that Johnson has not winced or cried aloud; Chesterton *has* cried aloud his intense joy and will not be silenced. He more than any man since the day of St. Francis has preserved into middle-age the virginity of wonder. He grows ecstatic with delight and claps his hands for glee at every incident of the day. Each new sunrise strikes him with new surprise. When the stars come out in the sky he hears uttered for the first time the awful Fiat of the Almighty. Use and custom have staled nothing for him. He has remained a child.

Whatever joy a man possesses comes out most naturally in verse, and as we are seeking to understand the Chesterbelloc, we cannot do better than to begin with its poetry. We shall find running through all the books of the men who make our subject the

twin notes of innocence and of experience, and these notes will prove, I think, the key or clue to their meaning. Hilaire Belloc relies primarily upon experience. Moreover, like all who do so, he is disillusioned, though being a Catholic he knows that loss will be made to serve a divine purpose and that there is a secret which even in this life may be partially attained. Such a man sees himself as he was as a child—with the most gracious of regrets. He has become a man of the world, but is saved from worldliness by a wistful desire to be a child again. It is in this mood that Belloc ends his charming dedicatory poems to a child:

> And when your prayers complete the day,
> Darling, your little tiny hands
> Were also made, I think, to pray
> For men that lose their fairylands.

If Belloc is wistful for childhood, Chesterton might almost be described as wistful for manhood. He is continually longing to grow up that he may drive steam engines or be a pirate. Romance lies all about him and adventures lurk in ambush, hidden round the corner of next week or a little further on amid the forests to be traveled next year. There is no question of affectation about it. G. K. C. simply does expect to walk into elfland at any moment. A man doesn't carry about a revolver and a sword stick unless he thinks that there is a strong likelihood of his being kidnapped. Gilbert Chesterton goes about London literally armed to the teeth ready for any contingency.

I have said that Chesterton retains that happy delusion that romance awaits maturity. I might also add that he retains the still happier delusion, that he has only just been born, for the opening poem of his first book of verse, *The Wild Knight*, was written, apparently, a few days before his birthday. Really I do not think it is possible to have a fresher zest in life than is expressed in this lyric:

> If trees were tall and grasses short
> As in some crazy tale,
> If here and there a sea were blue
> Beyond the breaking pale,
>
> If a fixed fire hung in the air
> To warm me one day through,
> If deep green hair grew on great hills,
> I know what I should do.

In dark I lie: dreaming that there
Are great eyes cold or kind,
And twisted streets and silent doors,
And living men behind.

Let storm clouds come: better an hour
And leave to weep and fight,
Than all the ages I have ruled
The empires of the night.

I think that if they gave me leave
Within that world to stand,
I would be good through all the day
I spent in fairyland.

They should not hear a word from me
Of selfishness or scorn,
If only I could find the door,
If only I were born.

The Wild Knight, published when Gilbert Chesterton was twenty-four, does not contain such good poetry as the later volumes, but in many ways it is more arrestingly interesting than either of the others. It contains (the poet himself would admit) more vigor than loveliness and some ideas which he has since laid aside as errors. Yet even these errors were generous. There is that high-spirited impatience which an idealistic youth commonly feels for all churches and creeds, and also, a much deeper idea, the doctrine of acceptance learned from Whitman pushed to fearless and even fantastic lengths. Poem after poem enunciates it, from "The Earth's Shame," which pictures the infinite goodness of heaven, to "Ecclesiastes," which pictures what is practically the infinite goodness of earth. The youth Chesterton felt himself to be the prophet of praise and burst in upon the decadent age of the eighteen-nineties with the holy fury of a crusader. All his songs were sung in challenge to the sterile cynicism of the literary world into which he had wandered, and they must be read by the baleful light of Oscar Wilde.

My eyes are full of lonely mirth:
Reeling with want and worn with scars,
For pride of every stone on earth,
I shake my spear at all the stars.

A live bat beats my crest above,
Lean foxes nose where I have trod,
And on my naked face the love
Which is the loneliness of God.

Outlawed: since the great day gone by—
When before prince and pope and queen
I stood and spoke a blasphemy—
"Behold the Summer leaves are green!"

They cursed me: what was that to me
Who in that summer darkness furled,
With but an owl and snail to see
Had blessed and conquered all the world?

To poetry such as this Belloc's work offers a marked contrast. It possesses gaiety in plenty and even exuberance, but Chesterton's visionary outlook is entirely absent. His *Verses* are more accomplished than the poems of *The Wild Knight*, and the book contains some of the most beautiful things written in our generation; but these, though they have delighted thousands of readers, have never, I imagine, shaken men to the roots of their souls as have G. K. C.'s boyish poems. These are full of lines of an almost brutal violence, in which the poet sees, as in an apocalypse, the stars fall and the sun become blood; but (I can only make the point by using the method of Chestertonian paradox) the poet has even wilder moments in which he sees, in a still stranger vision, the grass grow and the birds fly.. All this is remote from Belloc's temper. When he writes it is in a mood of charming whimsicality or playful fancy as in that delightful little lyric, "The Early Morning:"

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.
My brother good morning: my sister good night.

Judged by this one small collection of verse, Mr. Belloc is among the first half-dozen modern singers. (That conclusion will be challenged, but I will defend it.) The man who could write "The South Country" and "Courtesy" is a first-rate poet. Greatly as I admire these fine things, however, I turn with even greater pleasure to the drinking songs (the convivial pieces of the Chesterbelloc are almost the best things of their kind in the English

language) and to the irony of "Dives" and of the "Lines to a Lord." It is characteristic of Mr. Belloc that this poem, like that written to defend "my Chesterton" aganist an Oxford don who had attacked him, was called forth by the needs of a particular occasion. The reason for the "Lines to a Lord" was the Boer War, during which Chesterton and Belloc to their eternal glory strongly defended the republic which they saw falling before the arms of an evil imperialism directed by a still more evil group of Jewish millionaires. Their biting irony is only possible to a man who knows the world and is full of that scorn of baseness which is a necessary part of the poet's character.

We also know the sacred height
Upon Tugela side
Where those three hundred fought with Biet
And fair young Wernher died.

The daybreak on the failing force,
The final sabres drawn:
Tall Goltman silent on his horse,
Superb against the dawn.

The little mound where Eckstein stood
And gallant Albu fell,
And Oppenheim, half blind with blood
Went fording through the rising flood—
My Lord, we know them well.

No public scandal has escaped the scourge of the Chesterbelloc's satire, nor any public need lacked the support of its eloquence.

Mr. Belloc even at his wildest—and in many poems he is Rabelaisian in temper—can almost be called classic contrasted with Mr. Chesterton's vehement romanticism. His exuberance is kept within strict limits and does not attempt the impossible. But Mr. Chesterton hurls about him grotesque gothic metaphors, daring and succeeding where no other man would go. The sense of evil, perhaps the strongest as it is the most terrible of experiences, has been dealt with by each of the two men; let us compare their distinct methods. Where Mr. Belloc can say, in one of the finest of his poems:

It darkens, I have lost the ford;
There is a change on all things made.
The rocks have evil faces, Lord,
And I am awfully afraid.

Remember me! the Voids of Hell
Expand enormous all around.
Strong friend of souls, Emmanuel,
Redeem me from accursed ground.

. . . .

I challenged and I kept the Faith,
The bleeding path alone I trod;
It darkens. Stand about my wraith
And harbor me—almighty God!

Mr. Chesterton opposes a completely opposite spirit:

I broke the infernal gates and looked on him
Who fronts the strong creation with a curse;
Even the god of a lost universe
Smiling above his hideous cherubim.

And pierced far down in his soul's crypt unriven
The last black crooked sympathy and shame,
And hailed him with that ringing rainbow name
Erased upon the oldest book in heaven.

Like emptied idiot masks, sin's loves and wars
Stare at me now: for in the night I broke
The bubble of a great world's jest, and woke
Laughing with laughter such as shakes the stars.

Since Gilbert Chesterton wrote these verses he has produced another collection of poems, which, if it does not possess all the surprise of *The Wild Knight*, is at least free from that book's worst faults. *Poems* is not such a good book—if we consider artistic unity—as its predecessor; but it contains several things even finer than the best of those which are to be found in the earlier volume. In particular is this true of the love poetry and the religious poetry.

I cannot think of any writer who feels the simple astonishment of love so vividly as Mr. Chesterton. He has a natural shyness or delicacy in speaking of its tender intimacies, but the young ecstasy of wonder, though sung in his more recent poems with less exaggeration, is sung in lines much lovelier than those which used to be characteristic of his work.

O go you onward; where you are
Shall honor and laughter be,
Past purple forest and pearled foam,
God's winged pavilion free to roam,
Your face that is a wandering home,
A flying home for me.

Up through an empty house of stars,
Being what heart you are,
Up the inhuman steps of space
As on a staircase go in grace,
Carrying the firelight on your face
Beyond the loneliest star.

It is not only in manner that Mr. Chesterton has suffered a change, but in his beliefs—indeed it is the solidifying of his creed which has steadied his craftsmanship. Throughout *The Wild Knight* the enemy to be attacked—and this poet must always have someone to tilt against—was the Church. G. K. C., however, assailed it with the weapons of the Faith, with the ideas of Liberty and Democracy. He did not accuse the Church foolishly, as do many of the more ignorant pacifists, of being false to itself by supporting wars. Like the pacifists he entertained the curious conviction that he was more Christian than Christianity itself, but unlike them he had some justification for his error. It was a humble heresy, and consequently one that would soon have to be discarded. It was a mistake on a point of fact, not a mistake on a point of principle. We might compare him to a man who was furiously angry with the Catholic Church because she did not use holy water. Chesterton who was then quite as much mistaken on the subject of liberty as the man I have invented would be mistaken on the subject of holy water, attacked the Church very vigorously. Today he attacks the enemies of liberty in the name of the Church.

In *The Wild Knight* there were several poems which might have been written by a Catholic. In the book which followed it, many of the poems could only have been written by a Catholic, and one of these, "The Wise Men," I will quote, not only because it is (as I think) Mr. Chesterton's most tenderly beautiful lyric, but because it is the bridge which crosses over the chasm between Modernism and the Faith.

Oh, we have learned to peer and pore
On tortured puzzles from our youth,
We know all labyrinthine lore,
We are the three wise men of yore,
And we know all things but the truth.

Go humbly . . . it has hailed and snowed . . .
With voices low and lanterns lit;
So very simple is the road,
That we may stray from it.

The world grows terrible and white,
And blinding white the breaking day;
We walk bewildered in the light,
For something is too large for sight,
And something much too plain to say.

The Child that was ere worlds begun
(. . . We need but walk a little way,
We need but see a latch undone . . .)
The Child that played with moon and sun
Is playing with a little hay.

The house from which the heavens are fed,
The old strange house that is our own,
Where tricks of words are never said,
And Mercy is as plain as bread,
And Honor is as hard as stone.

Go humbly; humble are the skies,
And low and large and fierce the Star;
So very near the Manger lies
That we may travel far.

Hark! Laughter like a lion wakes
To roar to the resounding plain,
And the whole heaven shouts and shakes
For God Himself is born again,
And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.

The security of the home—whether the home be divine or human—and the sense of adventure which by some dark paradox arises out of the security is the theme of much of Mr. Chesterton's verse. It is as strongly put in the love lyric, "Baycombe," as in the poem that I have just quoted. Yet great as G. K. C. is

when he deals with love or religion, he is greatest as a war-poet. "The Battle of Lepanto," which many good judges think the best thing in *Poems* (some of them will even say that it is the best thing in the whole of his work) is not, I venture to say, fit to be compared to *The Ballad of the White Horse*. I do not underrate "Lepanto," which stirs the blood like a trumpet, but the epic ballad of Alfred seems to me to be the greatest literary achievement of the twentieth century. Gilbert Chesterton possesses a Homeric capacity for describing warfare; for even in his earliest allegorical fantasia, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, the impossible, incidents of the fight round the water tower of Campden Hill, where Adam Wayne threatens his hosts of enemies with destruction by drowning, or in the last rally in Hyde Park where the Provost, encircled by his foes, breaks off a branch from a tree to use as a club, are described with such tremendous gusto that they become convincing in a way of which even the best war correspondents seldom have the secret. One can think afterwards in cold blood that the picture is overdrawn; at the time the picture is intensely real. Macaulay could not describe battles with such force; while as for Mr. Kipling, whose favorite theme is combat, he is not worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Chesterton.

Like all of G. K. C.'s work, *The Ballad of the White Horse* is loaded with symbolism. But unlike some of his work, in which the symbolism grows so frantic as to become unintelligible, this book has about it a daylight lucidity. The story may be briefly told. Alfred, beaten time after time by the Danes, is in hiding at Athelney, where Our Lady appears to him. Out of the mouth of the Mother of God all that the broken king hears is:

> "I tell you naught for your comfort,
> Yea, naught for your desire,
> Save that the sky grows darker yet
> And the sea rises higher."

Armed with this message Alfred once more seeks to rally the native chiefs. The three men to whom the King goes are Eldred, a Saxon, Mark, a Roman, and Colan, a Gael. There is hardly any part of the book more admirable than the description of their gathering. Eldred, contented, slothful, kindly but bemused with sleep and ale, is, however, sufficiently wide awake to see the

folly of this last hopeless campaign; yet, because of the message of Our Lady he consents to join the King, "and from a cobwebbed nail on high unhooked his heavy sword." Mark, who represents what Rome had left behind her in Britain, order and reason, sees with his keen Latin mind and eyes the practical difficulties of waking Wessex to war more clearly than Eldred could see them, but responds as promptly. Colan of Caerleon, the type of that Celtic element, never even to this day quite submerged in England, characteristically answers Alfred with angry irony, but assists him with a still angrier energy. The chiefs gather, with their ragged rabble, and go up against the strong entrenchments of the heathen. Beaten back by the heavy odds of their enemies, the little Christian army, with Eldred and Mark and Colan all lying dead, is rallied by Alfred and, displaying mystical valor, is led again to the final and fantastic assault. The account of the battle of Ethandune in its successive phases is given with graphic power, but cannot be so much as summarized here. Guthrum is beaten, is baptized, and the Christian settlement of England won.

The Ballad of the White Horse, an epitome of the whole history of the struggle between the Faith and its foes, has (so at least I think) as its most interesting passage that visit of Alfred as a minstrel to the Danish camp, which is so famous a legend. Mr. Chesterton has used it to make a profound criticism of the pagan idea. The philosophical antagonism between Alfred and Guthrum is the explanation of the military antagonism between them. The oft-defeated king, harp on arm, wanders alone to the Danish Camp. Successively, after Alfred has sung a ballad of one of the old Saxon wars, the chiefs sing songs which are intended to illustrate the pagan attitude. Harold, the young nephew of the king, praises elementary and barbaric violence—the mere high-spirited wantonness of the Northmen:

> "For Rome was given to rule the world
> And gat of it little joy—
> But we, but we all enjoy the world,
> The whole huge world a toy."

Here it is that Mr. Chesterton shows his genius for criticism. Behind this bluster there is a loneliness half sentimental but altogether desolate; and of this Elf, the minstrel, sings:

"There is always a thing forgotten
When all the world goes well,
A thing forgotten, as long ago
When the gods forgot the mistletoe,
And soundless as an arrow of snow,
The arrow of anguish fell.

"The thing on the blind side of the heart,
On the wrong side of the door,
The green plant groweth, menacing
Almighty lovers in the spring;
There is always a forgotten thing
And love is not secure."

Then followed Ogier, the old warrior grown morbidly savage, a man who is possessed at the last only by the primal anger of the divine:

"The wrath of the gods behind the gods
Who would rend all gods and men;
Well if the old man's heart hath still
Wheels sped of rage and roaring will
Like cataracts to break down and kill,
Well for the old man then."

But if Ogier is disillusioned of the pathetic pagan sentimentality, King Guthrum, the wisest of the heathen, is disillusioned even of pagan savagery. Ogier had retained the gods behind the gods, "gods then are best unsung"—but Guthrum has entered upon that final phase of paganism which is a hopeless skepticism.

"It is good to sit where the good tales go,
To sit as our fathers sat;
But the hour shall come after his youth,
When a man shall know not tales but truth,
And his heart fail thereat.

"When he shall read what is written
So plain in clouds and clods,
When he shall hunger without hope
Even for evil gods.

. . . .

"There comes no noise but weeping
Out of the ancient sky,
And a tear is in the tiniest flower,
Because the gods must die.

"The little brooks are very sweet
Like a girl's ribbons curled,
But the great sea is bitter
That washes all the world."

Then through the lips of Alfred Mr. Chesterton confutes the pagans who have already confuted each other. "You will appeal," he cries, "to the pagan simplicities, to the pagan zest of life—and by them you shall be judged! Is it joy you possess, you ravishers of the world? Our very monks who in their cloisters go gathering grief carry unimaginable fire under the habit of renunciation! Is it honor, O conquerors of the world? We, the poor of Christ, always defeated, are never broken!

"Though you hunt the Christian man
Like a hare on the hill-side,
The hare has still more heart to run
Than you have heart to ride!

"That though all lances split on you,
All swords be heaved in vain,
We have more lust again to lose
Than you to win again.

"Is it even the most brutal enjoyment of life that you possess, O Lords of the world? Weariness and despair are upon you, for the roots of your philosophy stagnate in the pools of hell!

"What have the stray gods given?
Where have the glad gods led?
When Guthrum sits on a hero's throne
And asks if he is dead?

"Judge for yourselves!" So challenges the Christian King. "Why even on your own chosen ground we overcome you. If for no other reason than that a man is happier and more heroic by believing in the cross of Christ than in the hammer of Thor, he should be a Christian.

. . . Because it is only Christian men,
Guard even heathen things!"

This great epic, the summit of Mr. Chesterton's powers, perhaps

artistically should stop at the defeat of the heathen and of their King. But the poet, a preacher in all his work, sees that the story is full of symbols of the modern world and insists upon pointing the moral with prophecy. The heathen, the undying heathen, he says, will always come again—the Christian can never be at peace in the world or at peace with the world. The spiritual saga never ends.

Mr. Belloc does not explore such depths in his poems. They are full of charm; they accept implicitly Mr. Chesterton's conclusions; but are mainly concerned (in a spirit quite as Christian as his friend's apostolic fervor) with the nobler sort of terrestrial things—with Sussex and ale. Mr. Belloc's output of verse, moreover, is small and, except for one volume, is uncollected. He can write excellent poetry, but he does it casually. Mr. Chesterton is, despite appearances to the contrary, a poet before anything else, while Mr. Belloc is only a poet by accident and at intervals. These intervals, though divided from each by a wide span of time, have fortunately resulted in some of the best pieces of contemporary verse. In *The Four Men*, by a long way the most enjoyable of his travel-books, he concludes with a poem which, in its austere sadness, completes and savors the gay exuberance which is inseparable for long from Mr. Chesterton. The men are not really at variance; they balance one another.

At the end of a prose passage, full of lines and half lines which could not be worked into the final lyric but which were too valuable to throw away as rubbish, Mr. Belloc writes (letting the reader into the secret of their composition) those lovely and wistful verses:

He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows,
Or dares, persistent, interwreath
Love permanent with the wild hedgerows;
He does not die, but still remains
Substantiate with his darling plains.

The spring's superb adventure calls
His dust athwart the wood to flame;
His boundary river's secret falls
Perpetuate and repeat his name.
He rides his loud October sky:
He does not die. He does not die.

The beeches know the accustomed head
Which loved them, and a peopled air
Beneath their benediction spread
Comforts the silence everywhere;
For native ghosts return and these
Perfect the mystery in the trees.

So, therefore, though myself be crosst
The shuddering of that dreadful day
When friend and fire and home are lost
And even children drawn away—
The passer-by shall hear me still,
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill.

That is a poem which will last as long as English speech.

I have had to begin with the poetry of the Chesterbelloc, with which the Chesterbelloc itself began, but if this article has been less concerned with Belloc than with Chesterton (as the article on the politicians is likely to be less concerned with Chesterton than with Belloc) the reason is not merely that the Belloc bulk is comparatively small, but that its interest is narrower and colder than the flaming cosmic sweep of Chesterton's poetic vision. Yet even in poetry the Chesterbelloc form one entity; for if Belloc could not have written *The Ballad of the White Horse* (and Chesterton just as certainly would have been incapable of "The South Country"), he could not have written any of his poems had not Christian civilization successfully emerged out of the dark ages into the light of the Middle Ages, unless in other words all that Alfred the Great had stood for had finally established itself in Europe. The rollicking drinking songs are a by-product of the Athanasian Creed, and "Dives" would never have been heard of apart from the Gospel. Chesterton is concerned with the spiritual struggle between the Christian and the pagan; Belloc is concerned only with the results of that struggle—conveniently symbolized as Sussex and ale! It is the difference between a man born a Catholic and the man who is forced to become one.

THE LITHUANIAN CLERGY AND LITERATURE.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O. S. A., PH.D.

THE life of a nation manifests itself in its traditions, which again are preserved in the national language and reveal themselves in its literature. Given a language and a literature, no nation can be considered to be dead or non-existent, for she herself is conscious of her existence. Therefore, let us Lithuanians remain with one language, the language that was not borrowed from the foreigner, but was constructed by our race and was formed through ages, simultaneously with the formation of our Lithuanian nation. The language is the life of our nation; in it is preserved the living spirit of our forefathers."[1]

These remarks of a learned Lithuanian ecclesiastic express a truth generally recognized. They apply to all races and nations. A language is the unmistakable mark of a distinct ethnical unit. So long as its language outlives political changes or decays, the autonomous existence of a people as a national unit can neither be doubted nor destroyed.

If the saying be true that "a language embodies a soul," the preservation of the national tongue by a racial group must also signify the preservation of characteristic traits. A people can lose its own independence and prosperity and territory; its place, however, among the nations will not be obliterated if it keeps alive the flame of national genius and the customs and traditions. tenaciously clinging to its own tongue and literature. "In itself," says a Lithuanian writer, "a language is of little concern. It is, however, the expression of the character of people. Make a people cast away its own language, and it will be doomed to death."[2]

An historic proof of this assertion is presented by Lithuania itself. If the Lithuanian people and their country were not erased from the history or geographic map of Europe, the reason for their powerful vitality is to be found in the survival of their

[1] A. Jusaitis, *The History of the Lithuanian Nation and Its Present National Aspirations.* Philadelphia, Pa., 1918, pp. 64, 86.

[2] Brolis, *Unser national Charakter und seine Bewahrung,* in *Allgermeine Litauische Rundschau,* Tilsit, 1911, vol. II, p. 306.

national tongue. Without this strong weapon of national existence Lithuanians would have been absorbed or assimilated during the trying times when their independence seemed permanently lost. The statement has occasionally been made, in ignorance of course, that the Lithuanian tongue is a Polish or Russian dialect and belongs to the family of the Slavic tongues. This gross mistake, as C. Hagberg Wright remarks, was a stratagem of politicians. In fact, no Slav is able to understand Lithuanian.[3] So widespread is this misapprehension, even among men of letters, that in the finest libraries of the United States, for instance the Library of Congress in Washington and the Public Library of New York, the Lithuanian grammars and dictionaries are found in the Slavic section.

One of the ablest students of Lithuanian literature, August Schleicher, says that, among all the Indo-Germanic languages, the Lithuanian is distinguished for antiquity, and holds a foremost place in linguistic research.[4] In fact, it belongs to a special group, the Baltic, which embraces old Prussian, Lithuanian, Lettish. The first was buried in the Germanization of Prussia. Its few survivals would test the skill and patience of any professional philologist. Lettish and Lithuanian, on the contrary, are living Indo-European languages spoken in the Baltic provinces. Undoubtedly, because of her political relations to the neighboring Slavic countries, Lithuania has been affected in her literary evolution by Slavic grammar and vocabularies, and her language has, in turn, left traces of its influence upon Russian and Polish.[5] This, however, does not mean that between them there is any genuine affinity.[6]

German philologists have emphasized the native beauty and the philological value of Lithuanian. In 1800 F. Heilsberg wrote: "Lithuanians are notable for their affability and loveliness; they are compassionate to the suffering and hospitable to

[3] V. Gaigalaitis, *Die Litauisch Baltische Frage.* Berlin, 1915, p. 8.

[4] *Litauische Grammatik.* Prague, 1856, vol. L, p. 2.

[5] Ph. Zenthoefer, *Der Einfluss der litauischen Sprache auf die Bildung der in der Rechts —und Gerichtssprache der Germanen und alten Deutschen in Mitteilungen der Litauischen literarischen Geselschaft,* vol. I, Heidelberg, 1880, pp. 101-114; *Einfluss Westrusslands auf Litauen vor dem 12 Jahrhundert. Ibid.,* vol. II, 1886, pp. 306-312; E. Wolter, *Lithuanismen der russisch—litauischen Rechtsgprache. Ibid.,* vol. IV, 1894, pp. 49-61; O. Donner, *Ueber den Einfluss des Litauischen auf die finnischen Sprachen.* Leipzig, 1884.

[6] C. Hagberg Wright, *The Letts* in *The Edinburgh Review,* October, 1917, no. 463, pp. 347-348. Also Benjamin W. Dwight. *Modern Philology; Its Discoveries, History and Influence* (1st series). New York, 1871, pp. 113, 114. See *The Academy,* 1882, October 28th, p. 308 (no. 547); *Ibid.,* 1883, September 22d, p. 199 (no. 594).

foreigners. Crimes among them are extremely rare. Women and girls of the Lithuanian stock deserve the highest praise for their constant love of purity, and the best evidence of their lofty moral standard is given by the fact that the Lithuanian vocabulary has no word to signify divorce, and that in the translation of the Bible a periphrase is required to render into Lithuanian the Sixth Commandment." According to Emmanuel Kant, whom the Lithuanians claim as countryman, Lithuanian is a finer language than German. "It is an ancient and pure tongue, the tongue of a people who because of limited territory lived in a state of isolation, and therefore preserved their customs, traditions, and language."[7]

Another German praises the structure and grammatical forms of Lithuanian, particularly the richness of its modes and tenses, the regularity of the declensions, the absence of articles, the great number of auxiliary verbs, the use of the dual, enabling it to share in the perfection of Greek.

The truth of these eulogies is borne out by the testimony of learned philologists of other countries also. An English scholar writes "that Lithuanian is one of the oldest languages in the world. With Lettish, it shares the honor of being the only living representative of one of the great families of the Indo-European tongues, the Baltic family. From the fact that it has changed more slowly than any other of the Indo-European languages, which sprang from it, it has been longed beloved by linguists, beginning with Kant and Schleicher and ending with such modern investigators as Kurschat, Baranovski, Jaunys, Buya and Meillet. The language is remarkable for its beauty. Harmonious, richer in affectionate and cajoling diminutives than any other of the languages of Europe, Lithuanian possesses the sonority of Latin and Greek, the primitive qualities of Sanskrit, and the softness and musicality of Italian. So well have some of the primitive characteristics of this beautiful language been preserved in the undisturbed backwaters of Lithuania that, if it were possible for the Romans[8] and the Greeks to rise from their graves, they would have little difficulty in understanding whole sentences as spoken

[7]Chr. Gottlieb Mielcke, *Littauisch-Deutsches und Deutsch Littauisches Wörterbuch.* Königsberg, 1900. Preface.

[8]One of the older Lithuanian writers asserts the Latin origin of his race because of the fact that the Lithuanian tongue bears unmistakable traces of its kinship with Latin.—*Quaedam ad Lithuaniam pertinentia ex fragmentis Michaelonis Lithuani. Reipublicae status regni Poloniae. Lithuaniae, Prussiae, Livoniae diversorum auctorum.* Lugduni Batavorum, 1627, p. 265.

by the Lithuanians of today, while these could just as easily understand some of the phrases of the Sanskrit.[9]"

The history of the Lithuanian language has passed through three distinct phrases: the literary, the grammatical, the political. The literary, the most important, dawns with the Reformation. Strange as it may seem, up to that date Lithuania was devoid of written literature. She does not present even fragments extolling the deeds of national heroes. The history of Lithuanian literature does not boast of productions as the Russian *bylines*, the Finnish *Kalevala*, or the Scandinavian *sagas*. To be sure, Lithuanians have their own popular poetry, the *dainos*, domestic songs that generally do not cross the threshold of the ancestral house. Lithuanian *dainos* express a passionate love for the peaceful life of the fertile land and impenetrable forests of Lithuania. Generally they ignore the turmoil of war and its bloody trophies. They portray the real life of the rustic Lithuanian clinging to the soil, and finding happiness within the narrow boundaries of his country. The relics of this popular literature have been transmitted to us by oral tradition. Research into their historic and philological value is of recent date, and not until the nineteenth century were they collected as documents throwing valuable light on the earliest period of Lithuanian history.[10]

The written literature of Lithuania owes its origin to the attempts of German Lutherans to scatter the seeds of Protestantism in Lithuania.[11] Following the methods that had been suc-

[9]F. Lee, "The Claims of Lithuania," in *The Contemporary Review*, vol. cxii, August, 1917, p. 182. The first philologist to show the relation between Sanskrit and the Lithuanian language was A. F. Pott: *De Borusso—Lithuanicae tam in Slavicis quam Letticis linguis principatu commentatio.* Halis Saxonum, 1837; *De linguarum cum Letticarum vicinis nexu. Ibid.*, 1841. See also: Ph. Ruhig, *Betrachtung der Litauischen Sprache, in ihrem Ursprunge, Wesen und Eigenschaften.* Königsberg, 1745; J. Karlowicz, *O Jezyku litewskim* (The Lithuanian tongue). Krakow, 1875.

[10]F. Kurschat, *Etwas über littauische Volkspoesie.—Dainos* in *Grammatik der littauischen Sprache*, Halle, 1876, pp. 443-464; *Ueber das Litauische Volkslied oder die Diana, Mitteilungen*, 1883, vol. i, pp. 186-219; Chr. Bartsch, *Ueber Litauische Volksliteratur. Ibid.*, vol. ii, 1883, pp. 75-111; F. and H. Tetzner, *Litauische Volksgesänge.* Leipzig (*Universal Bibliothek*, n. 3694), 1897; Rhesa, *Dainos oder Litauischen Volkslieder*, Königsberg, 1825; S. Stanewicz, *Dainas semaycziu surynktas yr iszdutas par Symona Stanewicze.* Vilna, 1829; S. Daukantas, *Dajnas Ziamajtiu pagal zodiu Daininiuku is srassytas.* Petrograd, 1846; H. F. Nesselmann. *Litauische Volkslieder gesammelt, kritisch bearbeitet und metrisch ubersetzt.* Berlin, 1853; A. Schleicher, *Litauische Märchen, Sprichworte, Rätsel, und Lieder.* Weimar, 1857.

[11]For the history of Lithuanian literature, see: A. Bezzenberg, *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Litauischen Sprache auf Grund litauischer Texte des XVI, und des XVII, Iahrhundert.* Göttingen, 1877; *Ibid., Die litauische Literatur*, in P. Hinneberg, *Die Kultur der Gegemwart*, vol. ix, Berlin, 1908, pp. 354-371; J. Sliupas. *Lietuviskiejic rastai ir rastininkai* (Lithuanian writers and writings). Tilsit, 1890; Maironis. *Trumpa Lietuviu rasliavos apzvalga* (A short sketch of *Lithuanian Literature*), in *Lietuvos istorya* (History of Lithuania), Petrograd, 1906 (in Lithuanian); J. Iurkunas Scheynius *Litausk Kultur* (Lithuanian civilization), Stockholm, 1917.

cessful in Poland, Bohemia and Croatia, they aroused national feeling by translating the Holy Bible or controversial books into the common speech of the people. Protestantism had an ephemeral growth in Lithuania. Some of the nobility and even a few of the clergy looked sympathetically upon its expansion and welcomed its doctrines.[12] The Calvinist displayed great activity in the literary field. The first book in Lithuanian appeared at Vilna in 1533 with the following title: *Kelone duszios i ana gyvenima* (The Behavior of the Soul in the After Life). It was printed in Gothic letters.[13] The Calvinists founded three printing houses in Lithuania.[14] Martin Mazvydys, pastor at Ragait, published in 1547 the Lithuanian translation of the Catechism of Luther, a reading book (*Pamokinima skaityti*), and the first collection of sacred songs.[15] Two years previous the *Little Bible* had appeared. Another pastor, Baltrus Villentas, translated into Lithuanian the Enchiridion of Luther, and in 1579 published the *Evangelyos del evangeliku* (The Gospel for Protestants).[16] Ianis Bretkunas, the best known among Calvinist Lithuanian writers, pastor at Labguvo, and later at Königsberg, printed a second collection of sacred songs (*Giesmes duchaunas*), ten composed by himself and sixty-six translated. He published also the Sunday Gospels with commentaries.[17] Thus the earliest pages of Lithuanian literature bear the names of three Prussian writers impregnated with the spirit and the teaching of the Reformation. It was especially by sacred hymns in the vernacular and by parochial

[12] *Der Protestantismus Litauens im XVI. Jahrhundert, Allgemeine Litauische Rundschau*, 1910, vol. i, pp. 50-55, 87-94, 117-125, 154-160.

[13] The earliest written monument of the Lithuanian language is a *daina* embroidered on a belt in 1512 and preserved at Desda. According to Narbutt, William, Bishop of Modena and Legate of the Holy See in Prussia and Courland, by his translation of the Latin grammar of Donatus into Prussian, is the author of the first book written into any of the Baltic languages. A. Viscont, *La Lithuanie religieuse*. Genève, 1918, p. 78.

[14] *Ibid.* p. 155.

[15] See Ludvikas Ionas Reza, *Geschichte der litauischen Bibel*. Konigsberg, 1816, p. 5; A. Bezzenberg, *Der litauische Katechismus vom Iahre* 1547. Göttingen, 1874; Jacoby, *Zur Geschichte der litauischen Uebersetzung des kleinen Lutherschen Katechismus*. Mitteilungen, vol. i, pp. 118-129; R. Schwede, *Zur Geschichte der litauischen Gesangbücher. Ibid.*, vol. iii, 1888, pp. 396-406.

[16] A. Bezzenberger, *Bartholomäus Willents litauische Uebersetzung des Lutherschen Enchiridions und der Episteln und Evangelien*. Göttingen, 1882. The translations of Villentas were published at Königsberg in 1579. Among the earliest monuments of the Lithuanian literature are to be mentioned the Ritual of Baptism (*Forma chrikstima*), printed at Königsberg, in 1559, A. Bezzenberg, *Das litauische Taufformular vom Iahre*, 1559. Göttingen, 1882 and a Commentary on the Sunday Gospels: W. Gaigalat, *Die Wolfenbutteler litauische Postillenhandschrift aus dem Iahre* 1573, Tilsit, 1900.

[17] A. Bezzenberger, *Zur Litauischen Literaturgeschichte, Mitteilungen*, vol. iii, pp. 121-129; L. Geitler, *Bretkunova Litavska postilla iz god* 1591, Zagreb, 1877 (in Croatian).

schools that they attracted the Lithuanian peasants to Lutheran teaching.

The Lithuanians and even the Polish Catholic clergy were soon aware of the grievous danger to Catholic faith in the literary invasion of the Lutherans of Prussia. The Polish clergy had neglected the use of the language of the people in their relations with their flock. They despised a tongue that had no literature, and strove to make Polish the common language of Lithuania. Polish was the language of education, of the law courts, and of the upper classes. It was held, therefore, to be the only one fit for the spiritual care of souls. The result of this policy proved disastrous to the development of Lithuanian Catholicism.

Melchior Giedrajtis, Bishop of Samogitia, in a letter to the General of the Jesuits (1587), stated that, because of the neglect of the Lithuanian tongue by the clergy, many Catholics never went to confession or Communion. They ignored their prayers, and the *rudimenta fidei*. They offered victims to serpents, oaks and thunder. Their piety consisted only in refraining from eating meat on Friday or from going to the Lutheran Church.[18]

The Jesuits, who had been invited to take up the defence of the Catholic faith and to establish a Catholic academy at Vilna, resolutely initiated a movement in favor of Lithuanian. Some of their priests, especially E. Boeck and G. Knishius, preached in Lithuanian, and their sermons met with great success. Their initiative saved Lithuania to the Church and raised a barrier against German Protestantism and Russian Orthodoxy. A well-known Russian Panslavist, Hilferding, is forced to admit their services as regards Lithuanian nationality.[19]

The pioneer in the literary Catholic reaction in Lithuania was Nicholas (Mikalojus) Dauksza. He still holds the place of honor in the history of Lithuanian literature. From the standpoint of style he may be compared to Peter Skarga, exerting the same influence upon Lithuania as the latter did upon Polish. Some writers assert that he was a Jesuit, but this is denied by the best Lithuanian scholars. Simon Dakauntas calls him a canon of Samogitia (*kanauninkas Zemaicziu*),[20] and Bishop Kazimieras Valan-

[18] *Lithuanicarum Societatis Jesu historiarum pars auctore Stanislao Rostovski, recognoscente Ioanne Martinov.* Paris, 1877, p. 153; K. Propolanis, *Polskie apostolostwo w Litwie* (The Polish apostleship in Lithuania). Wilno, 1913, p. 23.

[19] *Litva i Zhmud* (Lithuania and Samogitia) in *Sobranie Sochinenii* (collected works), vol. ii, p. 374.

[20] *Lietuvos istorija nu Gedimino iki Liublino unijai* (History of Lithuania from Gedyminas down to the union of Lublin). (In Lithuanian.) Plymouth, Pa., 1897, p. 519.

czauskas adds that he belonged to the Chapter of Warnia. In 1595 he published at Vilna the Lithuanian translation of the Christian doctrine or catechism by Diego Ledesma, S. J., printed in Spanish in Rome, 1573.[21] His translation, like the other productions of his pen, was based upon the Polish edition. In 1599, at Vilna, from the press established by the Jesuits in their academy, there appeared his literary masterpiece, the translation of the *Commentary on the Sunday Gospels* written in Polish by F. Wuik, S. J.[22] The beauty and classical perfection of its style gives to this work in Lithuanian literature the value of an original composition. Because of this work, the modest canon of Warnia is recognized as the pioneer of the Lithuanian literaary renaissance.[23]

A worthy follower of Dauksza was Konstantinas Sirvydas (died 1631) a Jesuit, who wrote the first Lithuanian grammar and dictionary. He translated from Polish and published at Vilna in 1629 a collection of sermons (*Punktay Sakimu*), reprinted in the same town in 1845 by Rev. Leonas Mantvydas, pastor of Sedos. But his translation was far from attaining Dauksza's perfection of style. His work, however, holds second place among the monuments of early Lithuanian literature.[24]

The literary awakening of Lithuania, alas, was short-lived. It lasted as long as the danger of Protestant proselytism whetted the zeal of the clergy. When the Catholic reaction gained the ascendancy, Lithuanian sermons became rare in the churches, Polish sacred songs replaced the Lithuanian, Lithuanian prayer-books gradually disappeared and the common people grew hardened in religious ignorance. The literary production of Lithuania in the seventeenth century is confined to a few books published by Lithuanian Protestants in Prussia. From Prussia, too, came

[21] A new edition of this rare book with several erudite prefaces and appendices was published by E. Volter in the volume liii of the *Zapiski* of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in Petrograd: *Litovskii Katikhisis N. Daukszi po izdaniu* 1595 *goda* (The Lithuanian catechism by N. Dauksza according to the edition of 1595), Petrograd, 1886. In Russian, see J. Bystron, *Katechhism Ledesmy w przekladzie Wschodnio-literwskim* (The catechism of Ledesma in the translation of Eastern Lithuanian). In Polish, Krakow, 1890.

[22] *Postilla katolicka, tai est Iszguldymas Evangeliju kiekvienos nedeles ir szventes per visus metus, isz lenkiszko perguldyta.* Vilna, 1599. The work, with a learned preface (in Russian) was reprinted by F. Th. Fortunatov: *Postilla catolicka Jakuva Vyuka v litovskom perevodie Nikolaia Daukshi* (The Catholic Postil of Iakub Vyuk in its Lithuanian translation). Petrograd, 1904.

[23] E. Volter, *N. Dauksza, ein litauischer Nationalschriftsteller des XVI. Jahrunderts. Mitteilungen*, vol. iv, pp. 363-375; *Lietuviszkieje Rasztai*, pp. 7, 8.

[24] Richard Garbe, *Szyrwid's Punkty kasan* (*Punktay Sakimu*) *vom Jahre* 1629. Gottingen, 1885. See Maironis, *Lietuvos istorija*, p. 217; *Lietuviszkieje Rasztai*. Tilsit, 1890, p. 15.

the best Lithuanian poet of the eighteenth century, Kristijonas Dunelaitis, who by his poem *Metas* (The Seasons)[25] enriched his country with a work of great beauty and genuine poetical inspiration. "The poems," writes W. Vidunas, "of Dunelaitis became a classical text for the study of Lithuanian. Their importance grew as time went on. Their beauty was carefully brought out. His admirers went so far as to proclaim that they were the only Lithuanian poems worthy of mention."[26]

Considerable literary activity marks the beginning of the nineteenth century. As before, it received a powerful impetus from the clergy. Antanas Drazdaukas,[27] a poet, whom his admirers compare to Béranger among the French and Karpinski among the Poles, wrote a fiery invective against those of the clergy who neglected the common speech of the people in their apostolic ministry. "Daring boldness! You come into Lithuania without knowing the Lithuanian language, and you hurt the interests of the Church rather than foster them. All understood Christ and His disciples when they taught the divine wisdom. But you, you are the only one to understand your speech, while your spiritual flock are dying of starvation. They asked for bread, and there was none to give it to them. Don't you know that faith comes from hearing, and how can you be heard when you do not talk the language of your flock nor care to learn it? . . . No wonder then if the enemy steps in and sows tares. You do not act as befits good-hearted men and zealous priests. Who banished from Lithuanian parishes the Lithuanian sacred songs, and rosaries, that were so useful to the knowledge of the mysteries of faith? Did you not deprive those who cannot read of an instrument of learning? Who compelled the Lithuanians to forget their prayers, the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Creeds, and the Commandments of God? You know how to shear your sheep, but you do not take care to pasture them."

There can be no doubt that the strictures of Drazdaukas are

[25] See Ludvikas Ionas Reza, *Das Iahr in vier Gesängen. Ein ländisches Epos ins Deutsche übertragen.* Königsberg, 1818; A. Schleicher. *Christian Donaleitis Litauische Dichtungen. Erste vollständige Ausgabe mit Glossar.* Petrograd, 1865; G. H. F. Nesselmann, *Christian Donalitius littauische Dichtungen nach den Königsberger Handschriften mit metrischer Uebersetzung, kritischen Anmerkungen und genauem Glossar,* Königsberg, 1869; Ch. Donalitius; *Litauische Dichtungen, herausgegeben von Nesselmann.* Königsberg, 1884; L. Passarge, *Christian Donalitius litauische Dichtungen uebersetzt und erläutert.* Halle, 1894; F. Tetzner, *Christian Donalitius, Altpreussische Monatsschrift,* 1897, vol. xxxiv, pp. 277-331; 409-441.

[26] *La Lithuanie dans le passé et le présent,* p. 115.

[27] *M. Liet, Rasstai,* p. 120.

bitter, even cruel. It would be unjust, however, to say that they were not justified by the lamentable indifference of the clergy to the Lithuanian peasantry. Drazdaukas only repeated what Nicholas Dauksza had complained of two centuries earlier in the first page of the Lithuanian translation of the *Postilla Catholicka.* But the sarcastic onslaught of the Lithuanian priest achieved its purpose. The native Lithuanian clergy who had been denationalized in Polish seminaries felt ashamed of their ignorance of their mother tongue. They began to study and preach in Lithuanian, and to cultivate Lithuanian literature, and favor all the literary enterprises for the awakening of Lithuanian nationalism. The Bishops took a considerable part in the rebirth of the nation. Monseigneur Antanas Baranauskas, Bishop of Sejni, equaled and even surpassed the literary renown of Dunalaitis in his poem *Ankyszcziu Sgilelys* (The Forest of Ankysciu), published in 1861.

Bishop Antanas Baranauskas (Baronas) was born in the little town of Ankysciu.[28] He pursued his studies in the seminary of Warnia and also in Munich and Rome. In 1884 he was consecrated suffragan Bishop of Kovno, and in 1897 transferred to the see of Sejni, where he died in 1902. Baranauskas was a scholar of note, a learned philologist, and a delicate poet. His researches in the ancient fragments of the Baltic languages rank among the best contributions to the historic grammar of his native tongue. But his popularity is due to *The Forest of Ankysciu.* This poem, qualified by Maironis as "the pearl of the Lithuanian language," appeared in 1861. It perpetuates the traditions of the *Dainos;* it reflects the Lithuanians' love for rustic life, for the soil that they till, and speaks in the mysterious language of the forests and lakes. It is not epic in its conception, but rather a series of pictures, after the fashion of an idyl. It won for its venerable author the title of bard of Lithuania.

From a literary point of view, the influence of Motiejces Kazimeras Valancauskas on the modern cultural development of Lithuania was even more considerable. He was born in the village of Nastrania, district of Telsze, in 1801. After his ordination he filled the chair of theology in the ecclesiastical academy of Vilna, and was appointed rector of the Seminary of Warnia. In 1850 he was consecrated Bishop of Kovno (Samogitia), and died in this town in 1875. His name is attached to the beginnings

[28] Maironis, *op. cit.*, p. 146.

of research into the historical past of Lithuania, as also with the social movement among the Lithuanian Catholics. The most valuable production of his literary labor is *The History of the Diocese of Samogitia*,[29] a work that exceeds the limits of its subject, and assumes the importance of a general history of Lithuania. The list of his writings by E. Walter contains twenty-seven titles. He enriched the ascetic literature of Lithuania with a great number of devotional books, both original and translated from other languages.

At the suggestion of Bishop Valancauskas, Simanas Daukantas (1793-1864), devoted himself to historical research, and in 1845 published at Petrograd his masterpiece on the traditions and customs of old Lithuania, an invaluable work for the study of folk-lore. Lithuanians are indebted to him for the first and most complete history of their own country from Gedynimas down to the Union of Lublin.[30]

A Lithuanian priest also, Antonas Juskevycius (1819-1880), deserves the highest praise for having spent his whole life in amassing, arranging and illustrating the riches of Lithuanian popular poetry. He collected 5,624 *dainos*.[31] The wonderful mastery of Lithuanian folk-lore possessed by this modest priest is shown by his authoritative work on the marriage customs of the Lithuanians of the district of Wieluni, published at Kazan in 1870 and subsequently translated into German.[32] After the drastic measures taken by the Russian Government to extirpate the Lithuanian language,[33] the best minds of Lithuania were obliged to write their own productions in Russian, and found professional activity only in the chairs of Russian universities. The Russian Government regarded the study of Lithuanian as the pastime of

[29] *Aprassas Zemajtiu Wiskupistes* (Description of the diocese of Samogitia). Vilna, 1848. A new edition of his erudite work was published at Shenandoah, Pa., by Rev. V. Matulaicius, 1897. Biographical data about the author in *Lietuvisskieje Rasstoj*, pp. 52-74; Maironis, *op. cit.*, pp. 237-240; Matäus Kazimir Wolonczewski, *Mitteilungen*, vol. iii, 1888, pp. 102-104.

[30] *Lietuvos istorija nuo seniausiu gadyniu iki Gediminui Didziam Lietuvos Kunigaikscziui* (History of Lithuania from the prehistoric age down to Prince Gediminas the Great), Plymouth, Pa., 1893. The second volume was published in 1897. Concerning the writer see E. Volter, *Simon Dowkont*, *Mitteilungen*, vol. iii, 1888, pp. 260-265; Maironis, pp. 235-237.

[31] *Lietuviskos dajnos usrasytos par Antana Juskevice.* Vol. i and ii, Kazan, 1880; vol. iii, 1882. The fourth volume, entitled: *Lietuviskos svotbines dajnos* (Popular nuptial songs), was published in Petrograd, 1883.

[32] *Votbine reda Veluncycia Lietuviu surasyta par Antana Juskevice* 1870 *metuse.* Kazan, 1880. *Hochzeitsbräuche der Wielonischen, Litauer*, Mittlilungen, vol. iii, pp. 134-178; 201-248; 321-383. The writer has left also a monumental Dictionary of the Lithuanian language.

[33] See Perkunelis, *Presse-verbot in gross-Litauen durch Graf Murowiew*, 1863-1904. *Allgemeine Litauische Rundschau.* Tilsit, 1910, pp. 73-80; 108-117.

phylological dilettanti rather than as the expression of the living soul of a gifted people.

Happily, the Lithuanian language flourished outside of the historic Lithuania. Tilsit became the literary centre of Lithuanian literature. In 1883, at Ragnit, appeared the *Auszra*, a literary magazine to which the best writers of Lithuania contributed, especially Dr. Jonas Basanavycius, an authority on Lithuanian archæology.

Lithuanian emigrants to America loyally preserved the love of their native country, and actually created an entire literature to fill the gap of their earlier literary history under the persecution of tsaristic Russia.[34] The first Lithuanian paper of the United States, *Vienybe Lietuvninku* (Lithuanian Unity), appeared at Plymouth in 1885. At present the number of Lithuanian papers and magazines in this country exceeds thirty-five. The masterpieces of all literatures, especially of Polish, Russian, English and German, have been translated into Lithuanian. An untiring worker in this field was a former pupil of the seminary of Seiny, Dr. Vincas Kudirka (1858-1899), who translated into his mother tongue the works of Slovacki, Schiller, Mickiewicz, Byron and others.

To evaluate accurately the production of Lithuanian writers outside of Lithuania during the forty years of the ostracism of the Lithuanian language in Russia, one would have to cover the works embraced in the careful bibliographies of Jonas Zanavikutis.[35]

In 1905, at the beginning of the Russian revolution, a literary revival took place in Lithuania. The clergy contributed to its progress. Under the pseudonym of Maironis, Monsignor John

[34]Interesting data on this subject will be found in the yearbook of the Lithuanian clergy edited by Rev. P. Lapelis: *Amerikos Lietuviu kataliku: Metrastis* 1916. Chicago, 1916.

[35]*Suskaita arba statistica visu Lietuvisszku knygu atsaustu Prususe nu* 1864 *metuiki pabaigai* 1896 *metu* (List or statistics of Lithuanian books printed in Prussia from 1864 till 1896). Tilsit, 1897; *Suskaita arba statistika visu lietuvisszku knyguatspaustu Amerikoj nuo prasidos Lietuvisszkos Amerikoi emigracijos iki* 1900 *metu* (List or statistics of Lithuanian books published in America from the beginning of emigration to America down to 1900). Plymouth, Pa., 1900. (In Lithuanian.) The richest Lithuanian bibliography is that compiled by S. Baltramaitis and published by the Academy of Sciences of Petrograd: *Sbornik bibliographicheskikh materialov dlia geografii i statistiki Litvy* (Collection of bibliographical material concerning the geography, ethnography and statistics of Lithuania). Petrograd, 1881. (In Russian.) As to the earliest Lithuanian bibliography see M. Stankiewicz, *Bibliografia litewska od* 1547 *do* 1701 (Lithuanian bibliography from 1547 till 1701). Krakow, 1889. In Polish; *Ibid., W sprawie gromadzenia materyalow do dziejow Piśmiennictwa litewskiego.* (The question of the assembly of material concerning the history of Lithuanian literature.) Krakow, 1890.

Matsulevic, rector of the Seminary of Kovno, published a great number of delicate lyrical poems, which brought him great popularity. Mention may be made only of the following: *Pavasaris balsai* (Voices of Spring) and *Parskausmus Garbe* (Through Sufferings to Glory. A pioneer of the Lithuanian Catholic press was Rev. Aleksandros Dambraukas, born in 1861, whose activity was not confined to literature. He founded the theological monthly magazine *Draugija* (The Society), the leading organ of the Lithuanian clergy. As chairman of the Society of St. Kasimir, founded for the purpose of publishing scientific and religious books, he stimulated popular culture and even brought to light the first Catholic translation of the whole Bible by Joseph Skvireckas, professor at the Seminary of Kovno.[36] The Catholic daily *Viltis* (Hope), at Vilna, was founded in 1907 by Rev. Joseph Tumas, and later on directed by Rev. F. Kemesis, who at present is an indefatigable champion of the Lithuanian Catholic press in the United States. Three Lithuanian priests of the diocese of Vilna, Novicki, Mironas, and Petrulis inaugurated the publication of the *Ausra*, an illustrated weekly. The learned historian of Lithuania under the Poles, Kazimiras Propolanis, rector of the Church of St. Stanislas in Rome, founded the ecclesiastical review *Vadovas* (The Guide) at Sejni. At the same town there has been published *Saltinis* (The Source), a weekly largely circulated among Lithuanian Catholics and founded by Rev. Joseph Laukaitis.

In 1914 twenty-five papers and magazines, of which seventeen had a frankly Catholic character, appeared in Lithuania. The *Saltinis*, as I was told in Lithuania, issues more than 50,000 copies a week. Between 1904-1914 the Lithuanian press published over twenty-five hundred volumes originally printed in Lithuanian or translated from other languages. The number of original works is steadily increasing. Dramatists of renown, like Keturakis, Gizutis, and Vidunas, the author of the Shakespearean

[36] The earliest translator of the Bible into Lithuanian was Jonas Bretkunas. Maironis, *op. cit.*, p. 214. The first printed Lithuanian Bible was that of Samuel Boleslas Chilinskis (London, 1660). See: *An account of the translation of the Bible into the Lithuanian tongue.* Oxford, 1659; M. Stankiewicz, *Studyia bibliograficzne nad literatura litewska. Wiadomosc o Biblii litewskiej, drukowanej w Londynie 1663 roku, i o wrzekomym jej tlomaczu Samuelu Boguslawie Chylinskim.* (Bibliographical studies in Lithuanian literature. A monograph on the Lithuanian Bible printed in London in 1663 and the supposed translator Samuel Boguslaw Chylinski.) Krakow, 1886; H. Reinhold, *Die sogennante Chylinskische Bibelubersetzung, in Mitteilungen*, vol. iv, pp. 105-163; 207-273. Reza published his translation of the Lithuanian Bible in 1824. *Biblia, tai esti, Wissas Szwentas Rasztas Seno ir Naujo Testamento, Lietuwisskay perstallytas, isz naujo perweizdetas ir ketwirta karta isspaustas.* Tilsit, 1824.

trilogy *Probociu Seseliai* (The Ancestors' Shadows) are striving to lay the foundations of a national theatre. Satrijos Ragana, Bite, Lazdinu Peleda, Zemaite have shown that Lithuanian women are anxious to contribute to the upbuilding of an independent literary Lithuania. Their novels, filled with graceful descriptions of rural life, testify to the flexibility of the Lithuanian tongue and the richness of its vocabulary.

The linguistic argument is brought forward by the leaders of Lithuanian nationalism who aim at the political freedom of their own country. If Lithuania is peopled with a race ethnically distinct from the Slavic races, if the best proof of this assertion is afforded by the language, if Lithuanian culture develops independently from that of the other peoples with whom in the past the country was forcibly associated, then, at this time, when the small nationalities of Europe are rising from lethargy or oppression, there is no reason to deny to Lithuanians the right to proclaim their political autonomy, to mark their own boundaries, and to establish in their native capital, Vilna, the centre of Lithuanian culture. Between Germans, Russian and Poles, Lithuania has fought the hardest battles for the preservation of her national existence. Russians were not able to absorb Lithuania by violence, nor could the Germans and Poles succeed in their endeavors to denationalize her by means of their culture.

At the end of his interesting work, *Lithuania, Past and Present,* Vidunas writes as follows: "The great powers want to bury the Lithuanian language and customs. Of course they attribute to their own culture a greater value. This is the conviction of Russians, as well as of Poles and Germans. These peoples are animated by plans to spread their power. By means of the absorption of so many living forces they hope to strengthen their own national body. They wish to expand their own influence at the expense of the weak. The Lithuanian tongue is threatened with extinction. The study, however, of the Indo-European language shows its grammatical importance. It holds a foremost place in the history of philology; it throws light upon the modes of thought and the speech of a group of races. Hence it follows that from the point of view of civilization, the Lithuanian nation is entitled to live its own life. It would be wrong to object that the civilizing power of that tongue is exhausted. We are just beginning to achieve great philological value. But,

however that may be, it would be unfair to base upon the civilizing power of a language the right to existence. No men can take the life of those who, according to their notions, are unworthy to live; for the Almighty called them to existence. The same is true with peoples. The divine power leads them through the intricate windings of history, and assigns to each its place and rôle."

We subscribe to these wise words. If the World War has been waged with the purpose of re-establishing the freedom of races enslaved to ambitious and unscrupulous power, and if one of its chief aims was the defence of small nationalities, Lithuania may justly claim her own national autonomy. If the hour has now struck for the full awakening of Lithuania, we feel that this joyful revival of a vigorous race will serve the interests of Christian civilization and add to the list of Catholic nations a people that never flinched from its devotion to the Catholic Church, even in the face of martyrdom and violent denationalization.

MEMORIES OF FRANCE.

BY FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S. J.

A "goltraighe," Irish dirge written with Gaelic "internal rime," to the air: Lament of Monroe.

THE lilies of France, once fair and white,
Were bright in bloom and gladdened the glance;
Their dance was the dance of fairy sprite;
Ah, light of poise were the lilies of France!
Lilies of France, your snows have all fled;
And wet are the eyes you held to entrance;
Lilies of France upon you have tears bled;
You are red like the poppy, O lilies of France!

The woods of Argonne, green home of song,
Where thronging birds ever blithely trilled on.
Where echoing dells held melody long,
Ah, glossy green leaves had the woods of Argonne!
Woods of Argonne, your music is hushed,
Where rushed the harsh din till the battle was won,
Woods of Argonne, where our fair ones lie crushed,
Fall has blushed there forever, O woods of Argonne!

TREASURES THAT GROW NOT OLD.

BY FANNY MORTON PECK.

CERTAIN citizens of New York claim with pride to belong to that exclusive class of natives whose interest in monuments and objects of art is not dampened by proximity, who have seen all the sights of the metropolis, have scaled the heights and probed the depths, have admired its most familiar wonders and enjoyed the beauties hidden from all but its inner circle. If such a one would come nearer to having a clean bill of metropolitan experience, I would suggest an addition to the record of his accomplishment. In one of the most accessible parts of town, in the immediate vicinity of the Cathedral, may be found a museum of unusual content, whose exhibits not only interest, but, better, inspire the spectator with an edification worth going far to seek, for they are the trophies of victors in a great war, the war daily renewed of Christ and His missionaries against ignorance and error. I refer to the Museum of the Missions in the office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The following brief description of certain of the exhibits chosen at random will introduce the collection to those of our readers to whom it is unknown.

Since 1909 Monsignor John J. Dunn has been amassing his treasures, as there arrived by degrees from mission lands gifts and specimens from the grateful priests and sisters whom he has aided by his contributions of money and supplies. At present one room of good size houses the exhibition. Around the walls and surmounting the cases one sees ominous-looking weapons of war and of the chase, discarded deities, helmets used in African devil-worship, snowshoes from the frozen North, and so on, a testimony to the obedience of the Church's emissaries to Christ's designation of the whole world as a mission field and every creature as a hearer of the preaching of the Gospel.

That no corner is too dark and no soul too humble is borne witness to by the objects shown in the section devoted mainly to Africa and the islands of the Pacific. In these lands, remote from Christian influence, Satan himself directly is the worst foe

of the missionary, and some of the contributions sent by the intrepid priests who must contend against devil-worship are sinister in the extreme. A large wooden dagger of peculiar shape was once a factor in diabolical seances in Lower Nigeria, and some of the native converts testified to having seen it, in their pagan days, move long distances through the air unsupported. Near it is a wooden gavel, formerly used to summon the devil-worshippers to their orgies. Scarcely less unpleasant is a headsman's block from Dahomey, the actual basis of execution of many an unfortunate in that State. Here is a handful of leopard's teeth bunched together, employed as a charm against evil.

A glimpse of native life is given by a child's "dress," a hoop of soft woven material in imitation of snakeskin; a necklace, also of snakeskin, with bell attached, by means of which the whereabouts of the baby yielding to wanderlust could be ascertained; and a sample of red material, looking like stiff paper, but in reality bark cloth, out of which, when they attend to the matter at all, the natives make strong and comfortable clothing. A model of a British East African canoe is long and shaped like our newspaper boats of long ago, with planks sewn together with thongs, and, notwithstanding the fact that the swelling of the wood in the water closes to some extent the holes thus made, constant bailing is necessary to keep afloat.

The most arresting exhibit from the Gilbert Islands is some garlands of human teeth, formerly used as dancing ornaments, and obtained by a cannibal tribe from the bodies of their victims. To offset this gruesome story, it is comforting to be able to relate that this same tribe has now been entirely converted to Catholicism.

Across the room is the British Indian collection, with many samples of the domestic and religious art of the country. Really beautiful are some alabaster elephants equipped with houdahs, and a pair of candlesticks, whose bases are curved serpents' tails, while half a shelf is given up to a series of little silver images illustrative of the popular life and beliefs of the natives. A pair of shoes, of the style we have here, suitable for the muddy roads of India, must reduce shoe designing to a pathetic simplicity. A wooden sole rests on two horizontal pieces of the same material, and, as the donor points out, when a small knob set towards the front has been firmly grasped by the big toe and its

neighbor, laces or buttons are superfluous! Idols there are aplenty, conspicuous by the hideousness of their traits, the notable exception being an exquisite reclining Buddha of alabaster, one of the finest pieces in the entire collection.

A most diverting series of statues, which have outlived their usefulness even for the missions, has been donated by Father Aelen, of Nellore, of which we may mention representations of St. Antony, who has been reconstructed piecemeal, as each part of him died of old age; and of St. Francis Xavier, whose beard and stole alone betray him. An Infant Jesus in the Manger is strongly suspected by Father Aelen of having seen service as an idol in former years. But presently the smile that could not be suppressed is forgotten, and the hardships and privations of the life of the heroic missionary, of which these figures are but the humorous expression, are borne in upon us very forcibly. At sight of his old shoes, worn to shreds in God's service and replaced as a great event by a convert on the occasion of his marriage, we stand in quiet awe, and feel that we are in very truth in presence of treasures that grow not old.

The Japanese section of the museum is next in order, and is a veritable Pantheon of Buddhist and Shintoist divinities. A delightful little bronze statue represents Shaku (Buddha) as a boy, with the right hand pointing towards heaven and the left to earth, standing poised for the legendary three steps forward and four backward, which it is alleged he took at birth, exclaiming: "I alone under heaven and on earth merit all respect." Passing with a mention Fu-Do the Immovable, designed to frighten evil-doers, and Aizen-Mijo-O, a rather novel conception of the god of love, of ferocious aspect, with three eyes and six arms, we pause a moment before two handsome gilded specimens of the Fox God, the favorite deity of Osaka, sitting facing each other, each with one paw raised and tail stiffly erect. The sender writes that most of the shops and homes of Osaka have a god-shelf, with its pair of male and female foxes. In the grounds of nearly all the factories is a fox shrine, endorsed by "the firm," who would, they say, expose themselves to ruin by neglecting this practice.

Bearing the foxes company are Ama Inu, the celestial dogs that guard the entrance to the Shinto temples. Cerberus himself is no fiercer, and the Shintoists who repair to their places of worship for prayer possess in full measure the courage of their

convictions. The bronze female figure, clad in a red cloak, whom we next observe, is presented to us as Kishi-Bojin, formerly a woman who devoured children, in second life a demon for punishment and the mother of five hundred infants, of whom she was condemned to consume one daily. Having been converted by Buddha, the Japanese adore her as the protector of children, and offer her as ex-votos the clothing and toys of their deceased little ones.

Further on, it is pleasanter to behold a small wooden figure of Diakoku, the most popular of the seven gods of happiness, squatting upon his inevitable sacks of rice. Numerous little shrines or altars are to be seen here and there, one to Buddha invoking him as the "protector of sinners." Two very beautiful objects are a pair of yellow copper candlesticks, such as are used in Nippon as offerings to Buddha. The base is a tortoise, who is symbolic of ten thousand years of life, and upon his back stands a crane, representing a thousand years, who holds the candle—both exquisitely fashioned.

In addition to religious trophies our museum contains many charming examples of the art of the Land of the Rising Sun, and as well some exhibits of real historical value, for instance, the small sabre in the collection of swords, most of them about a hundred years old. It was once the property of a woman of the Samurai, and is suggestive of a sinister page in the history of Japan. In accordance with a very old custom each daughter of a lordly house, when about to be married, was presented with such a sabre, with the following injunction: "You are about to leave your house and now belong to your husband and his family. For your honor and ours, you can never return here. If any difficulties arise which you cannot bear, take this sabre and put an end to your troubles." Even the young and weak were not spared the tragic duty of *hari kari.*

The gentle influence of Christianity is gradually driving these dire customs into the background, and we turn with relief to the objects belonging to or made by the Catholic Japanese, whose minds are filled with kinder thoughts than suicide, demons and false gods. The number of these Catholics is being daily augmented, thanks to Japan's zealous bishops and missionaries. Here telling proofs of their success greet us on all sides, ranging from the fan of a pagan priest of Hokkaido, who exchanged the

garb of a bonze for the habit of a Trappist lay-brother, to the necklace of a sorceress, sent by Bishop Berlioz of Hakodate. Its owner was converted by a woman catechist, and died some years ago in excellent dispositions and was followed into the Church by her blind husband and her son.

Two hand-painted china dishes bear the images respectively of Christ and the Blessed Virgin. Their decidedly Japanese features and the stiff folds of the robe of Our Lord are at first astonishing, but surprise soon yields to the gratifying realization that Catholicism has indeed become the lasting belief of many of the natives of Japan, and that East and West have not only met, but become one in honoring Jesus and His Blessed Mother. A bell which was in use for many years at the isolated Hakodate mission has been sent by Bishop Berlioz. Could it speak English, its tongue would tell us, I am convinced, golden tales of piety and heroism and, its work taken up by a more powerful successor, its faithful service surely entitles it to the honored place it now occupies. Not far off is an Imperial Cup of white and green china, which was granted to Father Jacquet, Bishop Berlioz's Vicar General, for exceptional services during the famine of 1905; and beside it, in a basket, are samples of the food eaten by the natives during that famine, dried grains of wheat and two hard substances which give every indication of being nothing more nor less than stones.

We shall close our account, necessarily incomplete, of the exhibits from the Island Kingdom, with a word or two about a little bronze statue, from Hakodate, of the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Child, both as unmistakably Japanese as the artist who fashioned them during, or shortly after, the time of St. Francis Xavier. The statue was left by the last member of a Christian family to his pagan relatives, whose descendants have had it for three hundred years. It is to be hoped that the light of faith will not be denied to the present members of the family, whose roof was shared for so long with the Mother of Divine Grace.

The Chinese section of the museum is the last and, perhaps, the most interesting, for the missionaries from the Celestial Kingdom have been particularly generous in their contributions. To many of us China seems a mission land *par excellence*. Its enormous extent, its conservatism as old as the world, and the conse-

quent dangers, never wholly absent, for the valorous priests who brave them with a divine equanimity, make it loom large upon the horizon of the pagan world. Who of us, in extreme youth, was not admonished to put by pennies for the rescue of Chinese infants? In consequence, if we weathered our first natural storm of indignation over the privations entailed, many of us grew up with an interest in the babies we had saved and in their ensuing career, and from them our solicitude took in the Church in general, of which they are no doubt by this time stable pillars.

The Chinese exhibit abounds in charming bits of local color. Quantities of opium pipes and incense sticks are redolent of the East. Little wooden figures of accurate workmanship show us the Celestial at home at his trade, in the fields. Here we see a pair of shell spectacles, with elaborately carved nose-piece and sticks hinged in the middle. These are the badge of intellectuality, we are told, and the desire to appear learned rather than vision more or less defective, seems to be the prime factor in their adoption by the Chinaman. Another evidence of the proverbial peculiarity of the heathen Chinee is a razor, which is used, the card tells us, not to shave the beard, which, if he can achieve it, the native carefully guards, but to do its worst upon his unoffending head, leaving nothing but the queue. Since the declaration of the republic, it would seem, even this check to the shaver's thoroughness has been removed.

Father Frazer, a young American priest who volunteered for the missions in 1905, has sent some curious things, among others, one of his calling cards, a large piece of stiff red paper about eight by five inches in size, with his name in Chinese in large black letters down the centre. The card case is in proportion, and we pass on with the conclusion that calling must be one of the pet extravagances of the Chinese. A wedding invitation, also on red paper about twelve by six, is not unlike the calling card to the uninitiated.

But it is Chinese religious belief that furnishes most of the curios in this section of Monsignor Dunn's museum. Of the three religions of China—Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism—the first is the most popular. Buddhas without number, large and small, artistic and hideous, of metals costly and mean, line the shelves and look down at us from their seats upon the cases. Some are exceedingly valuable and have played in their day

important parts in the idol worship of the country of their origin. A necklace of Buddhist beads comes from Wen-Chow, and, we understand, the words *"O mi do va"* must be said on each bead, the meaning, however, having long been lost. Many little images, idols of some sort, would furnish a delightful hour to a student of comparative religions, but even the average spectator finds much that is interesting in each. Two have realistic beards of coarse hair, and look hoary enough to have been adorned by the Chinese Adam, Pan-ku. A shockingly ugly deity is the "Guardian God." In each temple he stands beside the divinity venerated there, with his object in life, *"Vah oh!"* (Punish the wicked) written upon tablets which he carries. The missionary who sent him informs us that when more than life size he is quite terrible to behold, and he is doubtless a brilliant success at worrying those who regard him into righteousness, at least for the moment. A little further on one makes the acquaintance of the Goddess of Mercy, a gilded squatting figure of extreme ugliness, whose clients, looking "not with the eyes, but with the mind," must rely upon her interior beauties of disposition, nobly ignoring her physical handicaps.

A white china statue of the most famous goddess of the Chinese Empire, "The Goddess That Has Pity on the World," was sent by Father Frazer from Ning-po. In life she was a virgin who sacrificed her arms that medicine might be made from them for her parents. Heaven, believing in compound interest, compensated her with an ample supply of arms, to wit, one thousand, which must have been something of an embarrassment of riches. Her invocation is enormously widespread in China, and the childless, the wicked, the good—all hope to receive from her the object of their petitions. Two good copies of the tablet called "the Eight Signs," one from Chu-san, show the superstitious puzzle which is found over nearly every door in China to ward off evil spirits. The face of a tiger, which would do credit to a futurist artist, dominates the picture, and he must be most efficacious, for his fiery eyes and sharp fangs would strike terror into something of far greater address than a boneless wraith.

Whether the Chinaman be a Buddhist or a Taoist, he is first of all an ancestor worshipper, and this cult may be called the real religion of the Celestial Kingdom. The museum boasts several ancestor tablets (*ihais*), small slabs of metal, stone or wood,

upon each of which is written the name of an ancestor of the owner. The well-to-do have special temples erected to contain them, but the poor have, if not a room, at least a corner, dedicated to their special worship, which takes place with great ceremony several times a year. This ancestor worship was the main stumbling-block of the early missionaries, some, notably the famous Jesuit Ricci, even seeing the advisability of allowing it in a mild form. It was finally prohibited by a Papal bull in 1742, with the consequent defection of large numbers of influential converts.

But the Chinese section of the Museum of the Missions can show Christian curios as well as pagan. The native children are taught embroidery by the Sisters, and some exquisite samples of the work of the pupils of the Sisters of Charity at Ning-po—slippers, scissor-holders, mats, etc.—are shown for our admiration. Father Montanar, formerly a missionary in Kwang-tong and founder of the Chinese Catholic mission in New York, has sent as one of his contributions two tiny pairs of dainty embroidered satin slippers, which belonged to the little daughter of one of his catechists. They suggest pleasant pictures of the little lady herself, and one wonders whether she outgrew them or is one of those heroic little Christians who think no age too early to begin to make war upon the pomps and vanities of the world.

That the little Christians of China can push the love of their religion to the borders of heroism is attested by a little statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, which is one of the most valued exhibits in the collection. It is the work of a Chinese Sister, as one may instantly infer from the face of Our Lady, who holds a dear little Chinese baby in her arms—the Infant Jesus. Were it not for the rosary at her right side, we should be inclined to doubt the printed label which identifies the statue. At the time of the Boxer uprising, when Sisters and children were being driven from their burning convent in the Pe-tang compound north of Pekin, one of the little ones remembered the statue and, at the risk of her life, ran back into the burning building to seek it. The Blessed Virgin watched over her youthful client, and child and statue came forth in safety, to the great relief of the Sisters.

Other articles that repay consideration are a chalice-box beautifully carved by a Chinese priest; a tea-caddy of black silk intricately embroidered in white, made by orphans in Han-kow

under the care of native Sisters; and a biretta such as was worn by Chinese priests for three hundred years, which will be a surprise to Americans, who are accustomed to nothing half so fine. It is black, heavily embroidered in gold, with two long streamers at the back—a most imposing affair, which must have made the wearer resemble Confucius himself.

The *pièce de résistance* of the Chinese section is a bronze statue, which is the first thing that greets the eye as the room is entered, and the last thing to which one turns a fascinated gaze upon leaving. It comes from Bo-zen, is five hundred years old, and is a representation of the Goddess of Reason, a female swathed figure about two and a half feet high, carrying between her folded arms a detachable stick with a tuft of horsehair fastened to it, by which her votaries of the past kept the flies from her divine countenance. But it is the face itself that is remarkable. The rounded but shrewd features seem to tell of an insight that began with the ages, and a glitter in the black, beady eyes dares the beholder to set them a problem they may not read. But, with the coming of the missionaries, the ancient dame's day was done, and she now stands a relic of a creed outworn, a testimony to the failure of her powers unwilling to yield supremacy to the light that now floods her former domain, the dazzling and eminently reasonable light of the Catholic Faith.

MACBETH—A STUDY IN SIN.

BY ALBERT B. PURDIE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL once said there were scenes in *Macbeth* that he could never wish to see acted on the stage, because, like certain passages in Aeschylus, they defied representation. This is perhaps very true with respect to the histrionic art, but the critic might have added with profit that the play is a world-tragedy, acted every day and by everyone on the world-stage—for it is the story of a great temptation and a fall.

To form any conclusions as to the nature of Shakespeare's religious beliefs is outside the scope of this article; we will content ourselves with the observation that if he was not a professing Catholic, his work, nevertheless, breathed Catholic teaching, practice and devotion. This is especially true of *Macbeth*. As the dramatist made Holinshed his historical source, so he almost seems to have referred to St. Thomas Aquinas for his philosophy. He takes the stern truths set forth by the Angelic Doctor, and clothes them with flesh and blood; he verifies them in the arena of life; they are warm and alive in the characters that move in the cycle of his play, and they remain, perduring and immutable, after the strife of human lives is quieted and man and woman have returned to elemental dust. St. Thomas and Shakespeare are statement and illustration of the same truths, and if we would appreciate the one, it is not well to ignore the other.

Coleridge has indeed expressed the opinion that "the general idea is all that can be required from the poet—not a scholastic logical consistency in all the parts." But our purpose is to show that in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, "Scholastic logical consistency" is to be found, that the play is indeed a complete study in sin, and lends itself to an analysis, which corresponds in a remarkable way to the treatment of the same subject by the greatest of Christian philosophers.

The theme broadly divides itself into three parts:

(I) The Temptation to Sin. Acts I-II, Sc. I. *Summ.* I. IIae. Q. 75-84.

(II) The Sin. Act II., Q. 71.
(III) The Consequences of Sin. Acts II-V, Q. 85-87.

I. The Temptation to Sin.

St. Thomas, following St. Augustine, defines sin as that which is said, done or desired contrary to the eternal law, which is nothing else than the Divine Will regulating the natural order and forbidding any interference in that order. Every created being, by fulfilling the purpose of its existence and acting in accordance with the end to which it was ordained by God, is playing its appointed part in the Creator's great scheme. An act of rebellion means not only suicide to the agent (since it deserts its proper sphere of activity) but is a tendency to subvert the order to which it naturally belongs, and above all constitutes an offence against God, Who is the Upkeeper and Conserver of the universe. Among beings in this world sin is properly attributed only to man, who, although necessarily determined to happiness as an end, is able in virtue of his power of free-will to seek that happiness in other good than God, Whom nevertheless his right reason infallibly dictates is the ultimate object of his happiness. Man reaches his end by the observance of acts, and into these acts enters the twofold element of reason and free-will. The function of the reason is limited to the infallible judgment on the goodness or badness of an act; it is left to the will to determine on its performance or omission, and so primarily to the will we must attribute evil acts, and the resultant moral perversion of a human nature.

An evilly-inclined will (*malitia voluntatis*) is thus the prime interior cause of sin (*causa sufficiens complens peccatum est solo voluntas*); but there are two exterior causes of great moment, namely man and demonic agencies, which by suggestion, persuasion and temptation influence the will to become interiorly false to itself.

Shakespeare approached his study in sin as a dramatist no less than a philosopher, and so with tremendous effect he opens his play with the introduction of the preternatural exterior cause of sin. The first scene may indeed be regarded as declaring the existence of the powers of evil with whom "fair is foul and foul is fair." They make their appearance in an arid waste —a prelude of contrast to the sphere of strained activity in

which they are soon to play their part. The arid waste is their natural abode; they enter the habitation of human beings only by invitation. When there arise the foundations of a possible home within the human breast, they are at once at the side of the builder, who is perhaps fool enough to parley with them, and weary not in their importunities till the roof is closed over their heads.

Sin is indeed, as Monsignor Benson remarks, [1] the changing of an ideal. The change was already at work in Macbeth, when in company with Banquo, while thundery rack was driven over the blasted heath, darkening the serene blue of heaven, he was confronted by the malignant spirits, whom his inner trading with evil had implicitly convoked.

> *First Witch*—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
> *Second Witch*—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
> *Third Witch*—All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter!

and as they are about to disappear, Macbeth is awakened from the thoughts that obsess his mind:

> Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
> By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis
> But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives
> A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
> Stands not within the prospect of belief
> No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
> You owe this strange intelligence?

But deaf to exact questioning, they vanish like bubbles into the air.

"The devil," says St. Thomas, "tempts by exploring the inner condition of a man, that he may work on that vicious propensity to which a man is more prone. Though he cannot absolutely turn the will, he can in a way work a change in the baser powers, and though he does not force the will, nevertheless he inclines it." The "witches" seized on Macbeth's growing passion and nurtured it by their pretended prophecies. When we remember the nature of demonic knowledge, we easily perceive that every trace of the miraculous or even of the power of foretelling the actual future, peels off from their utterances. These spirits prey on the intellects and imaginations of men, and owing to their peculiar relation to time and place, can convey the

[1] *Christ in the Church*, p. 134.

knowledge drawn from one mind to the mind of another by means of transmission more express than those employed by men. This explains the "prophecy" that Macbeth should be thane of Cawdor; the collation of the thaneship had in fact been already decreed by Duncan. That knowledge on the part of the evil spirits was a useful handle; they are expert connoisseurs in the workings of the human reason and will: building on the effect which they knew the true information they had given would have on their victim, and seeing that it would serve to heighten his feverish ambition, they went a step further, and *foretold* what they infallibly knew Macbeth's perverted nature would eventually press into fact.

Banquo whose reason was less disturbed at once realized the possibility of deceit. But in Macbeth, function was smothered in surmise, and "the swelling act of the imperial theme" so overcame him, that he refrained from a reasonable estimate of his suspicions.

> This supernatural soliciting
> Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
> Why hath it given me earnest of success,
> Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
> If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> *Against* the use of *nature?*

And so the fortress of his soul was yielding—not through external compulsion, be it noted, but because the traitor within the gates was raising the portcullis to the enemy, and the enemy did not fail to seize the advantage.

A second exterior cause of sin, says St. Thomas, is *homo*, which Shakespeare introduces in the person of Lady Macbeth. She has been called the Clytemnestra of English tragedy, and is in truth the woman of a wild and remorseless determination which carried her rough-shod over all the dictates of right reason, and "screwed to the sticking-place" the courage of her husband, whose will was not yet utterly divorced from reason. Lady Macbeth knew her husband's dominant weakness better than himself. This is perhaps a feminine prerogative: it was manifested in the garden of Eden, and is exercised the world over today.

Lady Macbeth—Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised; yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus must thou do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest to be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.
(*Enter a Messenger*)
What is your tidings?
Messenger—The king comes here to-night.

The castle of Inverness, where "the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself" and "heaven's breath swells wooingly," where all is sense-repose and peace, is now the stronghold of a woman's fierce volitional activity.

Lady Macbeth stifled the cry of reason, and makes outcast her very conscience, that *naturale judicatorium* of human beings, in which sure sentence is passed on the morality of acts. She flings defiant arms to Heaven, and not only unsexes but dehumanizes herself. And this monster is to precipitate the ruin of a falling man. On the first meeting of husband and wife, the subject is referred to only in general terms:

Macbeth: My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady Macbeth: And when goes hence?
Macbeth: To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady Macbeth: O never
Shall sun that morrow see!

But in Macbeth conscience makes one last appeal, even if on ignoble scores. He saw the possibility of eternal punishment (*reatus poenae aeternalis*), and what grieved him more deeply, the punishment which would dog him for the rest of his mortal days (*poena concomitans*)—"we still have judgment here." Had the sinner paused a moment and weighed fully these considerations, there might have been hope; but he curtly dismissed them,

and weakly posited two last motives of excuse, more debased because more personal—his kinship to the virtuous and generous Duncan, and his own present reputation.

Genuine desire to withdraw had now deserted Macbeth. It is a common phenomenon that the weaker sharer in a temptation will often lodge a slight objection, which he himself is afraid to look fully in the face, and over which he is content to be dragged by the stronger. Macbeth's little resistance was only to prove his wife's strength, and this purpose it fully achieved. She thus attacks him—

> Was the hope drunk
> Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
> And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
> At what it did so freely? From this time
> Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
> To be the same in thine own act and valor
> As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
> Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
> And live a coward in thine own esteem,
> Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
> Like the poor cat i' the adage?
>
> *Macbeth:* Prithee, peace:
> I dare do all that may become a man
> Who dares do more is none.
>
> *Lady Macbeth:* What beast was't then,
> That made you break this enterprise to me?
> When you durst do it, then you were a man;
> And, to be more than what you were, you would
> Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
> Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
> They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
> Does unmake you. I have given suck and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
> I would while it was smiling in my face
> Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
> And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
> Have done to this.

This terrible determination of a fierce woman steeled the man's nerve to action.

The first act in this drama of sin is concluded. A human will has been assailed; a human will has been broken: the devil with his pomps and the world with its allurements have played their part in a tremendous fall. Macbeth is a man undone. He stands at the very Rubicon of crime—his wife by his side supporting him.

II. THE SIN.

Consummatio peccati est in opere. Night lies fast and heavy about Inverness castle, and only the dismal shriek of the owl, "the fatal bellman," at times disturbs the quiet. The man of sin ere he enters the presence-chamber is walking in the shadowy court, and there he encounters once more the power of good. Past midnight, and Banquo, the happy genius of his days, confronts him with latest tokens of the King's good-will and pleasure: but it is too late—this final grace is refused, and the royal kiss is given to one irretrievably pledged to treachery. The last ray of light spends itself in the darkness, and the shadows have utterly closed round the soul of Macbeth. Disordered and distraught, he waits the near moment when he shall be called to fill the perfect measure of his sin. His will and word are insurgents against the law of God (*concupitum et dictum contra legem aeternam*); it only remains to do. But the deed undone already tortures him, and his imagination deals a first avenging blow:

> Is this a dagger which I see before me,
> The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
> I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
> Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
> It is the bloody business which informs
> Thus to mine eyes.

This grim hallucination was the last interior protest against the sin, but Macbeth bore up against the shock, his heated passions suffering no cold breath, and the signal bell found him ready. Duncan's blood seals his finished compact with the devil: the bond uniting him to God is broken; the eternal law is injured, the sinner has signed his ultimatum. The shadow of eternal unrest begins to creep over the soul of Macbeth, and to lie heavy over his mortal days. The prospect of sleeplessness in this world and in the next is evident to him in all its horror:

> Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
> Macbeth does murder sleep"—the innocent sleep,
> Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

> Chief nourisher in life's feast—
> Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house
> "Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
> Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Terrible forebodement! the mocking bruit of an unavailing *Requiescat* troubling the poor soul in the long reaches of the life to come.

> Duncan is in his grave:
> After life's fitful fever, *he* sleeps well,

but "Macbeth shall sleep no more."

III. THE CONSEQUENCES OF SIN.

The first general effect of sin, says St. Thomas, is the *corruptio naturae.* Man is the subject of a threefold natural good—the intrinsic principles of his nature by which he is constituted a rational being, the natural tendency to the performance of virtuous acts, and lastly, the gratuitous gift of original justice or rightness. The first of these goods is immune from the vitiating influence of sin, for no morally bad act can make us less rational, less than men: the last of these goods, the *donum originalis justitiae,* whereby the baser powers were absolutely subject to the control of the reason of man, was lost to the human race in the sin of Adam, and the dire effects of his fall are the heritage of all creatures. It is to the second good, namely, the natural tendency to virtue, to which St. Thomas refers, when he says that the first general effect of sin is the corruption of our nature. We are placed on the road of life with our eyes turned Godward, but we are free to go forward or to turn in the other direction: a step either way makes the next step easier, and the third step easier still, until at last we find ourselves journeymen to the goal of good or of evil.

The last three acts of the play exemplify this in the moral state of Macbeth, who stands to suffer this huge consequence of his act, that his hold on good grows more infirm ("things bad begun," he says, "make strong themselves by ill," III., 2), whilst he has habituated himself to evil, that he has irritated the sores which original sin brought to his nature—sores that render his reason hesitant in action, his will in arms against good, his whole self prone to commit wrong and burning with a growing passion.

But besides thus sapping his moral forces, he is in a state of guilt (*culpa*), incurred by his changed relation to God, from whom he has deliberately turned—an offence which must remain imputed to him till he makes sufficient satisfaction; and this guilt viewed in relation to the subject is in the nature of a *macula* or stain, which, says St. Thomas, "*debitum decorem ab animo aufert.*" As in the case of material things, a bright object may lose its brilliance after coming in contact with another object, so in the world of the spirit, the soul loses its splendor when it comes in contact with the baser good to which it cleaves inordinately. Once illumined by the light of God's grace and the flashing torch of its own reason, it has preferred to tread in the byways of darkness, with the result that its white purity is stained and its pristine lustre tarnished. It is not merely the blood on their hands that frightens Macbeth and his wife, but the cold shadow cast inwardly upon their souls:

> I am in blood
> Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Lady Macbeth felt the same burden of guilt, was conscious of the indelible stain, but restrained giving it expression till at last, too long pent up, it burst involuntarily from her lips:

> Out, damned spot! out, I say! . . . What will these hands ne'er be clean? . . .

These are the first effects of sin on the disposition of the human soul, and it remains to consider with St. Thomas and Shakespeare the more particular and more important consequence, which goes by the name of punishment (*de poena peccati*). St. Thomas says that if a thing rises in rebellion against the order to which it is properly subject, the consequence is that it will be suppressed by that order and by the governing power of that order. Now the sinner rebels against an order—the highest order conceivable, whose governing power is God: the result is that he must be suppressed by that order, and this suppression is known as punishment. The obligation which a man owes to the economy to which he belongs and against which he offends has a threefold aspect, viewed firstly in relation to his own proper reason which he is bound to obey, secondly in relation to the rights of other men, which he is bound

to respect, and lastly in relation to God, whose eternal law calls for his whole obedience. An act of sin is rebellion against these three orders, and consequently incurs a triple punishment —from self, from men and from God.

Macbeth's sin began interiorly with the willful disregard of the dictates of right reason, and so his first punishment will come interiorly from his inmost soul. His mind will stand to torture him with anxiety and insecurity, his conscience will be racked with remorse, and despair at last will freeze his very heart. *Jussisti, Domine, ut omnis inordinatus animus sibi ipsi sit poena.* This is known as concomitant punishment (*poena peccati concomitans*), and it pursues the sinner through his whole course of crime.

Anxiety and insecurity seized hold of Macbeth immediately after the murder:

> Whence is that knocking?
> How is it with me when every noise appals me?

Moreover, this very anxiety and insecurity, born of sin, opens the way to further sin, and thus, in the terms of St. Thomas, sin may even be the indirect punishment of sin. Having murdered Duncan, he murders the two grooms, until at last the "imperial theme" is consummated, and he sits a King. But peace is not yet:

> For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind:
> For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
> Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
> Only for them, and mine *eternal jewel*
> *Given to the common enemy of man,*
> To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
> Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
> And champion me to the utterance!

And to the utterance—to the very extreme he will proceed. But fresh alarm descends upon Macbeth, for the seed of Banquo is saved and that means his doom. The ghost of Banquo (awful nemesis!) takes the place prepared for him at that "great feast." Macbeth breaks under the strain, he can play the part no longer, and the horrible sore on his mind is bared to all the world.

St. Thomas places as one of the punishments of sin the increased liability to temptation from the powers of evil, and so it is hardly surprising to find Macbeth at this juncture hav-

ing recourse to the "weird sisters," whose pronouncements had been so surely verified. Macbeth has given them his "eternal jewel," and that was all they bargained for; they in turn set him in the enjoyment of the worldly good he desired: now they—

> by the strength of their illusion
> Shall drag him on to his confusion:
> He shall spurn fate, scorn death and bear
> His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
> And you all know security
> Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Children of the father of lies, they make cruel and wanton sport of their captive. Macbeth straightway damns these powers of evil, cuts himself loose from them, but only to drift faster down the strong stream of sin. Black clouds of despair, the severest punishment of self on self, darken the twilight in which he has been walking since that evening when with Banquo he paced the troubled heath. This despair is the worst element in concomitant punishment, the punishment which hurt human nature inflicts upon itself. It broke the heart of one of the sinners; it hardened the heart of the other:

> Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

The sinner not only rebels against the order of his proper reason, but also against the order of human government to which he happens to be subject, and lastly against the whole order of the divine economy. Accordingly, he merits punishment from man and from God.

> Macbeth
> Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
> Put on their instruments.

The human forces first begin to concentrate against the usurper after the murder of Banquo. All their efforts are inaugurated "with Him above to ratify the work"—in proper contrast to their enemy, who initiated his career under the auspices of the powers below.

The last phases of Macbeth's earthly punishment are swift and terrible. He is oppressed within and without. Yet there is no contrition, only bitter reproaches—

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?

No! it cannot be so. *Causa complens peccatum est sola voluntas.* Those in sin must themselves cast out the disease: the will freely turned to evil—it must freely return to good:

> Therein the patient
> Must minister to himself.

But Macbeth had smothered every tendency to good and showed no movement to repentance. Devil-bought and God-forsaken, he is now no man: the close of the "imperial theme" leaves him a moral wreck—everything lost, except the mere animal instinct to save his life:

> They have tied me to a stake. I cannot fly,
> But, bear-like, I must fight the course.

He fights and dies: the order of human government has punished the disturber of its quiet: the brief turmoil of his life is ended.

There only remains the punishment to be inflicted by God, and at this human speculation must stop short. Shakespeare pursues Macbeth no further: the application to the individual of the Christian principles of the doctrine of eternal punishment rests with none but God.

Such is Shakespeare's study in sin, closely allied in treatment to that given by St. Thomas and the Catholic Church. Morality in the text-books is not a different thing from morality in real life: the former is based on the latter, and it is only when we are in hand-grips with the concrete that the awful meaning of a truth is realized.

THE IRISH NO MAN'S LAND.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

LSTER is not a popular word nowadays, especially with those who would like to see the "world's war for democracy" closed according to the oft-emphasized programme, with every nation, great and small, basking contentedly and prosperously in the sunshine of self-determination.

A one-fourth fiery carbuncle garishly attached to a three-fourths glowing emerald, constituting the insular "gem of the sea," Ulster is the hope and pride of uncompromising fanatics and unrelenting political tricksters, the despair of conscientious statesmen and bewildered editors, the bane and alarm of the dove with the olive branch. It is the sorest spot on the face of creation, obstinately defying the efforts of all doctors and doctrinaires. Even the extreme surgical operation now proposed—of amputating it from the main body—has only evoked a general chorus of condemnation.

To most Americans, of all creeds and politics, standing as it does in the way of settlement of the Irish question, it may be truly said that the name of Ulster has become anathema. Yet, give that northern province its due. It is a crystallized fact that it has done much good in its way—that is, Irish Ulster has —much good not only for the rest of Ireland, but for England and Scotland, for Europe, for America.

To briefly enumerate, Ulster gave Ireland her celebrated representative parliament of Tara, the mother of all parliaments; it gave her, through St. Patrick, who there learned the manners, customs and language of the country, Christianity; it gave the same to Scotland and the north of England; and from the world-famous University of Armagh, where Alfred of Northumbria and other British kings were educated, it sent forth missionaries that gave Europe religion and science. In later days it gave to Ireland valiant and triumphant armies, the last to yield to foreign power; and to America tens of thousands of brave Revolutionary soldiers, when the Irish language was as common as the English in the army of Washington.

Only at long intervals did a wave of invasion of land-hungry emigrants make the pot of Ulster seethe. Three of these waves were Milesian or native Irish. First it was allotted to the Irians or descendants of Ir, son of Milesius, who built the great fortress of Emania of the Red Branch Knights and ruled the province for many centuries. Next, in A. D. 332, came the filibustering Three Collas, of the race of Heremon, son of Milesius, with a great army that swept all before it with slaughter, burned Emania, formed the kingdom of Oirghialla (consisting of the present counties of Louth, Armagh, Monaghan and Fermanagh) and reduced the Ulster of the Irians to the present county of Down and the southern part of Antrim—the main location of the present friction and general unpleasantness. The third invasion was headed by Owen and Connell, sons of King Niall, who colonized the districts called after them Tir-Owen and Tir-Connell, now Tyrone and Donegal. This arrangement and division, which occurred in the fourth and fifth centuries, held good for over 1,200 years.

At the time of the third invasion came St. Patrick. The place was not new to him; he had spent many early years, not overpleasant ones, in Ulster. Ten miles east of Armagh is Lough Neagh, the largest sheet of water in the British Isles, and several leagues northeast of the lake rises a long bleak hill, in shape like an inverted dish, whence it is called Slemish, or Dish Mountain. On its slopes once roamed a solitary figure —young St. Patrick, tending the herds and flocks of his harsh master, Milcho, whose rath lay in the valley below, where winds the river Braid. Here St. Patrick passed the six years to which servitude was limited by Milesian law, developed the character reflected in his Confession: "I remained in the woods, and on the mountain, even before the dawn, and I was roused to prayer in snow and ice and rain, and I felt no injury from it, nor was there any slothfulness in me, as I see now, because the spirit was then fervent in me."

What Croaghpatrick, with its now celebrated annual pilgrimage, is to Connacht, Slemish ought to be to Ulster, and more so, for the great apostle of Ireland spent but one Lent on the former mountain and six long years on the latter.

Full thirty years after his servitude on Slemish, Patrick comes again into Ulster, comes *bachall* or staff in hand at the

head of his white-robed company of clerics, to preach the gospel of Christ. The territory embraced only Down and the part of Antrim extending north to his old place of slavery by Slemish. A circumscribed, contracted district is this new Ulster of the Irians and the Red Branch, and so the apostle finds it in more ways than one. Milcho, his old master, refuses to receive him. MacCuill employs assassins to kill him, but afterwards repents, is converted and becomes a saint. Dubhan and Dubhaedh steal his horses. Saran, twenty-six years king of Little Ulster, prevents him from founding churches and is menacing and truculent in his opposition, declaring: "Wherever I find a priest I shall bring him under the edge of the sword."

The good in local human nature triumphed, however, and with the aid of stanch friends and earnest converts St. Patrick sprinkled the place with small churches, built in the original Irish manner of wood or earth, and founded what became in course of time great schools and monasteries. Coming in his latter days to Armagh he built a church and shrine on a site granted him by the chieftain Daire in what is now Scotch street and founded the primatial see of Ireland. Not long afterwards he died and his remains were deposited in Downpatrick in the tomb where later laid the remains of St. Bridget and St. Columbkille—a sacred spot which the proposed mutilation of Ireland would confirm in cold and indifferent foreign keeping, like the Holy Sepulchre under the ward of Paynim.

At Armagh there arose a great university whose seven thousand students filled the streets when the church bells rang at morn and eve. These included many from foreign lands, "poor scholars" of the period, supplied with books free, taught and fed without charge. Among them was Aldfred, later King of the Northumbrian Saxons, who, grateful for his entertainment, wrote a poem in which he says (this felicitous translation is by James Clarence Mangan):

> I also found in Armagh the splendid,
> Meekness, wisdom and prudence blended:
> Fasting as Christ has recommended,
> And noble counsellors untranscended.
>
> I found in each great church moreo'er,
> Whether on island or on shore,
> Piety, learning, fond affection,
> Holy welcome and kind protection.

I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy word,
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

I found in Ulster, from hill to glen,
Hardy warriors, resolute men,
Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
And strength transmitted from sire to son.

St. Fiech who wrote in the sixth century calls Armagh the seat of empire. Historians call it the capital of Ireland in temporals as well as spirituals.

Among other famous schools and monasteries that sprung up in the north were Bangor, founded by St. Comhgall, with three thousand monks; Downpatrick, which sent forth the famous scholar, John Duns Scotus (John of Down, the Irishman); Derry, founded by St. Columbkille, who loved and praised it as a place of angels:

Derry, the glory of my native isle,
I celebrate thy praise, by nature blest;

Antrim, of St. Mochte; Ardboe, of St. Colman; Ardstraw, of St. Eoghan; Devenish, in Lough Erne, with one thousand five hundred *fratres* under St. Molaisse.

At this time the province consisted of the territories of Oriel, Tirowen, Tirconnell, Ulster or Uladh and (in the north-east corner), Dalriada. For a thousand years, except on rare occasions of sudden hostile incursions, these divisions were maintained and the freedom and integrity of the country vigilantly and vigorously defended. When, in A. D. 634, Congal, King of Ulster, played the dangerous game, which afterwards proved so deadly in the south of importing an army of foreigners to help him in his ambitions, the national forces annihilated both Ulidians and invaders in the great six-day battle of Moira, near Lough Neagh, and for a long time afterwards that intermittent volcano caused little trouble for the rest of Ireland.

In the ninth century came the marauding Danes and Norsmen and found the clans unprepared to oppose them. They surprised and plundered Bangor and ruthlessly slew nine hundred of its monks. They stormed Armagh, put to the sword about one thousand monks, students and citizens, and marched away with great spoils. Many seaboard towns and abbeys they plun-

dered. But they made no settlement save a transient one somewhere near where St. Patrick landed on Loch Cuan, whose name they changed to Strang-fiord, meaning the strong inlet of the sea, from the tidal currents at the inlet, now Strangford Lough. They also made the old name Uladh into Ulster, the place of Ula, adding the Norse *ster*, meaning "place," as in Leinster and Munster.

In 1004 Armagh had a visit from the Norsemen's most formidable opponent and Ireland's greatest monarch, the illustrious Brian Boru, who took from his neck his gold chain, weighing twenty ounces, and left it for alms on the high altar. Ten years afterwards, following his death on that memorable Good Friday after his decisive victory at Clontarf, his body was laid in a stone coffin on the north side of the same altar; and here was also interred the remains of Brian's successor, King Malachy.

An experiment was made to unite Church and State; to tax the five provinces of Ireland for the regular payment of the primate. It worked badly; attracted by the prospect of wealth, as told by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, eight laymen in succession sacrilegiously assumed the title of Archbishop of Armagh and seized upon the revenues. This gross abuse was abolished through the efforts of Archbishop St. Celsus, who died in 1129, and Archbishop St. Malachy O'Moore, who died in 1148.

Little Ulster was ever the weak spot of the north. It was there the Anglo-Norman invaders first broke in under gigantic Sir John de Courcy, built castles and made settlements, turned the native monks out of their monasteries and put English monks in their places, and out of land spoil and plunder built magnificent abbeys in which no "mere Irishman" was allowed to make his religious profession. This was the spirit of superiority, of racial prejudice, for of course there was then no sectarian trouble, no Orangemen. De Courcy's wife, Lady Africa, daughter of the king of Man, built magnificent Gray Abbey. This baron of heroic mold, after holding his own or other people's in Ulster for twenty-seven years, died poor in France. For a deed of valor performed before the king he received the privilege, passed on to his successors, the Lords Kinsale, of keeping the head covered in the presence of royalty. "His lordship may have the right to wear his hat before royalty," said Queen Victoria, when she noticed Lord Kinsale exercising his privilege, "but he might take it off in the presence of a lady."

Carrickfergus Castle was the chief stronghold of the English in Ulster, and most tenaciously they stuck to it. In 1315, hard pressed by hunger and besieged by Edward Bruce, brother of King Robert of Scotland, when trying to make himself king of Ireland, they killed and devoured thirty Scots, their prisoners, before they would consent to surrender. Cannibalism, starvation and murder made fetid atmosphere in some of these grim Ulster castles. Walter de Burgo, called Earl of Ulster, under age but married and vindictive, starved his kinsman Walter to death in the Green Castle of Irishowen; for this the dead man's sister, Gyle, had the boy earl assassinated by his squires while crossing a ford near Belfast one Sunday morning saying his beads on his way to church at Carrickfergus. On account of which three hundred murder conspirators were followed and put to death; the earl's uncle was tied in a sack and drowned in a lake down in the County Mayo; the earl's widow fled to England with her infant daughter, who afterwards married one of the royal family, and the empty title Earl of Ulster became vested in the English Crown.

The Bissets fled from Scotland in consequence of murder, and settled in the Nine Glens of Antrim. The MacQuillans, Welsh, built the island stronghold of Dunluce, the finest in Ireland, on the picturesque northern coast. Later came the MacDonnell Highlanders in their dark green plaids and deerskin footgear, whence their name, Redshanks, seized Dunluce and made a settlement. Their captain, the famous Sorley Boy, the Yellow-haired, drove the English from Carrickfergus, captured and made the constable, Walter Floddy, pay ransom, dismissing him one night after supper with the assurance "plainly that Englishmen have no right in Ireland." Sorley Boy's son James caught Sir John Chichester, Governor of Carrickfergus, and cut off his head.

The leading family of Ulster, whose chiefs were inaugurated in the stone chair of Tullahoge, in Tyrone, were the O'Neills, with the O'Donnells a close second. The southern border was guarded by the O'Hanlons, standard bearers of Ulster; east of them lay the MacMahons of Monaghan, one of whose chiefs, Brian, in Dyak notion of domestic decoration, spiked the heads of Sassenach invaders on the palings of his garden near Carrickmacross; and eastward still the Maguires of Fermanagh, whose chief, when asked to admit an English sheriff, inquired what would be the fine for killing him, so he might have the money ready. South of all lay

the plucky little principality of East Breffny, now County Caven, of the Clan O'Reilly, descended from Brian, King of Connacht, to which province Cavan originally belonged, people who maintained their own army, administered their own laws and even coined their own money.

The chiefs of the Irians, in the present Down and Antrim, were Magennis, MacCartan, MacGeough, MacDunlevy and O'Gowan. As frontier septs, ever confronted by the bristling fortresses and encroaching hosts of the enemy, they had to bear the brunt of the trouble and the conflict, and so wasted away.

The Clan O'Neill well maintained its independence. Under Shane the Proud numerous English families moved with his permission into Tyrone in the belief that they would have more peace and security there than in the Pale, nor were they disappointed. It was in Shane's time the MacDonnells settled in Antrim. He made war on them and slaughtered many, then visited them in peace, and they slew him. His head was sent to be spiked on Dublin Castle; his cairn, in the Glynnes of Antrim, scene of patriotic gatherings, commands a grand panorama of coast and inland scenery.

There was fierce and brilliant resistance made by the northern chiefs and clansmen, headed by Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell, against the forces of Queen Elizabeth. Their crowning victory was that of the Yellow Ford, August 15, 1798. The disaster of Kinsale ruined the Irish cause. Artificial famine—ever a favorite foreign weapon in Ireland—strewed Ulster with emaciated corpses. With the news concealed from him that his old enemy Queen Bess was dead, O'Neill went to Mellifont Abbey and surrendered, March 24, 1603, one of the terms of the treaty being free exercise of the Catholic religion for himself and his followers. Four years afterwards, warned of a deadly government plot against their lives and territories, O'Neill and Rory O'Donnell, respective chiefs of Tirowen and Tirconnell, fled overseas, leaving their unfortunate countries and people to the mercy of the stranger.

Thus left most invitingly abandoned and unprotected, the vast northern province, whose fertile interior had never been violated by foreign foe save in transient raid, naturally attracted the covetous gaze of that most avaricious of men, James Stuart, degenerate son of Mary Queen of Scots and first overking of England and ...nd. He promptly seized upon the district from shore to

shore, divided it up into shires or counties and these again into baronies and offered lands to whoso would buy, with a brand new title of nobility.

The Ulster Irians' emblems, the lion on a green field and the red hand, are probably the most ancient armorial bearings in Europe. The red hand was assumed, probably as *opima spolia*, by the O'Neills when they seized upon Tyrone. The dexter or right hand appears on the silver seal of Hugh O'Neill, King of Ulster, who died in 1364, described by the Four Masters as "the best man of the Irish in his time." The poet John Savage describes the ancient heraldic device as waving over the army of the famous Shane O'Neill the Proud,

> Who raised aloft the Bloody Hand until it hid the sun,
> And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never done.

When James seized upon Ulster he also stole the red hand, whose antique honor far outdated and outclassed the arms of his own house of Stuart or Stewart (originally Sty-ward, or "tender of swine"), and he sold that ancient Milesian emblem, in conjunction with the newly invented title of baronet and a large grant of the plundered land, while it lasted, to all who gave him $50,000 and engaged to erect a strong castle thereon, with bawn or enclosure, each baronet to have in a canton or inescutcheon on his shield the red hand (in a field argent a hand gules), "being the arms of the ancient kings of Ulster." There was a fair response, netting him over a million dollars.

Since then the red hand in canton or in escutcheon on the shield of Sir Tom, Sir Dick or Sir Harry is a sign that his is not a title won by ancestral merit or exploit, but sordidly purchased with money. Now, in final and ironic abuse and degradation of the red hand of ancient Ulster royalty, it is seen plentifully in the streets of Belfast, on the distinctive buttons worn by Orangemen, with the legend of most dubious import, "We stand for God and Ulster." "To what strange uses do we turn, Horatio!"

On January 28, 1609, "conceiving the citizens of London to be the ablest body to undertake the establishment of a Protestant colony in the forfeited territory," James had a grant made out of the county of Coleraine, now Derry, and the towns of Derry and Coleraine, to twelve chief companies of London, consisting of mercers, grocers, drapers, fishmongers, on condition they should

spend a million dollars in the work of plantation, and soon hosts of cockney faces from the Thames appeared along the Foyle and Bann. The Derry settlers made the name Londonderry, and they took as their city seal that of London, to which was later added, in memory of the celebrated siege, when the grandson of this same King James in vain knocked for admission, the device of a castle, with Death sitting at the gate.

Thirty thousand acres of the confiscated land were given to Trinity College, Dublin, in aid of its efforts and services in turning young Irishmen into Englishmen and Catholics into Protestants.

Now appears on the scene the infamous Arthur Chichester of Devonshire, Lord Deputy of Ireland, thief from his youth—as a student expelled from Oxford for larceny—bigot by choice and scoundrel by nature, of physiognomy so repulsive and petrifying that, as Father Meehan, the historian, remarks, "one is inclined to wonder that he ever sat to a painter." With him was associated the merciless Scotch prelate, Andrew Knox of Raphoe. Ignoring the Treaty of Mellifont, signed only about a year before, which guaranteed the Ulster Catholics the free practice of their religion, the pair started a furious Scotch Inquisition, to drive native chieftains into revolt and afford excuse for taking their lives and what portions of their ancient estates were still left them. Mock trials were held and savage sentences pronounced of hanging, drawing and quartering. Among those sacrificed to the restless avarice of Chichester was the gallant Felim MacDevitt, hero of the Elizabethan wars, he who in single combat slew the fiery Captain Martin, "though locked up in steel," at Sligo; he now saw his entrails burnt before him at Lifford, September 27, 1608. With him suffered his intrepid chaplain, Rev. John O'Cahan. Alexander MacSuarley, son of the celebrated Sorley Boy MacDonnell, Brian and Art O'Neill, Rory and Geoffrey O'Cahan, Patrick O'Moore, and with them the priests Lewis O'Laverty and Conatus O'Keenan, all suffered together in 1615, one and all refusing to their latest breath to save their lives by abandoning their Faith.

Knox incited the only too willing Government to expel all priests, on penalty of death, from the country. The law was passed in 1611. Anyone found concealing a priest or nun forfeited his lands. Catholics were forbidden to educate their children at home or abroad, and they were commanded under pain of fine or imprisonment to attend Protestant services on Sunday.

To confirm the wholesale plunder of Ulster lands, and specially to secure his own share of it, Chichester summoned the so-called Parliament of Ireland, which had not met for twenty-eight years. The Catholics happened to be in the majority, but he overcame this by creating forty new seats, and his creatures carried all before them. Some Catholic members weakly acquiesced in the fraud perpetrated; not only that but Sir John Everard of Tipperary, who for his faith had lost his position as Chief Justice of Ireland, brought in a bill supported by all his servile fellow Catholic M. P.'s, most of whom, like himself, were of English descent, for the attainder of the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell and their adherents!

This infamy evoked the censure and warning of the illustrious exile—tall, red-haired, vigilant, efficient—Florence Conroy, Archbishop of Tuam, founder of the Irish College of Louvain. Writing from Valladolid, March 1, 1615, to one of those same M. P.'s, he says: "Do you doubt that it is sinful to rob men not convicted of any crime of their property? Were not these noblemen pardoned by the king? And if they, either to avoid calumnious suspicion or to practice their religion more freely, retired from the country, is that a crime either proved or notorious? Moreover, most of the Catholics of that territory (Ulster) must soon, at least in a few generations, be perverted to error, and their example and numbers will spread heresy throughout the other provinces."

Archbishop Conroy died in Madrid in 1629. In 1654 his remains were transferred to Louvain, where they were interred at the right of the high altar in the church of the Irish Franciscans and a becoming monument placed over them. His tomb now lies deep under dust and debris as the result of the tremendous vandalic bombardment of a few years ago; but the truth of his remarkable prophecy is seen in the changed creed, politics and even names of a large, vexed and vexing element of the population of Ulster.

Deprived of the ministrations of their own soggarths and given the alternative of any creed but the ancient one, numbers of Ulster Catholics succumbed after a generation or two, as foretold by "Fra Florentinus," and reluctantly abandoned their children to the proselytizer. And with the change of creed came, sometimes compulsory, sometimes in shame or snobbishness, a change of name. Thus MacShane, a branch of the O'Neills, meaning son of John (O'Neill), became Johnson and Jackson; MacEoin

sprung from Eoin or Owen O'Neill, Owens (the prefix Mac being abandoned for the finals, each indicating "son"); MacHugh, Hughes; MacRory, Rogers; O'Gowan, Smith and Smyth; O'Cahan, Kane; O'Gnimh, Agnew; MacDunleavy, Dunlop; O'Brollaghan, Bradley; Magennis, Guinness; MacCarrghanma, Carson; O'Maolgeimrich, Montgomery; MacSweeney, Sunny; MacThomas, Thompson; MacRobert, Robertson; MacCaghwell, Campbell and Caldwell; O'Maolmichil, Mitchel.

Some descendants of these, now in America, through association mistakenly call themselves "Scotch-Irish," although their ancestors never saw Scotland. King James' colonists included many Lowlanders, and Scotch of the border clans, such as the Armstrongs, Hays, Hamiltons, Dixons, Grahams, Scotts; but they were in the main of a Gaelic, Celtic, Irish stock, returned after centuries of absence. As the late President McKinley, then Governor of Ohio, himself of Ulster blood, told the Scotch-Irish at their annual meeting at Springfield, May, 1893: "Scot though the Ulsterman is proud to call himself, yet he is a retransplanted Celt."

Like the Janissaries of Turkey, Christians taken young and moslemized, the posterity of the Ulsterites who were forced to change creed and surname, became, as was intended, the most ferocious of anti-Catholics. Of such were the fierce Johnston of Ballykilbeg, and the "ranting, roaring Kane," who threatened to kick the queen's crown into the river Boyne, and of such are Sir Edward Carson, the Orange leader, and the Guinness brothers, Lords Iveagh and Ardillaun, called the "porter peers," their great fortunes, now used against their native land, having been made in Ireland on Dublin stout.

In contrast to the seceders comes the long list, for beatification, of Ulster's martyrs for the Faith, as passed upon by the Sacred Congregation of Rites and confirmed by Pope Benedict, dated February 12, 1915. Among these are Archbishop Richard Creagh of Armagh, done to death in London Tower; Archbishop Edmund Magauran of Armagh, slain while administering to the wounded; Bishop Redmond O'Gallagher of Derry, murdered by English troops on the roadside; Bishop Conor O'Devany of Down and Connor, aged eighty, hanged, drawn and quartered; Edmund Dungan, Bishop of Down and Connor; Heber MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher, hanged at Enniskillen; Rev. P. MacFergus and thirty-two of his brethren of Derry Dominican convent, massacred; Prior John

O'Flaverty, Coleraine convent, thrown into the river and stoned to death by the Cromwellians, 1656; Rev. James O'Reilly of same convent, flogged to death; Rev. Bernard O'Carolan, ears cut off, hanged; Rev. Thaddeus O'Boyle of Donegal, and Rev. Patrick Brady of Monaghan, beheaded. And so on through the ghastly, dreadful, glorious ordeal of suffering and triumph, which placed on the fair brow of Ulster a martyr's crown of many rubies.

In face of such a record the anti-Irish clamor of the alien element sinks to a vague and inarticulate murmur, the plaint of dreaded religious intolerance loses itself in laughter, the hollow glare of sectarian bigotry dies out like an expiring ember. Across the No Man's Land of Ireland the hostile forces still perfunctorily confront each other, but a roseate morn of good will is glowing over both the hosts, wholesome with the spirit of liberty, fraternization and peace.

A BALLAD OF DYING.

BY FRANKLIN C. KEYES.

RED and gold is the sunset lying
Hot on the breast of the passing day,
Red and gold are the sad leaves flying,
Earth has forgotten the joy of May,
Golden red are the embers dying,
Soon they will shiver in ashes gray!
Red and gold are the colors of dying,
(White is the color of death they say).

Rise my soul for the night time cometh,
Reap thy harvest of red and gold,
Precious wheat of the sowing groweth
Crimson poppies are bright and bold,—
Scarlet sin in the darkness gloweth
Godly deeds to the light unfold.

Swift my soul in the midnight flying
Bear thy burden of colors gay,
Hear a voice to thy tears replying,—
Christ will comfort thee on thy way,—
"Tho' thy sins be of scarlet dying
They shall be white as the snow today!"
Red and gold are the colors of dying,
(White is the color of death they say).

THOMAS OF LONDON.

BY HORACE H. HAGAN.

T may well be doubted if English history affords another narrative quite as extraordinary as the career of the saint and hero known to his generation as Thomas of London and to us more familiarly as Thomas à Becket. Legend, it is true, has embroidered his life with many a fascinating fiction. But stripped of all such charming inventions, the cold facts spell a story of unsurpassed interest.

The father of the future martyr was one Gilbert Becket, who, though sprung from a knightly house of Normandy, had become a merchant first in Rouen and later in London. His mother was Matilda, a burgher woman of Caen. He was born on December 21, 1118, and received his schooling partly at Merton Priory, Surrey, and partly in Paris. At the age of twenty-two he returned from the latter city to London and, after several minor employments, entered the household of Archbishop Theobald of Canterbury. Here his keen vision and resolute character soon made themselves felt and he became Theobald's favorite counselor. He was largely responsible for the settlement of the disputed succession to the English crown whereby Stephen retained the throne during his lifetime, and Henry Plantagenet, known to us as Henry II, succeeded him. It was upon his urgent advice that the Archbishop refused to crown Prince Eustace, Stephen's son. It was but natural, therefore, that Henry's accession should be to him the harbinger of splendid honors. In 1155, at the age of thirty-seven years, we find him filling the great office of chancellor and counted as Henry's beloved friend and companion. There is something quite captivating about the Thomas of those days just as there is something very awe-inspiring about the Thomas of the future. We are charmed by his magnificence, his gayety, his chivalric courage.

Nor was he less skillful at diplomacy. In 1160 he negotiated an eminently satisfactory peace between Henry and Louis of France. Still later he won over the English barons to Henry's pet project of having, during his lifetime, a formal recognition of his eldest son as his successor. And, then, in 1162, came the great

turning point in his career. The See of Canterbury became vacant. Not only was the Archbishop of Canterbury the primate of the English Church, but he was one of the most notable prelates in Christendom. Probably the principal source of his power was the fact that the common people regarded him as their special champion, the strongest barrier that stood between them and the tyranny of the crown and the nobility. Very likely, it was because of this that Henry determined to have one of his close friends made Archbishop. Henry was a great ruler. He had some sterling qualities. But, with scarcely an exception, Europe has never seen a monarch who was more essentially a despot by disposition.

The newly-discovered civil law was just then beginning to permeate the intellectual life of Europe. It was a law which exalted the prince. Everywhere on the continent there was apparent a decided effort to subordinate clergy, people and nobility to the king. In Germany and Italy this idea found its leader in Frederick Barbarossa and its sturdiest opponent in Pope Alexander III, backed by the free cities of the Lombard league. In France it was later to triumph in the person of Philip the Fair. Henry, as the Count of Anjou, the Duke of Normandy, and in the right of his wife the Lord of Aquitaine and other broad domains, was a great continental ruler. The despotic principle inculcated by the exponents of the civil law was intensely congenial to him. It was his aim to introduce it into England, an aim which met final defeat when his son, John, many years later, was forced by the barons of England, with Archbishop Stephen Langton of Canterbury at their head, to yield his assent to Magna Charta. The first great step necessary to accomplish Henry's design was to make the Archbishop of Canterbury subservient to the throne. In fact, the Archbishop of Canterbury, historic champion, as he was, of the people and the lower nobility, cut altogether too great a figure in Henry's realm to suit him. He was resolved to trim him down, to make him a mere creature of the Crown. Who could better fill this requirement than his favorite, his companion, his clear-headed adviser, the Chancellor Thomas? In vain Thomas scouted the suggestion and pointed to his rich robes and smilingly remarked that they were overfine for an archbishop. Futilely, he pleaded that his acceptance of the office would inevitably destroy Henry's friendship. The King would listen to no argument, would allow no obstacle to impede his impetuous will. Thomas was only a deacon.

He had never been ordained priest. Nevertheless he was elected Archbishop, received Holy Orders from the Bishop of Rochester on one day and was consecrated by the Bishop of Winchester on the next. It was a scene remarkable even in an age replete with wonders.

But the greater wonder was to follow. At the time of Thomas' consecration one of the bishops had remarked that Henry had at last wrought a miracle, since he had changed a soldier into a priest, a layman into an archbishop. This sardonic fling, however, was fated to have a literal fulfillment. Thomas the Arch-deacon had been noted for his magnificence; but his morals had been blameless. He was never Henry's companion in his vices. Still, it was a far cry from the gorgeously arrayed Chancellor with his splendid train of knights and pages, his costly banquets, his martial exercises, his whole-hearted merriment, to the ideal Archbishop of Canterbury, the worthy successor of an Augustine, a Dunstan and an Anselm. The world watched with interest, tinctured, no doubt, with amusement, the course of the new metropolitan. If, however, it expected surprises, it was not to be disappointed. Thomas the Archbishop was a man transformed. The marvelous precedent of Ambrose was eclipsed. His glittering retinue of knights and courtiers was dismissed; his rich robes were discarded; his one time vivacious countenance became sobered and serious; he surrounded himself with pious clerics; his fare, once so prodigal, became frugal; his nights were spent in prayer; he waited upon the poor and washed their feet; his door was never closed; the humblest citizen had no difficulty in gaining either his ear or his assistance; his alms-giving was unexampled in England; his devotion to the duties of his high post was assiduous and unflagging. If he had been an ideal Chancellor, he was now an ideal Archbishop.

But this gain was not purchased without a loss. Henry was first amazed, then disconcerted. No doubt some old enemy of the Chancellor's whispered in the royal ear that the new Archbishop was not sincere. But if insincere, why? There could be but one answer. The Archbishop wished to set himself up against the King, to have the common people look to him and not to Henry as their friend and protector. Then came Thomas' resignation as Chancellor. The King had desired him to be both Archbishop and Chancellor, convinced that he would sacrifice the interests of his spiritual to that of his secular dignity. Now that scheme was shat-

tered and the vexing question raised: Did the Archbishop's resignation imply that there was an irreconcilable conflict between Church and State? As yet, however, the King was not entirely alienated. But his too loosely chained suspicions had slipped their leash. Then came an incident which brought the late Chancellor and his sovereign into a direct clash. Henry's undertakings were many, his wars almost incessant. Consequently, he usually was in need of money. He was, moreover, a born centralizer. These two motives lead him to look favorably upon a suggestion that a certain "aid," which the sheriffs customarily received from the people of their shires, be transferred to the crown. This project was broached at a council held at Woodstock. It met with the determined opposition of the Archbishop, who pitched his case on two grounds: first, that the sheriffs were entitled to the money, since it was donated by the people in appreciation of their services; and secondly, that the enrollment of the sums so derived among the King's dues would create a written record, making their payment binding on all future generations. "Thomas," says one authority, "thus appears to have stood forth as the champion of justice, first in behalf of the sheriffs and secondly in behalf of the whole English people." Another, and yet more notable writer, is even more explicit. "In the first case," he says, "of any opposition to the King's will in the matter of taxation, which is recorded in our history, the opposition was made and apparently with entire success by Thomas Becket."

The King's rising irritation was transformed into rage by the Archbishop's attempt to reclaim certain alienated property of his see, by his prohibition of an uncanonical marriage of Henry's brother, William, and lastly by the excommunication, without notice to him, of one of the tenants *in capite* of the crown. Then, of a sudden, there loomed up the vexing question of the criminal jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts. That this was the *cause* of the final break between the King and the Archbishop we cannot agree; whether or not it was the occasion is a different proposition. From the Norman conquest down to the reign of Henry VIII, there is apparent in English history on the part of the ruling forces a desire, and sometimes a determination, to create a national church that would be the willing hand-maiden of the civil power. The murder of Becket prevented Henry II from practically accomplishing this design, and that same crime acted as a powerful deterrent

on his successors. At this time, however, Henry was resolved to carry out his plan. To do so he had to reduce the bishops and clergy to subserviency, as Henry VIII did later, and the demands he made upon them were the tools selected to carry out his project. The point where the clergy were the most vulnerable was the criminal jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts. That Henry chose to provoke a quarrel on this issue proves that he was a shrewd general, not that he was a disinterested monarch intent only on establishing even-handed justice in his realm. At the very time he was fulminating against the ecclesiastical courts, he and the nobility were rigidly upholding and generously adding to a system of forest laws whose injustice and favoritism are almost unique in legal history.

In any event the conflict was not long in commencing. Seizing upon a peculiarly atrocious and revolting crime of a cleric, which to all appearances was leniently dealt with, Henry summoned the Primate and the English hierarchy to Westminster. Here he demanded that they show their adherence to what he called "the ancient customs of the realm." What these customs were the monarch did not deign to disclose and the bishops did not have imagination enough to conjecture. Desiring to conciliate the King the Archbishop gave his assent, but added the qualifying phrase, "saving my order." This, of course, largely destroyed the efficacy of the consent from Henry's standpoint. In a fit of passion he dismissed Thomas and the bishops. Soon, however, they were summoned to Clarendon. Every effort was now made to break down the Archbishop's determination. All the bishops, save one, were ready to announce their adherence. They begged Thomas to avert the King's wrath from him and from them by a tardy acquiescence. Other voices were added to theirs. It is even probable that a spurious verbal message from the Pope, advising compliance, was poured into the Archbishop's ear. In an unguarded moment, he withdrew his opposition. Then, and only then, were what the King styled the "ancient customs of the realm" produced. Their perusal was followed by amazement and consternation. Because of an unreasoning anti-Papal bias, modern historians ordinarily commend the "sixteen constitutions of Clarendon," as these supposed customs are termed. Nevertheless, some of them were opposed to common honesty, others to genuine freedom, and nearly all of them to what, up to then, had been the genius of the English Church. The statute that provided that the revenues of all vacant bishoprics

and abbeys should go to the King was the invention of one of the most wicked of English monarchs, William Rufus, and was the cause of the greatest scandals of his reign. It can be defended neither on principle nor policy. The statute that forbade the ordination of any villain without the consent of his lord was a direct blow at democracy. In those days the Church was the only door that welcomed the man of lowly origin. Through it Gerbert and Hildebrand, both sprung from the bosom of the people, reached the Papal throne. This ordinance was designed to close this single door. Its presence among the "Constitutions of Clarendon" was alone sufficient to justify the most unbending resistance on the part of one who was ever the people's friend; and, as Freeman has pointed out, the assertion that it passed unnoticed at the time is erroneous. With but one or two exceptions, the remaining constitutions, if put into force, would have reduced the English Church to absolute dependence on the crown. It would have retained no resemblance to the Church of Wilfred and very little to the Church of Lanfranc and Anselm.

It is open to doubt whether Thomas, immediately upon reading the Constitutions, retracted his verbal promise or whether he formally assented to them by affixing his seal to the document. But of Thomas' remorse and decisive repudiation of the Constitutions as soon as he reached Canterbury there is no question. He interdicted and suspended himself. He burst forth into the most vehement self-reproaches. He underwent the most severe penances. He left nothing undone both to express his horror of his momentary lapse and his reprobation of the obnoxious constitutions.

The fury of the King now hardened into a stern resolution to ruin the defiant Primate. The course he took was essentially mean and ungenerous and has found no apologist. He determined to beggar Thomas. Through his control of the civil power he had a series of fines, on trumped up charges, inflicted upon the Archbishop. The first three fines, though unjust, Thomas promptly paid. Then came the staggering demand that he should instantly turn over to the King forty-four thousand marks, which Henry claimed were monies that had come into his hands as Chancellor and of which no accounting had been made. The Archbishop, although taken by surprise, instantly called attention to the fact that before his consecration he had been solemnly released from all such obligations by the royal authority. The King brushed the defence aside.

Thomas then begged for a few days' grace during which he might consult his fellow bishops. Knowing that they were, with but one or two exceptions, his creatures, Henry graciously consented. The bishops begged Thomas to resign. One or two, more bold, openly reviled and insulted him. But neither their entreaties nor their taunts affected him. He knew he was fighting for the liberties of the Church. He resolved to take a bold course.

When the fateful day arrived for him to return once more to Northhampton, all the bishops came and begged him to submit. His answer was to forbid them to take any part in the proceedings against him. Then in full episcopal robes, his mitre on his head and his archiepiscopal cross in his hand, he set out for the castle. But, although the people thronged around him, he had no friend at court. He was left alone in the cold audience hall while in another room the council debated his fate. Soon the Bishop of Exeter, hastening in terror from the Council Chamber, begged him to depart, saying that the King had threatened with death any man who spoke in his favor. "Flee, then," was the calm and biting response, "thou canst not understand the things that are of God." Next Hilary of Chichester railed at him and demanded that he resign. Contemptuous silence was his only answer. The wily Roger of York, Thomas' most unscrupulous opponent, withdrew from the castle after it was certain that the Primate would be condemned. Not long after this departure the door of the audience chamber swung open and the Earl of Leicester, backed by a train of knights and some of the bishops, demanded that he listen to his condemnation. This was the moment for which Thomas had been waiting. Rising majestically to his feet, he interrupted the Earl, boldly and firmly denied the jurisdiction of the Council, solemnly forbade the bishops to give any judgment against him, and gave notice of his appeal to the Pope. He then started to sweep from the hall. Some voice cried out: "Traitor." Whereupon the Archbishop fiercely turned round and exclaimed that were he still a knight his sword would prove the falsity of the slander. Then, completely master of the situation, he gained the outside of the castle, where he was acclaimed by the vast concourse of the people. This was one of the supreme heroic moments of Thomas' life. Nobly had he redeemed himself.

But neither popular approval nor the momentary discomfiture of his opponents blinded Thomas to the fact that his situation was

perilous in the extreme. Consequently, he determined to escape to the continent and to make a personal appeal to the Pope and to the clergy and laity of Christendom. So that very evening he disguised himself and hastened in the direction of Sandwich. Here he flung himself on a vessel bound for Flanders and, almost before his enemies appreciated what had happened, was in safety. A fortnight later he set out for Soissons, where he was welcomed, with the greatest reverence and honor, by King Louis of France. At the head of an imposing train he next sought the Pope at Sens. Alexander was engaged in a death grapple with Frederick Barbarossa and was an exile from Rome and Italy. It is needless to observe that he had no desire to force Henry into an alliance with the Emperor. On the other hand, the most casual inspection of the Constitutions of Clarendon revealed that they were impossible of sanction by the Roman Pontiff. The Pope's lack of enthusiasm for the Archbishop and his cause has not escaped censure; indeed, even in that day it was cause of bitter comment from Thomas, the King of France and zealous churchmen everywhere. It would probably be a just judgment to say that Alexander acted not as a hero but as a statesman. Thomas, of course, as Mr. Freeman has pointed out, was essentially a hero.

But at least the Pope received him with honor. He refused to accept his resignation. He condemned the Constitutions. Thomas, however, was to retire to the Cistercian abbey of Pontigny. But the Archbishop could not be shelved. The clergy generally, and even the people, understood too well that he was the champion of the liberties of the Church. The moral position of the Archbishop was soon strengthened by an indefensible and atrocious act of tyranny on Henry's part. He suddenly, without any justification whatever, banished from England not only all the Archbishop's relatives, but many of his friends and retainers. These victims, to the number of several hundred, were enjoined to report personally to the Archbishop at Pontigny that they might lacerate his heart and drain his scanty purse.

The rising indignation of Thomas was certainly not checked by what Lingard rightly styles a "refinement of vengeance." Finding his letters of remonstrance treated with contempt, he prepared to excommunicate Henry and his principal adherents. But upon hearing that the King was ill, he postponed his action against him —a tenderness that has remained without comment in the writings

of those who have overwhelmed him with such epithets as hard-hearted, unchristian, inflexible, ungenerous. He did not stay his arm, however, as to the remainder of his principal foes. Their appeals for protection lashed Henry to madness. He threatened to expel every Cistercian from his domains if Pontigny still remained Thomas' shelter. To relieve his hosts from this threatened disaster the Archbishop took up his residence at Sens. Here he received the intensely mortifying intelligence that the Pope had so far yielded to Henry's importunities as to suspend his sentences and had, moreover, appointed two legates to investigate the controversy. One of these legates, Vivian, after repeated interviews with Henry, reported: "Never did I know a man to be such a liar."

Nevertheless, the Roman policy was all for compromise; and Henry himself grew more and more fearful of the threatened interdict. Desirous of intimidating Alexander, he opened negotiations with the Emperor's Anti-Pope and even dispatched emissaries to Germany to complete a bargain. But here, he soon discovered, he had overreached himself. The hitherto submissive English bishops firmly refused to follow his lead. The nobles murmured. The people were outraged. Henry was forced to throw over the projected German alliance. His dickering with the Anti-Pope, however, had aroused Alexander's indignation far more than his ill treatment of Thomas, and Henry, alarmed, was forced to take steps looking to a reconciliation with the Archbishop. Wearily the negotiations dragged along, sometimes apparently on the point of success, usually to all appearances hopeless. At last, in January, 1169, a temporary reconciliation of Henry and the King of France led to a personal conference of the two monarchs and the Archbishop at Montmirail. Henry insisted on a recognition of the Constitutions. Louis was guilty of the inconsistency of urging complaisance. But Thomas, in Freeman's graphic phrase, withstood the face of the two Kings and rode back to Sens cursed by Henry, renounced by Louis, but acclaimed by every honest heart.

Then Henry made another false move. It had long been his determination to have his eldest son crowned King of England during his lifetime. In this manner he expected to avoid any chance of a disputed succession. The right to crown the King was the most cherished and the most splendid prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was a matter of doubt in the minds of many whether there could be a legitimate sovereign unless he received

his crown from the hands of the primate. Strange as the whole question may seem to us, it was a vital issue in a day when the inability of the great mass of the people to read and write had forced them to depend slavishly on visible ceremonies for even their most important rights. Thomas realized the powerful weapon that he possessed in his exclusive privilege to crown the King. The Pope was resolved to uphold him in this and warned the English bishops to respect the right of the See of Canterbury. Nevertheless, Henry, after the failure at Montmirail, could brook no further delay and persuaded the Archbishop of York to anoint and crown his son.

By this time Alexander's position had materially changed for the better. He condemned the Archbishop of York and the bishops who assisted him and gave Thomas letters suspending them from their episcopal functions. Henry realized that the struggle, so long adroitly avoided, was at last inevitable unless a reconciliation was had. Moreover, his situation was not bettered by the fact that the King of France was once more his declared foe and had invaded Normandy. Under these circumstances he bowed to necessity and sought an interview with the Archbishop at Freitville. Henry's conduct on this occasion is rightly the subject of controversy. Perceiving the Archbishop approaching, he spurred forward, saluted him with every sign of friendliness and begged for a renewal of their ancient affection! Later, he threatened to visit the severest justice on those who had created dissension between them, a promise which caused the "proud and hard-hearted Archbishop" to throw himself from his horse and, with tears streaming down his face, to cast himself at Henry's feet. It was agreed that Thomas should be restored to his See and that proper amends should be made for the injury done to him and to it by the crowning of the young King by Roger of York. In return Thomas promised Henry love, honor and service. The Constitutions were not mentioned. At the parting it was understood that Henry would soon send for him.

Months elapsed and Henry sent no word. It was only when it seemed that Thomas was on the point of throwing the whole arrangement overboard and launching the interdict that he yielded and restored the archiepiscopal lands. It was understood that the King was to furnish the Archbishop with the money for his journey to Canterbury. But time again dragged by and no money was forthcoming. Finally, in desperation, the exile borrowed the nec-

essary funds from the Archbishop of Rouen and set forth on his tragic homecoming. In spite, however, of all the wrongs and vexations which he had endured, he did not quit the soil of France until he had written to Henry that moving epistle, ending with those noble words: "Whatever may befall me or mine, may the blessing of God rest on you and your children."

In December, 1170, six years after his flight to the continent, the Archbishop entered his city of Canterbury. The rejoicing of the people knew no restraints. But his old enemies were as active as ever. The young King refused to see him. The three bishops, who had officiated at the crowning and to whom Thomas had dispatched the papal letters of suspension, had at once betaken themselves to Henry's court on the continent and had denounced the Archbishop in unmeasured terms. One of them, or some close adviser, supplemented their complaints with the solemn assurance that neither Henry nor his kingdom would know peace so long as Thomas lived. These words had the most extraordinary effect on the monarch. He burst forth into the most terrible excoriation of the Archbishop and finally let fall those pregnant words, which bitterly deplored that he was surrounded by sluggards, not one of whom would deliver him from this "base-born priest."

Four knights there were, Hugh de Moreville, Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tracy and Richard le Bret or Brito, who gave this exclamation a literal interpretation. Silently they departed from the court and sailed for the English coast. They reached Saltwood Castle, wrongfully withheld from Thomas by De Broc, on December 28th. Their host strengthened their purpose by the tidings that on Christmas the Archbishop had courageously excommunicated him for his many misdeeds. On that same day there had fallen from Thomas' lips those prophetic words: "One martyr, Saint Alfege, you have already; another, if God will, you will have soon." Late in the afternoon of December 29th an attendant announced to the Archbishop that four knights from the King wished to see him. He ordered them to be ushered into his presence and instantly recognized De Moreville, Fitzurse and Tracy, all of whom had sworn fealty to him when he was Chancellor, a fact of which he soon reminded them. The interview commenced calmly, but the knights were not long in taking a high tone which struck fire from the Archbishop. When, finally, they menaced him, he sprang from the couch on which he was sitting and cried: "You threaten me

in vain; were all the swords in England hanging over my head, you could not terrify me from my obedience to God, and my Lord the Pope. Once I gave way. I returned to my obedience to the Pope, and will nevermore desert it."

The knights retired and armed themselves. The Archbishop refused to listen to the pleas of his followers that he escape. "I am prepared to die," he answered, and again, "Let God's will be done." The monks, who were present, urged him to take refuge in the cathedral, but he would not hear of it until the vesper chant reached his ears. He then rose and said that now he would go to the cathedral, as it was his duty to be there. His followers would have barred and barricaded the cathedral doors, but he solemnly forbade them, saying that the church must not be turned into a castle. At last there was heard close at hand the clang of arms and the heavy tread of armored men. Terrified, all of the Archbishop's followers except three—Robert, his old instructor, William Fitzstephen, and Edward Grim—sought safety in flight. The knights rushed into the church with swords and axes in their hands. One of them cried out: "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the King?" Silence was the only answer, but then came the question from Fitzurse: "Where is the Archbishop?" Instantly Thomas turned and replied: "Reginald, here I am—no traitor, but Archbishop and priest of God; what do you wish?" He then descended to the transept and fearlessly faced his foes. They demanded the absolution of the bishops. He refused to yield to their threats, rightly asserting that the Pope alone had authority in the matter. They told him that he must die, ouly to be met with the reply: "I am ready to die for God and the Church; but I warn you, I curse you in the name of God if you do not let my men escape." Fitzurse reached out his hand and gripped his shoulder, exclaiming that he was their prisoner and seeking to drag him out of the church. The old-time martial strength awakened from its repose and the Archbishop easily disengaged himself from the unfriendly grasp. Nor could their combined efforts move him from his post, and Tracy, seeking to pinion him, was flung down on the pavement. Then Fitzurse approached with drawn sword and struck at his head, but merely dashed off his cap. Exclaiming "To God and the blessed Mary, to the patron saints of this church, and to St. Denys, I commend myself and the Church's cause," the Archbishop bowed his head, clasped his hands and awaited the fatal stroke. The first

blow was intercepted by the faithful Grim, the only attendant who now remained by him. At the second blow Thomas cried out: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." The third stroke beat him to his knees and he turned to the altar and murmured in a low tone, caught by the faithful Grim: "For the name of Jesus and for the defence of the Church I am ready to embrace death." He then fell flat upon his face and received from the hand of Brito a mighty blow which separated the crown of his head from the skull and scattered his brains over the cathedral floor.

Their bloody mission completed, the murderers rushed from the church, and the night descending in fearful darkness brought with it a great storm of thunder and rain. But the fury of the elements could not prevent the people nor the monks from gathering in great numbers in the desecrated church. Popular voice at once burst forth into the cry, Saint Thomas, an enthusiasm soon confirmed by miracles.

When the news of the murder reached Henry he was thrown into a state of the deepest consternation and grief. He dispatched trusted envoys to the Pope to protest his innocence and to offer his submission to any test. Later, at a Council at the castle of Gorram, he met the Papal legates, swore on the Gospels that he had not wished or ordered the Archbishop's murder, renounced the Constitutions of Clarendon, swore adhesion to the Pope and restored the property of the See of Canterbury. Twelve years later, when his sons had rebelled against him and he was encompassed on all sides by treason and misfortune, he resolved to have recourse to his old Chancellor. Dressed in the garb of a penitent and with bare feet he approached the holy tomb and remained long in prayer, with tears streaming down his countenance. He then submitted to a public scourging and, after a night spent in prayer and fasting, departed. On the very day Henry left Canterbury the King of Scotland, who had invaded England, was defeated and taken prisoner, and the fleet with which his rebellious sons had set out from Flanders was driven back. So, in the judgment of the monarch and his contemporaries, did the martyr reward Henry's penitence.

A MEDICAL VIEW OF MIRACLES.[1]

BY SIR BERTRAM WINDLE, M. D., F. R. S.

A CURIOUS little incident, throwing a light upon an even more curious form of mentality, was made public some months ago by a Catholic journal published in London. This paper, which was interested in a movement to send soldiers in France for a short visit to Lourdes, had arranged for a lecture to be delivered on the happenings there by one thoroughly familiar with them and for the chair to be taken by a very distinguished medical man. Thinking that the address might be of interest to other members of that profession, an advertisement was sent to that old and respectable organ of the medical profession, *The Lancet*, calling attention to the occasion.

To the astonishment of those who sent it, admission was refused to the announcement on the grounds—as stated by the manager—that "the medical profession does not believe in miracles."

In the first place it may be doubted, without any disrespect to that gentleman, whether the manager had any special claim to speak for the medical profession, and in the next it may be suggested, with complete confidence, that it would be quite possible to enumerate quite a list of medical men of good standing in their profession who do believe in miracles. Finally, it can be asserted boldly that, though perhaps comparatively few in number, there are cases of sudden cures which elude the explanations of those who utterly refuse to give credit to the hypothesis of miracle. Is there any excuse for the attitude of such? Only one plea can be put in for them, and that is ignorance—the kind of ignorance which Dr. Johnson pleaded as his excuse for wrongly defining some part of the anatomy of a horse. If that *is* an excuse, such persons may have the benefit of it, but is it really an excuse? Is it really pardonable for any man pretending to be guided by scientific considerations to place himself in the position of first making a statement and then having to admit that he had not previously taken the trouble to examine the evidence?

[1] *Preuves Médicales du Miracle* par le Docteur Le Bec; Paris, 1918.

Anyone who acted on these principles in a scientific matter would find it very hard to regain his credit with his scientific brethren; is it only in matters where religion is concerned that slip-shod methods of this kind are permissible? It may be convenient to consider this question of miraculous cures once more and in the light of the most recent evidence, and, as the writer of these lines has had a medical education and is the holder of a medical degree, he may at least claim to be in a position to estimate the character of the evidence medicine would require to satisfy itself on a point of this kind. To clear the way let us throw overboard certain preliminary and foolish objections to our views which are commonly made.

Number One—"Oh, you are prepared to believe anything!" This is a common and most foolish remark. It is made by those who are wholly ignorant of the kind of evidence required before it can be acknowledged that a miracle has occurred. Something may be learned by what is to follow of the kind of evidence which can be put forward. It cannot but appear to be very strong. Let those who read it and have open minds remember that, strong as it is, it has not, so far as we know, as yet passed the bar of ecclesiastical investigation. *Number Two*—"These things don't happen!" Well, unfortunately for that argument, they *do* and with such publicity as to render this remark quite out of court. *Number Three*—"It is all 'faked' by the priests!" This vulgar argument, once made use of by decent but mistaken persons, now belongs entirely to the Maria Monk School; it has been abandoned by all persons worthy of the slightest consideration and need not detain us. *Number Four*—"No doubt they happen, but they all have a nervous foundation and can be explained on the great hysteria principle"—which, by the way, is used to cover much ignorance in medical circles. As a sufficient answer, we shall study some cases which this kind of explanation cannot possibly cover. But to it may be added this pregnant fact, almost, if not quite, unknown to medical men, that a Pope was, perhaps, the very first to emphasize the importance of discounting cures into which any kind of nervous element entered. In the middle of the eighteenth century (from 1747-1751) when, it may be justly said, medical men were densely ignorant of nervous conditions, Benedict XIV issued his writings on the Beatification of the Servants of God in which he deals with the matter in a way that could not be bettered

today. Speaking of so-called miracles in hysterical persons, he says that it is very difficult to show that such cures are miraculous, and adds that "if sometimes the postulators of causes of Beatification have tried to establish such, I have never seen them succeed." *Number Five*—The last invented explanation: "Oh, it is all suggestion!" No one wants to minimize the potency of suggestion, but two remarks may be made under this heading. First, suggestion can only act through the nervous system, and we are proposing to limit ourselves here to cases in which the nervous system can be left out of count. Secondly, we may ask with Hilaire Belloc in his preface to Jorgensen's little book on Lourdes: "If what happens at Lourdes is the result of self-suggestion, why cannot men, though exceptionally, yet in similar great numbers, suggest themselves into health in Pimlico or the Isle of Man?"

I propose, as I have said, to consider a very few cases. They will suffice to prove my thesis, for if we once show that miraculous occurrences do take place at Lourdes, or elsewhere, then each case brought forward becomes one for separate investigation and judgment. With regard to these cases I shall claim that one of three things must be true: (1) Medical diagnosis, i. e., the recognition of individual diseases, is utterly untrustworthy, or (2) Medical teachers are ignorant of the fundamental facts of their science, or (3) Miracles do occur, and I will begin with a case which I have myself quoted elsewhere.[2] It has been dealt with often by others, but has never been controverted nor, to my knowledge, even shaken. It is consequently worthy of the closest attention. A negative answer to the question, "Was it a Miracle?" can only be made on the lines of the extraordinary statement of a German writer in a Berlin paper in 1902: "The cure of Pierre de Rudder cannot be true, because it would be a slap in the face for all the laws of biology and pathology."

This statement is about as scientific and as convincing as Zola's utterance: "I don't believe in miracles; even if all the sick in Lourdes were cured in one moment, I would not believe in them!"

De Rudder was a Belgian woodcutter on whose left leg a tree fell in 1867, fracturing both bones. He was attended by a medical man, but no union of the fragments took place. Matters seemed so hopeless and, indeed, from the medical point of view, were so hopeless that an amputation with a subsequent artificial limb was advised.

[2] See *The Church and Science*, chapter on Miracles.

The patient refused to consent, and for eight years continued to drag himself about with an ununited compound fracture, that is, a fracture which communicates with the open air. From this, necessarily at a time when antiseptics were practically unknown, there was a constant and very offensive discharge. Moreover, as time went on, the ends of the bones gradually died and rotted until there was an interval between them amounting to three centimetres, or something more than an inch. De Rudder could twist his leg round with his own hands so that the toes pointed backwards and the heel forwards.

In December, 1874, one of the doctors interested in his case saw and examined his leg and found it in the condition described above. In the following January (1875) another medical man who knew his case well saw him, again advised amputation and was again refused. From that time until the day after the cure, he was not seen by any medical man, and the suggestion has been made that during that time a spontaneous cure had taken place; the occurrence at Oostacker being a mere "fake" for the benefit of the Church. Fortunately, as I have said, the condition was not one which only a medical man could diagnose; anyone could detect what was wrong, and there were plenty of persons to testify to his condition up to a few moments before the cure happened.

On the 2d, 4th and 6th of April, 1875, no less than six persons, friends of de Rudder, charitably helped him to dress his unfortunate leg, and testified to all the revolting conditions above mentioned. On the 7th de Rudder went by train to Oostacker, where there was a sort of shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. To reach the shrine from the railway station he had to make use of an omnibus, and a curious proof of his condition is afforded by the fact that the conductor of that vehicle grumbled very much, as indeed well he might, that de Rudder's imperfectly bandaged limb had allowed a quantity of discharge to escape on the floor to its damage and its conductor's annoyance. De Rudder came to the shrine; sat down on a seat, tired out with his journey; we may assume that he said a prayer or two, but we are not told so. However that may be, he suddenly experienced a shock; felt that he was cured; stood upright; knelt down; rose up again and was able to walk without crutches or any other assistance to the omnibus. On the next two days he was examined by the two medical men who had previously seen him and who testified that his leg was perfectly strong and sound. He lived for twenty-three

years after this, pursuing his avocation as a laboring man, and died at the age of seventy-five, of pneumonia.

What had happened? Let us first consider what happens in ordinary cases of fracture when all goes well. The ends of the bones which are in a freshly broken condition become united by what is known as callus, that is, fresh bone grows and unites the two broken ends; a kind of permanent splice is formed; the bone is as strong as ever. But evidence of what has happened will always be present in the bone, easily detected in the dried specimen by the trained eye.

In the case of an unhealed compound fracture, the ends of the bone would not be fresh and before they could be got to unite it would be necessary either surgically to "freshen" them or that some natural process should produce a similar effect. Any surgeon will admit that the union of bones which have a gap between them of an inch and which have been suppurating for eight years is a thing which, with or without surgical interference, is almost impossible. The proof of this is the repeated advice to amputate. How is this new bone formed? From a lime salt which exists in small quantities in the blood and which is slowly supplied to the uniting bones. In fact, it takes three or more months for bones to knit firmly even under favorable conditions. It is estimated that at any one moment there is less than one and a half grammes, that is, about twenty grains, of this lime salt in the blood. Now in our case it was sudden; the whole thing seems to have been over in a moment; the work of three months—even in a normal and recent case—done in thirty seconds. That must strike anyone as wonderful. But the mechanism is absolutely baffling to the physiologist on any other explanation than that of miracle.

To build up the amount of bone which had to be built up to fill the gap between the ends of the bones—for there was no shortening of the limb; the entire gap *was* filled up—it is estimated that five grammes (i. e., about seventy-five grains) of the lime salt in question would be required. At any one time there is about one-third of this amount in the blood; *where did the remaining two-thirds suddenly come from?* To this inquiry there seems to be no answer possible on physical lines. Until there is, and there seems to be but little prospect of any answer, we may challenge our opponents, who deny the possibility of miracle,

to offer us any reasonable explanation of the sudden union and of the sudden supply of material necessary for that purpose.

Now let us apply our three explanations to this case. Can the diagnosis have been wrong? Wholly impossible in this instance. Were the bones really united? After de Rudder's death the bones were removed, photographed and deposited in a museum; there is no sort of doubt that the bones represented to have been his have suffered fracture and undergone reunion. Is there any possibility of such a sudden cure taking place under normal circumstances? None whatever unless all our medical knowledge is mere illusion. Therefore, either all the evidence carefully piled up and investigated in relation to this case, which—let it ever be remembered—is not one of the Middle Ages, but, so to speak, of yesterday, is a carefully conceived and frigid lie, or the occurrence is one so wonderful that—with all due submission to any future decision of the regular tribunals of the Church—it is certainly legitimate for the lay Catholic to look upon it as a miracle.

I have dealt at considerable length with this case, in the first place because it admirably exemplifies many points which I have been anxious to bring out and then because it has been considered by so many writers; has been before the public so very prominently without, so far as I am aware, any real doubt having been thrown on the circumstances attending it. The other cases which I shall select are less well known; may be briefly described; and all exhibit the same leading features—suddenness of cure and apparent impossibility of accounting for it.

Varicose veins are an affliction which all have heard of and most people, at some time or another, have seen. They are unfortunately very common; can be cured in early stages and in certain cases by operation, but when of long establishment are generally and properly regarded as quite incurable. Yet in the case of a priest, aged nearly sixty, who had suffered from this ailment in a most aggravated form for nearly twenty-five years, there followed a complete cure after his first bath at Lourdes. It could hardly have been a cure of suggestion, since the sufferer went unwillingly, without the slightest hope or expectation of a cure and solely in obedience to his Archbishop's orders. Besides it is impossible to suppose that suggestion could produce any effect in a case of this kind. Not to be too technical, the first thing

which occurs in this ailment is an inflammation of the walls of the veins by which they lose their flexibility. They become enormously dilated and tortuous, appearing like huge knots of worms. They lose the valves which normally assist in the circulation, and in the later stages ulceration of a serious character and most intractable appears. To all these various miseries this patient was a victim. Yet he was cured and instantaneously.

He was seen by doctors, who declared that the condition was incurable just before he went to Lourdes; he was seen again immediately after his return and found to be in perfect health and with no signs of varicose veins; he was again seen seven years after his cure—there had been no relapse. What had happened? The thickened coats of the veins had resumed their normal condition; the elongations had disappeared—a most wonderful thing—and perhaps most extraordinary of all, the valves had been restored to their normal places. That these things could have taken place at all by natural means—even under medical treatment—is a thing which no surgeon would credit. Not even would he allow that it might occur after a long and slow recovery, for the tendency of this ailment is to go from bad to worse. Not certainly could he be persuaded that it could take place in a single moment.

The next case is one in which suggestion can find no place, for the patient was a child of two years old, born with congenital club feet, the daughter of a Catholic doctor. He and his wife were naturally much distressed at the condition of their baby. As a medical man he very naturally and properly made his first appeal to the resources of his profession. The child, at the age of fifteen months, was operated on by a specialist, who performed tenotomy in each leg. The operation did little if any good and the use of apparatus was equally ineffectual. The doctor and his wife took the child to Lourdes. After the third bath the child walked perfectly, naturally; that is, as a normal child of two years old would walk. In this case, which was followed throughout by the father, himself a medical man, there were two remarkable features: the cure of the club feet and the immediate restoration to full strength of the muscles of the thighs and legs which had been seriously atrophied by disuse, but which were normal in appearance and function after the cure.

Cancer of the tongue is known to be a very deadly disease,

particularly when it recurs. Doctor Le Bec narrates a case and gives photographs where cancer had shown itself and an operation had been undergone. The disease recurred as it so often does. A second operation was advised but refused. The glands in the neck became affected—the inevitable sequel in such cases. The patient tried to get to Lourdes, but could find no place in the train; made a novena; bathed her tongue with Lourdes water and was completely and instantaneously cured, the infected glands becoming normal at the same time. Eight years later no recurrence had taken place. To a medical man comment on such a case is needless; he must admit that the cure is of a kind unknown to surgical science.

So, too, with another woman afflicted with serious and long-standing lupus which had caused perforation of the cheek and soft palate. She had been under constant medical advice for some ten years. She was seen eleven days before she went to Lourdes by a medical man who gave a certificate as to her condition. Her state was deplorable for, owing to the perforations, she could not eat unless the hole in her cheek was plugged with cotton wool. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that every form of treatment, including the actual cautery had been tried, nor need any medical man be reminded of the horribly offensive nature of the discharge and other conditions connected with such a case. She was accompanied to Lourdes by a nun who dressed her cheek continually and on the morning of her visit to the well, when the hole was large enough to permit a finger to be passed through it. Three hours after the last dressing at which no change was noticed, and at the end of one of the processions which take place daily, the cheek and the palate were found to be completely healed, all the perforations, so obvious in the morning, having disappeared. Five days after her return home she was seen by the same doctor as before her departure who certified to the extraordinary and inexplicable change in her condition.

The sequel is instructive. The case was so well known and excited so much attention that it formed the subject of discussions at the Medical Society of Metz where the woman lived. Many opinions were expressed, it appears, but the most curious was that of Dr. Muller, who urged that a certain treatment must have carried out during the journey and that by the aid of this the patient could have been cured in twelve days. There

is not the slightest evidence that any treatment other than dressing had been applied. Indeed, both the patient and the nun denied anything of the kind. But the most curious fact is that the woman had actually been attended and comparatively recently by this very Dr. Muller—one of the many doctors she had tried. If he knew that there was a treatment which would cure her in twelve days, why, it may fairly be asked, did he not make use of it and cure her without the trouble of going to Lourdes? The excuse really proves the impossibility of explaining the case on ordinary medical lines.

Other cases could be quoted; let these suffice. What are the main things to be noted about them? In the first place there is not one of them which presents the smallest difficulty in the way of diagnosis. Fracture of both bones of the leg; varicose veins; club feet; cancer of the tongue; lupus—if any student at his final examination for medical degrees failed to diagnose any one of these he would most certainly and most properly be rejected. There *is* one small loophole in the lupus case, but we need not trouble about it, since the doctor who was the author of the suggestion never thought of it until after his patient had been cured at Lourdes. There is, moreover, no evidence whatever for the alternative explanation. In the second place, the pathology and history of such cases are perfectly well known; they are as familiar to medical men as his daily beat is to a postman. They are all amongst the most common of the ills of humanity and it is almost inconceivable that anything much more is to be learned about any of them—anything, that is, which could help us to account for the method by which they have all been cured. Thirdly, there is not one of them in which, by any kind of special pleading even, the influence of the nervous system or of a hysterical condition can possibly be invoked.

Lastly, and as a corollary to this, unless everything which we have learned about medicine is a delusion, there is not the most remote chance that any one of these patients can have suggested themselves into a cure. The baby did not know what was happening and, if it had, will any one argue that distorted feet can be put right and new muscular fibres suddenly produced by suggestion? Or again, can suggestion suddenly produce an enormous superabundance of lime salts in the blood and suddenly unite

by them fragments of bone which have been sundered for years? To ask the question is to answer it.

The Church has not, we understand, pronounced any of these cases to be miracles and we shall not attempt to do so. But surely we may ask, whatever they are, are they not very proper matters for medical discussion? And is it not just and proper that we should ask those who refuse to believe that miracles can happen, to be good enough to throw some light on the mechanism of cure in these and other like cases.

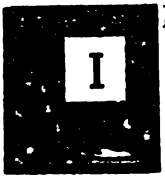
Before concluding, special emphasis must be laid upon one point which has been alluded to in all these cases and that is the suddenness of the cure. In many of the cases the patient states that he or she felt a sudden shock, or a great pain, or a feeling as if hot irons were being applied, and the cure is found to have been effected. Doctor Le Bec calls especial attention to this Time Factor to which I had myself directed attention in my book already mentioned. Such a method of cure, or rather, perhaps, such a history of cure, is quite unknown to medical science in cases of this kind.

It is quite what one would expect in cases of a hysterical nature, and, by the way, let it be parenthetically said that whilst the cure—permanent of course—of a hysterical condition may not be a miracle, it is none the less a very special grace to the patient and still more to her uphappy family. But the cases with which we are concerned are of long standing and involve profound —one would suppose irreversible—changes in the tissues. If such cases could get well by natural means, which it is almost if not quite impossible to imagine, it is incredible that such changes as must take place could do so with absolute suddenness and completeness.

Those who deny that God works miracles even today, or even that there is a God at all, may reasonably be invited to throw some light upon the mechanism of these cures and especially on the suddenness and completeness which they exhibit. There is only one alternative: to call them lies! No one familiar with the facts can advance that argument. It may be left to those who nowadays alone make use of it, the less educated and less reputable of our opponents.

THE PROBLEM OF BIG BUSINESS

BY LEO N. MURRAY.



F all men were equal in their equipment for life; were angels and Adam had not fallen—there would altruists, and if none were self-seekers—or if men or by the lack of any training; if all men were if all men were unbiased by a particular training be little ground for economic debate.

But the fact that the foregoing conditions are not realized, no one will deny. And the fact that there is a deal of economic debate, no one can deny.

The old story of the three men viewing a field (it might as easily have been thirty-three) is in point. One was a geologist, and the field spelled itself into his mentality in geological terms. Another was a farmer, and the field meant sowing and cultivation and reaping to him. The third might have been a real estate man, and, naturally, his concern would have been with different factor-possibilities than those of his friends. And so on and on. All were agreed, however, that the field in question was useful. The question of "how" and "why" was the parting of the roads.

This oft-told legend is not without application to an important question of to-day. The field is large-scale productive industry—Big Business. The geologist and the farmer and the real-estate man have their counterparts in the Socialist, the Capitalist, and the Coöperationist. They are agreed on one point: the field is useful. From that point on they disagree. Let us see in what different lights each of the three views the field, and then whether any of the three is entirely right or entirely wrong, or whether they are all more or less right or wrong.

Few will seriously question the utility of Big Business. The concentration of highly expert management in a particular field; the resultant efficiency and the economy of production costs made possible by this concentration; the large-scale production and standardizing of product which is corollary to it—are sufficiently obvious to the everyday observer. The, at least, potential utility of Big Business is undeniable. Moreover, Big Business is necessary for a nation that would keep step with its economic rivals.

Usefulness and necessity postulate at least potential good. Yet experience has shown that Big Business, just because it is big, has big potentialities for evil, too. There is an argument *contra* as well as an argument *pro*, neither entirely unreasonable. For to counterbalance the good of economy in production, large-scale production and standard product, efficient management and specialized division of labor, there are the only too familiar evils of "pitiless persecution" of the small competitor, exorbitant monopoly and combination prices, squeezing of small stockholders for the illegitimate enrichment of "malefactors of great wealth" and a dozen other things. And these evils flow from the same source as the afore-mentioned good.

In view of this, various groups of thinkers theorize on Big Business and propose and advocate ways and means to handle this industrial device, which, in spite of its enormous advantages, has proved its potentiality for evil by actualizing it, acting in far too many instances with an emphasis on its consciousness of brute size and a lack of emphasis on its moral responsibility. These ways, means and theories are matters worthy of our consideration.

The Socialist theory, most radical of all, would cure by killing. (By the Socialist, we mean the Marxian, or so-called orthodox). True, he would not admit that he was killing; he would say he merely advocates state ownership and control of all production and products. But whatever his intent, the Socialist would kill Big Business in its understood sense. For the state-ownership scheme of the Socialist would destroy all incentive for expert managerial production, and could guarantee no better than a management of production by a "chosen-by-lot managerial mediocrity." As the efficient managerial factor which Socialism would eliminate is one of the primary reasons for Big Business, it follows that, in practice, the Socialist theory would kill Big Business.

The Socialist is wrong in his logic. He talks of the right of labor to the whole product (deducting merely the actual value of the replacement of the capital instruments involved). But he does not tell us how economic determinism and moral rights, which are at opposite poles, can be maintained in the same paragraph. This observation is not new; it is none the less true and relevant.

The Socialist is wrong, again, in his economic theory (which is the basis for his desired socializing of the means of production);

for he denies the *right* (again!) of Big Business to a return on its capital and he denies it on the ground of "no title." He lays down the principle that labor is the sole determinant of value—and does not prove it. He concludes from his principle that the whole product belongs to the laborer, but does not tell where the laborer gets his title to possession of the material on which he labors. Nor does he recognize what every sane economist knows, and any thinking observer will admit, that scarcity and utility are the factors that make for value, and not labor in any primary sense. (I may labor for forty years on a machine for producing perpetual motion, but will the machine have any value? Very probably not!)

Again, the Socialist errs by dreaming of his Mirage State and arguing from that utopian consideration to the consequent necessity of destroying Big Business as at present understood. But he forgets that his Mirage State, even in its ideal fulfillment, would be but a nationalized or internationalized aggregation of mediocrities, in serfdom to an oligarchy of Lenines and Trotzkys, or to a mob-control of soldiers' and sailors' and workingmen's committees. His Mirage State, now holding the reins in Russia, has beautifully vindicated the criticisms of Catholic philosophy on his system.

So much for the radical Socialist theory of how to deal with Big Business. It is a theory drawn from poisoned wells which would kill and not cure the most important industrial device of our times, Big Business—and worse yet—it would also kill the whole Christian social order. But we may be wasting time shooting at a straw man. It does not seem likely that Socialism will be seriously considered by the normal sane man in the future. The Russian Reds have painted a flaming warning on Northern Europe. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to conceal the ghastliness of that warning.

A second solution of the Big Business problem is the solution of the Coöperationists. This theory is devoid of tainted radicalism and deserves serious consideration. It argues, fairly enough, that the existence of a minority class, constantly increasing its wealth by receipt of "workless income" in the shape of returns on its capital, is economically and socially an unhealthy condition. It aims at a more socially and economically expedient and less socially dangerous distribution of the national income *to*

as many, instead of *to as few*, individuals as possible. It would obviate the danger of a constantly more marked stratification of society into hostile classes: of employer and employee—capitalist and labor. It involves no programme of dispossession and confiscation, but would substitute a coöperative society of workers and managers for a coöperative society of owners and managers.

Now certain observations are in order. Our concern here is with *Big Business*, by which term, from common parlance, is meant *large industrial enterprises engaged in production.* Consequently, we are not dealing with coöperative credit societies or coöperative agricultural societies or small-scale cooperative productive societies or even coöperative mercantile societies. Each of these forms of coöperation has much to make it worth a trial (and, indeed, each has been tried with good measure of success in many cases), for each makes for a more widespread distribution of the national income, and any conomic action in that direction not involving an over-great loss of efficiency and economy is largely desirable. But these are not the concern of this article. Nor can we touch here the morality of interest or fair profits. At least the presumptions are with the morality of these institutions; that they are morally good is here taken for granted.

These limitations understood, we return to coöperation as a solution of the Big Business problem. Coöperation may take two major forms which must be considered separately (in reference to productive enterprise always). First, there is what is called the "perfect form" of coöperation. The essence of this, according to Professor Taussig, consists "in getting rid of the managing employer"—or from the converse view, according to Dr. Ryan, "the perfect form occurs when all the workers engaged in the common concern own all the share capital, control the entire management, and receive the whole of the wages, profits and interest."

There is little question that such a system would be ideal, granted its practicability. It would have every advantage and none of the disadvantages of the Socialist scheme; it would make for a wide distribution of the national income and a more equitable and universal standard of living; it would furnish individual incentive and protect the rights of private property, for, as Dr. Ryan points out so well, it is not a system of collective owner-

ship, but a system of immediate *private ownership* and control of a *definite amount of specific capital.*

But ideal though the system seems to be, its practicability in the particular matter with which we are now concerned, is quite another thing. Big Business, precisely because it is big, needs precisely the efficient managing employer that Perfect Coöperation aims to avoid. For only such a manager, it would seem, and only with the incentive of profit to himself, would or could make Big Business maintain its present efficiency—and efficiency is the particular reason for Big Business. True, as Dr. Ryan points out, directive talent of the altruistic type may be developed in time, but from the present outlook it would seem that that time is very far distant. Again, Big Business requires big capital. This is another objection to coöperation-ism in this field; not insuperable, of course, for a coöperative society "acorn," like a captain of industry "acorn," may become an "oak." But it will be long in growing since the shoots are not yet even visible. Professor Carver is right when he says that capital is the limiting factor in the present industrial situation and without it Big Business is impossible.

It may be added also that unless coöperative production were universal, it would tend to reëstablish the very system it purports to avoid: the employer and wage system. Experience shows that a coöperationist society tends to become a closed corporation, once it is in full swing. "Perfect coöperation, therefore, does not offer an adequate solution of the Big Business problem—though its future possibilities in certain limited fields of production may not be denied.

There is, however, a second form of coöperation, popularly known as the co-partnership form. Co-partnership exists when some or all of the employees of a concern own stock in the business of the concern which employs them, and not only own stock but participate directly in the management of the concern. A third element, profit sharing, is usually considered an integral element of this form of coöperation.

The most notable experiment in this line, according to Dr. Ryan, is that of the Metropolitan Gas Co. of London. "Practically all the company's six thousand employees are now among its stockholders," says Dr. Ryan. "Although their combined holdings are only about one twenty-eighth of the total, they are

empowered to select two of the ten members of the board of directors." What may prove to be an even more notable experiment in this line has recently attracted much attention in our own country. The Sears-Roebuck Co. of Chicago, employing between thirty and forty thousand, has gone in for a co-partnership scheme which involves stock ownership and profit-sharing, but which, in the information of the present writer, does not include direct employee participation in the company's management, although certainly a degree of management participation is involved in the very fact of stock ownership. More than ten per cent. of the total issue of common stock of the Sears-Roebuck Co. is already owned by the employees and, as the particular co-partnership scheme in use involves a progressive acquirement of stock by the employees, it will probably not be long before the employees of this concern will have a very substantial part even in the direct managerial end of the business. Just at present, however, the emphasis in the Sears-Roebuck case seems to be on the profit-sharing phase of co-partnership. It is not yet a strictly co-partnership enterprise.

Not that the profit-sharing phase of co-partnership is not important. It is important and is often used alone, without the other elements of the co-partnership device. It is described by Gide as a system by which "profits, instead of falling exclusively to him (the employer), are divided according to some system of sharing between the employer and employees, the workmen thus receiving an addition to their regular wages, if the enterprise has been successful." A more satisfactory definition is quoted from Schloss by Dr. Ryan. Profit-sharing is said to be "the system under which . . . a substantial and known share of the profits of a business belongs to the workers in it, not by right of any shares they may hold or for any other title, but simply by right of the labor they have contributed to make the profit." A concrete expression of this device is had in what is called the Ryan-Callahan plan, which has considerable vogue in the Middle West, and is best exemplified by the Louisville Varnish Co. of Kentucky, which pioneered the device. Profits are divided into two equal parts. One part is divided among the owners, the other among the employees. This is certainly a large-visioned policy, and its local successes have been most marked, due in part probably to the generosity of the division.

One thing is sure, the advantages of the co-partnership scheme (as inclusive of profit sharing) for solving the problem of Big Business are very great. Co-partnership takes some of the sting out of the "universal absenteeism of ownership." It gives a greater number a share in the annual national income from the productive processes. It is an incentive to each individual employee. It is socially advantageous, as it tends to close up the unfortunate class-gap between employee and employer. Moreover, it makes for stability of labor, for when a laborer receives a fair wage and a division, however small, of the profits earned, and when, in addition, he has a voice in the actual management, the inevitable result is loyalty to and interest in the industrial unit to which he is attached.

True, like everything else human, even this comparatively ideal thing is open to objection. For some it does not go far enough; for others, it goes too far. It is claimed that the profit-sharing phase of the co-partnership plan will lessen the incentive of the entrepreneur-owner. This has not been the experience in Louisville. Says President Callahan of the Louisville Varnish Co.: "This system has proved to be of the greatest satisfaction to everybody concerned. It brought about a character of service that before the war enabled us to develop a business that was outstripping all competitors, and in the final analysis the owners, although they got only half the returns of the business, realized more on their money invested than the owners of competitors did. And the reason was that every man had an interest, an individual, personal interest, in everything going on."

The example of this company is not discouraging to manager-owners. And there seems to be no valid reason why this "no incentive" objection should be so often advanced. For the percentage of profits that go to the employee will not be the whole loaf by any means; nor should it be. Moreover, what the manager-owner loses in this regard, he gains tenfold in increased individual responsibility and eagerness for maximum productivity on the part of each employee, and in rendering stable his own position as capitalist and the position of other capitalists; for, given no mitigation of the present order of a constantly fattening and numerically decreasing capitalistic minority, the danger of social revolution is no mere fantasy of the imagination.

Another argument against the profit-sharing phase of co-part-

nership is on the score of fairness. If the employee is to share the profits, he should share the losses. This looks like a serious objection. It is a real difficulty, although not necessarily alarming; for Big Business, as we know it, seldom would frighten a worker from accepting a proposition of profit-sharing and loss-sharing. Furthermore, it is always understood that the proportion of gross profits which goes for a sinking-fund against risk or some similar contrivance will not be included in the percentage of net profit distribution made to the employees.

A third objection is made by Professor Walker: "Suspicions are likely to arise regarding the employer's good faith in declaring the amount subject to distribution, unless the workmen or a committee of them are to be allowed such access to the employer's books and accounts," which access he goes on to take for granted, "few business men would willingly accede." For reasons given above, and by reason of a publicity-law, to be argued for later, also because strict co-partnership, providing employee participation in the management, will safeguard this danger to its profit-sharing phase, one may take exception to Professor Walker's qualification.

This second form of coöperation, then, appears practicable and has advantages to recommend it to far-sighted business men. Even in its partitive exemplification in profit-sharing, it is good. In its complete form of stock ownership and managerial participation by employees plus profit-sharing, it gives the greatest promise. Both forms have been given a trial and considerable impetus locally during the present war. It is to be hoped that strict co-partnership will become the universal rule; for it is, as Dr. Ryan puts it, "a partial solvent" of the problem of capitalism in general, and particularly of the problem of Big Business productive enterprises.

Up to this point our concern has been with the Socialist-Radical theory and the Coöperation theories. There remains the capitalist position, or as it is called in economics, the theory of Individualism. The individualist is strictly conservative. He is against any change in the present order. He is for allowing the individual unlimited rein and unlimited possibilities (not, of course, illegal or immoral) for development of industry and the acquiring of wealth. He bases his stand on the claim that any limitation on the right of acquiring will deprive society of great

leaders, great captains of industry, great inventors, because it will deprive them of stimulus or incentive.

The individualist is right and he is wrong. Great incentives and great stimuli are necessary to secure the development of great industrial talent. But a general modification of numerical unlimitedness is not necessarily a deprivation of necessary incentives or stimuli. A poor inventor does not cease his efforts to produce his masterpiece because he knows that he must share the profits of his ingenuity with those who risk their capital on it. So too with a captain of industry. It is not absolutely necessary for incentive that his numerical financial possibilities be *absolutely* unlimited.

Besides, some modifications of Individualism do seem imperative. That Individualism must have an important place in any proper solution of the Big Business problem is granted, but it must be a restrained Individualism. Its unrestrained form has led to the serious social-economic evils, already mentioned, of pushing small competitors to the wall by illegal methods such as rate discrimination; arbitrarily limiting the supply of a commodity and thus forcing exorbitant monopoly prices on the consumer. But, worst of all, partly as an effect of the foregoing, partly as a cause, Big Business is largely responsible for the economically bad and dangerous situation of enormous concentration of wealth in a small capitalistic group. This fact makes limitations and restrictions on it imperative.

There is no intention here of denying private property rights nor the presumptions in favor of the morality of interest and profits in the present order. But these rights must be restricted in the interest of the common rights of every man. The first right in the distribution of the economic goods of a national income is the right of each individual in the nation to a decent livelihood for himself and for his progeny. That right stands higher than any canon of capitalism or right of private property. And that right Big Business has not respected in its manipulations and star-chamber methods. Big Business must be taught to respect that right.

What Professor Devas advised for the reformation of joint stock companies thirty years ago is applicable to Big Business. "Let us," he says, "compel publicity of all prices, all charges, all payments, so that discrimination may be checked; let local or cen-

tral authorities have a voice in the settling of price-lists and forbid sudden, great and uncalled-for changes of prices." This is good advice, but it does not go far enough to meet present and more acute economic evils. A further programme is necessary, and it is here embodied in certain recommendations taken from the first reconstruction pamphlet of the National Catholic War Council, viz:

(1) "Labor ought gradually to receive greater representation in the 'industrial' part of the business management—the control of processes and machinery; nature of product; engagement and dismissal of employees, hours of work; rates of pay, bonuses, etc., welfare work; shop discipline; relations with trade unions. This would vastly improve relations between the employees and employers and increase the efficiency and productiveness of each establishment."

The Catholic reconstructionists recommend also:

(2) "The prevention of monopolistic control of commodities.

(3) "Adequate government regulation of such public monopolies as will remain under private operation.

(4) "Heavy taxation of incomes, excess profits and inheritances."

Add to this excellent programme government price-fixing, where competition breaks down, universal employer's liability for accident to employees, and a minimum-wage law, and you have a fairly comprehensive program which will allow capitalists a just place in the sun without crowding out a nation of workmen from the beneficent rays of the same celestial body.

To return to our analogy: The field is certainly useful. Of the three men viewing it, one is certainly wrong, while neither of the other two is *exclusively* right. The view of the stickler for "perfect coöperation" seems impracticable and the view of the stickler for individualism rampant *is* unreasonable. Once again, the *via media* is the thing. The true solution of the Big Business problem, it seems safe to say, lies in the secondary form of coöperation-ism (including profit-sharing) and in the legal limitation of capitalism's potentialities for evil, with the simultaneous safeguarding of its potentialities for good.

AN UNCANONIZED SAINT

BY MARY FOSTER.

XV

TONY, tired for the moment of Assisi, had packed his bag and set off for a short, solitary tour. He had not intended to be away more than ten days, but that time had lengthened into nearly three weeks before he showed his round, sunburned face again at the hotel door. At dinner the friends chatted about the traveler's experiences, and afterwards, as they were having their coffee in the cool hall, Standish surprised the younger man by the wonderful flow of uninteresting conversation that he kept up. It was only when Tony suggested that it was now time for them to leave Assisi that his friend's glib talk ceased for a while.

Later on, when everyone had ostensibly gone to bed, Mark tapped at Bland's door. Tony had not yet thought of beginning to undress. He was carefully arranging films of the photographs he had taken on his little tour, consulting a notebook as he did so, and numbering each roll before sending it away to be developed. He just looked up and nodded as the artist entered the room, and continued his work.

Mark went to the open window. The moon had risen and was casting a strange white light upon the misty plain, and creating vague, fanciful shadows in the small garden beneath the window. Neither spoke for some moments, Mark's silence a contrast to the garrulous chatter he had indulged in downstairs. Suddenly he turned half round from the window and, plunging his hands deep in his pockets, he blurted out with evident difficulty:

"Tony, old boy, I'm going to be a Catholic."

Bland nearly let kodak and films roll on to the floor when he received this astounding intelligence. He made some sort of inarticulate murmur, and looked expectantly at his friend.

"I've had rather a wretched time since you went away,"

Standish continued, turning back to the window. "I felt so restless and moody. At nights I could not sleep, or, if I did, my rest was broken with strange dreams—dreams which I could not remember when I awoke, but which left me with a curious, worn-out sensation, as though I had been working very hard or using my brain in some deep study. When I sat in the vineyards I was unhappy, for it seemed as if things were not right. Something great and good seemed to hang before me, something I wanted greatly, though I knew not what it was, something which I could not reach. Then there was that compelling power always urging, urging me forward I knew not where. So strong was it sometimes that I would jump to my feet feeling that I was being bodily compelled to rise."

He paused for a moment, under the influence of a strong emotion, and then continued:

"I had made acquaintance with an old priest in the olive groves, a man who interested me strangely; and this place with its marvelous atmosphere seemed to hold a spell over me. I began to wonder, in the midst of all these strange sensations, to wonder about this God in Whom young and old, simple and intellectual, believe. When I asked some idle questions of the *padre*, his answers were brief. It was as though he replied unwillingly; he would not advertise his wares, so to speak. He said no more than courtesy required, and I—I felt out of it, somehow. Something seemed to prevent me from acquiring the knowledge I sought, and, as is always the way, the less I could discover the more anxious I grew to know more. My old friend said a few things which impressed me and, Tony, I began to realize that there must be something higher in life than mere pleasurable existence; that there are others in the world besides myself, and that I am not so awfully important."

He paused again. Tony had ceased his occupation, but he still remained near the table where lay his photographic appliances.

"But I didn't want to give in," went on Standish slowly, "though I was attracted, and for a day or two I avoided the old man. But it was no use—I had to seek him again. All my strange fancies redoubled, I had no peace; ever did I feel pushed onwards. I hated the idea of seeking instruction. I hate it still. Yet I feel I must, I must become a Catholic. I don't know why. I don't want to, yet I must. It's—it's indescribable."

"I don't think it's quite straight of the old chap to force you

to join his religion," remarked Tony after a little silence, putting his pencil in his mouth, as his pipe was not handy.

"But that is what he has not done," interrupted Mark. "He has almost discouraged me; curiously enough, he has put me off again and again. No, it is something within me that made me ask him to instruct me. I can't understand it; I feel I am doing right. What we call our conscience tells me so, but it is sadly against the grain, old boy. Yet I must do it for peace sake."

Tony whistled. "Hypnotism," he observed briefly.

"I wish I could think so. But hypnotism in these days, and with me! No," he added with much hesitation, "it seems as if, as if—someone were wishing very much that I should do this."

The two friends were silent for a long time. It was not Tony's way to offer comments on any confidences.

"I shall want to stay on here a bit," Mark said at length in his natural tones, as he prepared to seek his own room, "but do as you like, Bland; do not feel tied to me. I feel I'm treating you rather badly, old man, but you must forgive me. I'm not myself."

Tony inwardly agreed with the latter sentiment. That Mark should humble himself to the doctrines and beliefs of any church was something so extraordinary that Bland shook an incredulous head. Certainly Standish was not himself. And as for those feelings and promptings of which the artist had spoken, they were quite above Tony's head to fancy. So that gentleman betook himself to bed, to dream practical dreams about his own practical life.

That there was a wonderful charm about Don Benedetto no one could deny, Mark least of all. If the old priest could be entertaining on other subjects, he could be doubly so upon that nearest to his heart. Mark soon found that no matter how difficult he felt it to break the ice anew each day, he was held spellbound by the time his instruction was over. Gradually he was carried away by the beauty and depth of religion, and grew rapt in his new task. Very soon a soft love for what he was learning crept into his soul. He was an intelligent pupil and learned quickly, and when he was called upon to accept what, a few short months ago he would have laughed at, he could only humble himself in silent wonder.

"I think someone must be praying very earnestly for you," the priest remarked one day, taking a large pinch of snuff and scattering most of it upon Mark's well-brushed coat. Then he remembered the young man's story, and added with an easy familiarity:

"Doubtless it is little Caterina. Our Italian girls are faithful and they love the good God."

"She must have forgotten me long ago," Mark replied. But the idea pleased him.

The time of his instruction was drawing to a close and he was conscious of a feeling of peace and rest. The old urging feeling had gone, and all he desired was to quickly embrace the Faith which he was beginning to love with a fervor he had not known before. He began to understand Caterina's love for him and, as God gradually became to him what He was to her, he realized how right she had been in giving up her lover.

Just before he was received into the Church, he wrote to Tony, who had again set off on a wander:

> I am pegging away hard at my studies, and I expect to be received very soon. I know you'll wish me joy on the occasion, even though you may not agree with me. But I have a proposal to make to you of which I am sure you will approve. Will you meet me in Siena and be with me for a certain event which I earnestly hope will take place there after I have left Assisi a Catholic? In other words, I am going to seek Caterina and, if she will have me, we shall be married.
>
> By the way, I heard from Mrs. Langford, such a nice, kind letter, saying that you had told her about me. She congratulated me heartily, and added that she had always known that this would happen. I must write and tell her what I hope to do in Siena. I think it will please her romantic heart, won't it? As soon as I can I will fix up dates. Meanwhile, do keep yourself fairly free, like a good chap. . . .

Old Don Benedetto led his new child out of the chapel himself, a few days later. He took a very noisy pinch of snuff as they stood together at the foot of the path, watched by a group of peasants who were talking excitedly among themselves of the scene they had just witnessed in the church. The old priest remarked that he was sorry that his work was over, and he looked rather wistfully at Standish. He shook his white head slowly when Mark promised to return with his wife.

"I am getting old," he said. "I hope God will soon call me home."

His erstwhile pupil took an earnest and grateful farewell of him, feeling, as he turned his back upon the little hamlet, that he

had bidden goodbye to a real friend. He felt happy, yet gravely so. His great dream was accomplished, but life lay before him to be faced, and it could never be the same as hitherto. New responsibilities confronted him, and more would be expected of him. He even thought soberly of his coming meeting with Caterina, and he recollected that it was now two years since he had seen her. But the idea that she was not waiting for him still, never entered his mind.

Bland met his friend at the station at Siena next day with rather a glum face. He had never expected that Mark would really become a Catholic, and it seemed to him to set a barrier between them, so that he did not quite know how he should be received. But as they drove up the steep street to the hotel where Bland already occupied rooms they chatted merrily enough.

Mark, with a sense of friendliness which Tony greatly appreciated, forbore to seek Caterina the first day and gave himself up wholly to his chum's society. But Tony felt that Mark was lost to him in more ways than one.

XVI.

When Mark went out next morning his footsteps turned at once in the direction of the southern part of the city. But as he entered the familiar streets they faltered. He could not make up his mind to go down the Via Benincasa, and he paced the streets nearby undecidedly.

If he should chance to meet her here before other eyes, what should he do? How receive her? Once he thought of going back to the hotel until evening. But the days were at their longest and darkness did not fall till late, and in the cool evenings people would be sitting at their doorsteps. Perhaps it would be better to venture down the familiar streets now, and enter the little chapel. She might be there.

He paced irresolutely between the tall houses, looking at his watch occasionally, and glancing round, half-fearing, half-longing to see the familiar figure. Hitherto he had not given a thought as to how they should meet again, and the place of their encounter had not occurred to him until he stood within a stone's throw of her dwelling. Just before noon he turned resolutely down the street which led to the steep Via Benincasa, recollecting that once the *Ave Maria* rang out the chapel would be closed.

Of course the usual tribe of small boys and girls greeted him at the head of the street, offering themselves as guides. Mark smiled. Caterina must have formed one of such a crowd some ten or twelve years ago. But he told them that he knew his way, and shook his head to the demands for "*franco-bolli.*"

He looked down the street almost timidly. But only a few old women sat at their doors, and one or two little boys played in the gutters. The little church was open and he entered slowly. At first, from the glare without, there seemed to be a profound darkness within, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he turned them eagerly to her old corner. But there was no upright figure standing there, no upturned face, no earnest eyes fixed upon the tabernacle door. He seemed to be quite alone. Then the swinging lamp caught his eye, and with that sense of novelty which still attended his every act of devotion, he sank upon one knee, making the unfamiliar sign of the Cross.

A rustle and a few indistinguishable words greeted his ears and he turned quickly. His eyes, now used to the sombre light, descried something in the old corner, something half-leaning against a wooden seat. His pulses throbbed wildly as he rose and went towards it. He heard a torrent of words poured forth in a well-remembered tone, he saw a pair of hands clasped, and earnest eyes upturned in prayer. Then he imprisoned the figure in his arms.

"Oh, Caterina, my darling, I have come back to you," he cried in a low voice, and he felt her head drooping against his breast.

"I did not expect to see you," she whispered, kissing his hand, "but you are a Catholic now; I saw you kneel. I expected that. God is good."

"Yes, Caterina, I am a Catholic now," he said softly, "and I have come back to you."

She turned to the altar. "Ah, dear God," she sighed.

Mark poured out his eager love into her listening ears, and she smiled wistfully as he spoke. But he felt her hands thin and hot in his clasp and he turned her face towards the dim light and peered at it anxiously.

"You have been ill, my Caterina," he exclaimed. "Have you pined and drooped for me? What a brute I have been!"

She did not reply, but her lips quivered and her brown eyes

filled with tears. But she smiled again as he whispered eagerly to her, telling her that illness would have no part in her life now that he had returned to love and care for her. Then she wept quietly, so softly that he did not know that she was weeping until her warm tears fell upon his hands.

"Are you not happy, Caterina?" he asked tenderly. "Are you not glad that I have returned?"

"Ah, so pleased, so grateful," she murmured brokenly.

"Do you love me still, my darling, as you loved me two years ago?"

For answer she clung closer to him, but her tears continued, and he regarded her with anxiety, they fell so hopelessly.

"You will marry me, won't you, Caterina, now that I am of your Faith? I think it was your prayers that brought me to it. For these past months I have felt urged, as it were, to the Church. At first sadly against my will, but I could get no rest until I had inquired into the truth. Then, as the beauties of our Faith were unfolded to my listless gaze, I grew to love them and to love our God."

She listened eagerly, with her eyes fixed on his face and her lips parted.

"When will you marry me?" he persisted, as he finished his story, marveling at her strange, tearful silence.

"I am ill," she replied gently, and shook her head. "I am very ill. They say I will not live."

"But I will make you live. You have fretted your life away since I spoiled your happiness. Now I shall make amends to you a hundredfold. I will live for you and make you love your life."

"Oh, I do love it," she sobbed.

"Then we shall be married at once," he assured her eagerly. "I will have you cured and made well and strong."

But she shook her head again. "I cannot marry. They say I am dying, and I think I am."

"But you will grow strong again, my love, with care," he insisted. "See, together we will pray and ask God to give you strength and health."

"No," she cried, "we cannot pray for that."

"But surely we may ask Him for anything?" he inquired humbly. "May we not ask Him for all we want?"

"Yes, but not for that, not for that. I cannot—"

He turned to her gravely. "Caterina, what do you mean? Don't you want to live?"

She clung to him, sobbingly, as he paused.

"What is it, child?" he asked softly. "You are ill, my dearest, and it makes you fearful about yourself. But God can give you back your health."

She bowed her head.

"Then let us ask Him now, together, for this favor," he said gently.

But she drooped silently before him.

"Caterina, what have you done? What is it that makes you hide from me? Do you think the good God wants you? Is that why you will not pray for your recovery?" He bent over her, and just caught the words she murmured hesitatingly:

"I know He wants me."

Mark did not speak at once. He was puzzled. But she repeated her words more firmly and met his eyes bravely.

"How can you know?" he asked in bewilderment. "What have you done, Caterina. Oh! what have you done?"

"Don't be angry with me," she whispered. "Oh, Mark, you must understand. I felt I had to do it, just as you felt you had to believe. It was sadly against my will, too, and more than ever it is hard now, bitterly hard." She paused, and he waited anxiously.

"Tell me," he whispered encouragingly.

She bent her head so low that he had to stoop to hear her faltering words:

"I prayed for you so hard," she murmured, "but it seemed as if the dear God and His holy Mother would not listen to me. At first I thought it was not true that you did not believe; I was sure you would come back to me, and I asked the Madonna to send you quickly. But you didn't come. Then I found out that there really were people in the big world, like you, who did not love God or believe in him; some, too, yes, some who scoffed at Him. And Don Filippo told me that I must pray very earnestly for them. I did, but you never came. I told the dear Mother of God that if only she would make you a Catholic and send you back to me, we would be so good. We would give all our little children in a special manner to her. But she didn't answer. Afterwards, I thought that perhaps God would let you see His truth but that He might not will that you should return to me. Then I was not gen-

erous. I could not give you to Him without wanting you for myself, too, but after a little I gave in and left it all in His hands. After this last Christmas I began to feel restless and unhappy, as if the good God was going to ask me to give Him something really precious. I was frightened. I found it hard to pray. But at last I knew what He was asking for."

She paused for a long time.

"He asked me to offer my life for your soul." She continued more slowly: "Since I did so, I have felt that He has taken my little offering, and I felt that you were being drawn nearer and nearer the truth. I seemed to be drawing you with my own hands. At the same time I felt ill and weak and I grew no better. They tell me I will never get well, and I know it."

Mark had buried his face in his hands as she spoke, and he did not move even when she laid a little hand upon his head in a mute caress. She waited patiently, the tears drying on her sad face, her lips moving as she prayed for strength for them both and uttered words of gratitude, too, for the joy that had come to her in answer to her prayers. At length he raised his head.

"Caterina," he said, "will you come to our old meeting place under the cypresses this evening? We could talk there, and I should like to think over everything before I see you again. Can you walk so far?" he added quickly.

"Oh, yes," she responded. "I could walk there. I can walk a little, though I get easily tired. They do not understand my illness; they call it a decline." She smiled a little, but Mark winced.

"I shall wait for you in the old place," he said quietly, and as he assisted her to rise he felt how frail she was. "You are sure you can walk so far?" he repeated with tender solicitude. She nodded cheerfully.

"Anywhere to meet you," she whispered.

He kissed her forehead, and they knelt together for an instant's prayer.

He drew back the fastenings of the now locked door, and she closed it after him, smiling lovingly as she did so. Then he passed into the warmth without. But though the sun shone, and the children laughed, there was no sunshine or music in his heart. Towards the bottom of the street he met an old woman slowly toiling upwards. He fancied he remembered the weather-beaten old countenance and paused hesitatingly before her.

D... AN UNCANONIZED SAINT

ago

"Ah, this is the signore who painted our little Caterina," she said, after a keen glance at him, and the tears welled up into her eyes. "She is dying," she added sadly. "She will not be with us long. The good God wants her, and He is taking her slowly from us. She was as my own helpless little babe when her mother died. I nursed her when she was left alone, and cared for her while her father sat in the church. Now he, too, is gone and she lives with me. But she will not be with me long." The old woman shook her head and muttered a sighing prayer.

Mark put his hand in his pocket.

"Is there nothing you could buy for her to make her strong and well?" he asked. "See, if I give you some money, won't you buy some medicine for her?" The woman shook her head again, but looked wistfully at the coins.

"Ah, signore, the good God wants her," she said with the fatalism of her class and race.

"But take the money," urged the artist, "and put it to any use you like; get her any comforts you can, and yourself, too."

He hurried away, without waiting to hear her thanks and prayers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

The relations between Europe and Asia, according to the author, can be compared to two great tides—the tide of Asiatic invasion that swept over Europe for a thousand years; and the tide of commercial conquest that has swept from Europe into Asia. These two vast movements he sketches in résumé, and then proceeds to greater detail on the result of the commercial invasion of Asia and its future consequences.

The book was withheld from publication for two years by the censor; the time was neither ripe nor propitious for such a frank discussion of Far East subjects. Today it is essential. Therein lies the service of this admirable study. Frankly an advocate of Asia for the Asiatics, Mr. Hyndman sums up each one of the big problems with deadly accuracy—the dramatic development of Japan from feudalism to capitalism in the short space of a century; Japan's amazing industrial growth and her spread of influence in Korea, Manchuria and northern China; the awakening of the Chinese, the real background of the Boxer troubles and the hideous opium traffic which will ever remain a blot on England's history; the case of misrule and the diplomacy of carpet-baggers in India, with the present inevitable struggle for Indian freedom. These subjects are vitally important to the world's peace and progress. They are not matters that can be laid aside casually; they grow with the days and become more and more formidable. Of all the Christian powers, the United States alone seems to have exercised the simple principles of honor in dealing with China, although of late, and in dealing with other Asiatic problems, she seems to have fallen into the ways of the European nations. In short, Europe's treatment of Asia is nothing to be proud of; Asia has had—and still has—good grounds for rising up to slay Europeans.

In the long list of evils it is difficult to pick out the worst, but certainly the most glaring was England's opium traffic. The author assures us that gradually the traffic is being decreased. Recent reports from the Far East, however, show Japan using England's effective weapon—she is planting poppy in Korea and Shantung today!

The author sees only one solution for the Indian problem—to give the natives gradual but assured freedom, to readjust the abominable finances of that great country—in other words, to withdraw from India and permit the Indians to work out their own salvation.

We can no longer speak of these Asiatic peoples as backward and heathen; we have an entirely different set of circumstances to deal with than those that presented themselves in the Far East ten or twenty years ago. The East has awakened. The yellow peril has become yellow improvement. The ebb is approaching—and it is time for the tide to begin to flow back again.

ALBANIA, PAST AND PRESENT. By Constantine A. Chekrezi. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

The national problem of Albania is not local or individual, but an integral part of the whole Balkan problem. She stands today a land desolate and ravaged by many years of war and under the military occupation of Italy, France, England, Serbia and Greece. For three thousand years the Albanian people have been subjected to the severest tests of massacre and pillage and political double-dealing. Today their national spirit is as keen as ever. They dream of a strong and neutral Albanian state in the midst of the Balkans, which would relieve the tension between Italy, Serbia and Greece, and be the beginning of a real Balkan Confederacy. This is a country that Bismarck said "is not worth the bones of one Pomeranian soldier," the same which England, Russia, France and Italy made a sovereign state in 1912 and handed over to an unknown German Prince, William of Wied. Today Albania calls out for her sovereign rights—and the basis for those rights are written down in Mr. Chekrezi's volume.

Although Albania has been "the foundling among nations," the literature in English concerning her past and present is generally scattered in fugitive magazine articles. This represents the first serious attempt to give an adequate, consequential picture of the country. It is written by an Albanian whose education was finished in the United States, and who writes with a valuable perspective on both the past and the present. The picture he shows is of a land of great natural resources and sturdy, industrious people, constantly being invaded or infiltrated by contiguous powers —Greece on the south, Serbia on the north.

Such a succinct statement of Albania cannot help but quicken interest in a great problem that lies before the nations today. In these pages we have the past and the present. Is the future to be written in the sufferings of a people?

THE PLACE OF AGRICULTURE IN RECONSTRUCTION. By James B. Mormon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

As the Assistant Secretary of the Federal Farm Loan Board and the author of *Principles of Rural Credit and Principles of Social Progress*, the author brings to his subject a knowledge that is intimate and extensive. He outlines the labor problem arising on the return of peace, and shows the attempts that are being made by Great Britain, France, Canada and the United States to quiet industrial unrest by making farming attractive to the returned soldiers.

In an orderly way, he takes up the proposed plans for land settlements in the various countries and then analyzes them, showing the merits and deficiencies in the different schemes. Mr. Mormon is to be commended for his industry in obtaining the very useful data which he places before the reader. However, one is not inclined to agree with him in his contention that in the United States the labor problem is acute because of the lack of opportunities for employment.

But he speaks truly when he shows that the tendency in labor movements in the United States is toward the cities. As a consequence the farms are being depopulated. The results are and will continue to be far-reaching and serious in their effects. The matter is one of large dimensions, and can be solved only by wise legislation born of close study. Mr. Mormon has made a strong plea for a really progressive, constructive programme regarding agriculture, and by it has contributed a worthy service toward a better adjustment of our post-war labor conditions.

FATHER TOM. By Peter P. McLoughlin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

In this volume the life and lectures of the late Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin have been set forth in a very pleasing manner. It is written with the affection and personal interest of a brother. In large measure the writer has drawn his material from the letters and diaries and published articles of the priest, thus adding the autobiographical feature to the chronicle of a life's work. No one who has read the book can fail to share in the large affection which follows one who lives and teaches God's love and law. And this "Father Tom" did in a singularly effective way. To many readers, not less interesting than the biography itself will be the ten lectures which form the second part of the volume, for the most part on topics relating to music. The last, "Melodies of Mother Church," is a choice discourse that displays a charming scholarship.

WHY WE FAIL AS CHRISTIANS. By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

In the first part of his book Mr. Hunter takes up the later career of Count Tolstoy, and asserts that his endeavors to carry out his conception of Christian duty were unsuccessful because he insisted upon the individualistic instead of the communistic interpretation. Mr. Hunter endeavors to prove that in giving up wealth, the demands of family, and the privileges of his social status and in becoming one with the peasants even to the extent of toiling in the fields, Tolstoy was following the teachings of Christ. What he demands of the world today is to carry on where Tolstoy faltered and make communism a universal fact. Only thus, he insists, can we fulfill the precepts of the New Testament, and only thus can we escape the cataclysm which is inevitable if the present economic situation is permitted to continue.

Mr. Hunter obviously writes from a profound personal conviction. His book, however, leaves three big difficulties unanswered: first, his insistence that only in communism can the precepts of Christ be fulfilled is based upon a false interpretation of Christ's teachings; second, how is universal communism as a practical matter to be effected; third, will communism justify Mr. Hunter's claims for it and insure the happiness and contentment of mankind? One cannot help feeling that the industrial programme outlined by the American Catholic bishops offers a solution

eminently more sound, more practical, and more certain of fulfilling a noble end than the communism advocated by Mr. Hunter.

His book, however, will not have been written in vain if it helps to make men realize that industrial unrest can be settled only when the rich display toward the poor the Christian characteristics of sympathy, generosity, and justice.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. A Verse Sequence in Sonnets and Quatorzains. By Russell J. Wilbur. With an Introduction by William Hard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

The present collection of sonnets and "fourteeners," the fruit of Father Wilbur's long and deep admiration for his subject, is a character-sketch in verse of Theodore Roosevelt. Most of the pieces appeared, just before Colonel Roosevelt's death, in *The New Republic*, where they attracted attention both as the work of a priest and on their own account. It is a composite portrait, which attempts in a series of sharp, vivid flashes a presentation of the manifold traits that went to make up a peculiarly complex personality—in its less admirable as well as in its really noble phases. This entire acceptance of the facts gives the book its merit as biography, and as biography it has unusual excellence.

Looking at the poems purely as literature we are obliged to give a much more qualified approval. They are, like their subject, vigorous and downright rather than subtle and fine. On the score of thought and content the sonnets are unexceptionable—sometimes humorous and ingenious, often incisive and penetrating, always striking and bold; it is in their workmanship, their technique, that the deficiency lies, a matter perhaps not to be wondered at when it is considered that practically all of the pieces were composed in a single month.

BOLSHEVISM. By John Spargo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50 net.

This is a scholarly treatment of a subject of absorbing interest. The author, who at the entry of the United States into the war was too true an American to remain allied with the Socialist Party, has presented a comprehensive study of an outgrowth that is new in name but old in reality—the cruel dictatorship of an unscrupulous minority. Mr. Spargo knows the men he speaks of, and has been in intimate touch with internal conditions in Russia. He therefore speaks with the authority born of knowledge, and patently without prejudice. His condemnation is that born of the mind and the inelasticity of logic. Because he is logical he has reached his present conclusion as to those Americans who inexplicably look with favor upon Bolshevism.

Mr. Spargo opens his volume with a historic résumé of the social and economic conditions in Russia previous to the outbreak of the World War. He then shows the rise of the Russian people in the different revolutions which had as their purpose the overthrowing of the oppressive yoke of Tsarism and which culminated on March 15, 1917. From this

period on the author gives a critical survey of the transition from Bourgeoisie to Bolsheviki. He delineates the failure of Kerensky and attributes it primarily to the sabotage of Lenine and Trotzky and other Bolshevik leaders, who under the guise of proletarianism were making ready to seize the government by *a coup d'état*.

As a believer in Social Democracy, Mr. Spargo has taken great pains to show that Bolshevism is in no sense synonymous with the doctrines of Marx. His philosophy is at times open to question, but his logic in *Bolshevism* is inevitable and praiseworthy.

COMMON SENSE DRAWING. By Eleanor Lane. New York: Krone Brothers. $5.00.

The teacher called upon to teach art work will find this a very valuable addition to her library of practical and helpful text-books.

All of the material is simply and clearly planned, so that the teacher will be able to present the lesson to the class in the natural sequence of normal development and interest.

The book is profusely and splendidly illustrated, beginning with lessons suitable for pupils from the first grade and graduated through the eighth grade. The one question which might arise is whether or not the lessons are too far advanced for some of the pupils in the grades for which it is intended.

This book particularly emphasizes the teaching of lettering and perspective and is a very practical and valuable contribution to this phase of art teaching.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BROWNING LOVER. By John Walker Powell. New York: The Abingdon Press. $1.00 net.

There is something challenging about the author of *The Ring and the Book* that invites battle. And battle there is. Browning clubs, Browning symposiums, Browning fellowships—the gentleman must be attacked in mass formation, terrible in its ardor for the fray. And the reason? Browning's was the sublest intellect in poetry since the days when men created worlds anew about the cheer of the Mermaid Tavern. Mr. Powell's book is one word more in an unending bibliography of volumes about Browning's message.

It has its merits, its platitudes, and its prejudices peculiar to the author's theology. At times it is nebulous, though not in a Sordello fashion; at times it is merely impressionistic; at times it is too busied in making, if not much ado about nothing, at any rate much ado about the obvious. It is not a minutely scholarly work, but then it does not pretend to be one. In a word, the book is a personal interpretation of Browning's genius, with an especial stress on the poet's artistic gifts and his concepts of philosophy and theology. While all of Mr. Powell's readers will not agree with him in all of his own theological ideas, there is much in the book that will be stimulating to them and worthy of their praise. As it chances, the preface and the last chapter are the sanest and

the most inspiring sections of the volume. And one of the most far-reaching results of this book and of other books on the subject will be to make us renew an acquaintance with the best the poet has to offer us. Browning is not always a joyous companion or a safe guide; but he is one of the ten or twelve worth-while poets in English literature.

THE HILLS OF DESIRE. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The author of *The Shepherd of the North* has given us here a love story that begins with marriage, instead of moving toward it as a climax. The tale is worked out in scenes that vary widely, ranging from an old, erstwhile fashionable section of New York to the open country, traversed in a gypsy van, and crossing the seas to France, where the topmost peak of the hills of desire is reached under the tragic conditions of a military hospital set on fire by German shells. It is a journey of the spirit as well as the body; many misunderstandings and heartburnings are experienced before our heroine, now a Red Cross nurse, finds her wounded soldier-husband and drags him from the flames, saving his life at the risk of her own, to be rewarded by complete reunion, with all that was dark cleared away.

Though the novel is somewhat loosely constructed, thus lacking much of the gripping quality the author is so well able to impart, it has many moments of strong and beautiful appeal that preserve continuity of interest.

CYNTHIA. By Leonard Merrick. With an Introduction by Maurice Hewlett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.

Save in a few exceptions Leonard Merrick has been set down as a novelist's novelist. Until the recently issued limited edition of his works he cannot be said to have commanded popularity, with the exception, of course, of *The Man Who Understood Women* and *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*. During the past few months, however, he has become a steady seller. This change of a whimsical popularity naturally piques one's curiosity. Are general readers improving their standards? Have they arrived at Merrick's plane?

Here is *Cynthia*, for example. It is the tale of a young novelist who marries the daughter of a prosaic man of commerce, and is not very successful. He contends with the misunderstanding of his people, poverty; he yields to the temptation of "easy money;" he writes books for popular authors—and in turn becomes popular. The story swings from London to Paris to London. It is full of discouragements and futile strivings and failures. These, doubtless, make up the events of every beginning author's life, and in that the tale is nothing unusual. But where it does differ from the hosts of other stories on similar themes is in the character of Cynthia Kent, wife of the young novelist, and in the finish of style and characterization for which Leonard Merrick is justly famous.

The book, in reality, is a study in the growth of a young girl's

soul under the hard circumstances of being an author's wife. It is a novelist's novel from the viewpoint of the novelist's wife. Merrick's pen has a facile way of sketching in women, of giving them life and being and tenderness and charm. Cynthia is one of his most successful women. You are glad to have met her. She is very distinct. She is very real. Real women characters are what make a good novel. Perhaps we have come to appreciate this fact. Perhaps that is why Leonard Merrick's popularity is experiencing a remarkable return.

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE, 1870-1919. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Professor Charles D. Hazen of Columbia, the author of an excellent text on *Europe since 1815* and of a war book, *Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule*, has written an authoritative manual of European history since 1870, which should be of inestimable value to students in understanding the remote and precipitating causes of the Great War. Such a volume would have received a hearty welcome in the days of the S.A.T.C., when college instructors were attempting to instruct student-soldiers in the War Aims course. In a text of this kind aside from sifting an immense amount of detail, selecting the really important, and compressing into small space a world of material, the great difficulty is in attaining coherence and unity. This Dr. Hazen has accomplished by elaborating the thesis that: "There was a certain tragic unity to that intervening period between the Franco-Prussian War and the World War, the shadow of the former, the dread of the latter hovering over the minds of men, full of menace, inspiring a recurrent sense of uneasiness and alarm."

The nationalization of Italy and Germany under the blood and iron policy of the Houses of Savoy and of Hohenzollern is followed by an account of the War of 1870 with its disastrous results and abominable Treaty of Frankfort. The third chapter is given over to the German Empire, its constitution, working government, the Kulturkampf, Bismarck and the Socialists, social reforms, and the formation of the dual alliance. The Germans are characterized as a people of great qualities, but endowed with so little political talent that they were submissive under an autocratic military system.

With Bismarck, the author is out of sympathy save in his attack against the Church and the teaching orders. The same moderate anti-clerical bias is noticeable in the following chapter, "France under Third Republic," in his description of the Dreyfus case and the separation of Church and State by the persecuting and confiscatory acts commencing with the Law of 1901. However, a decided attempt is made to deal fairly with the papal question in the consideration of Italy since 1870. The account of Great Britain and Ireland is especially good, and the treatment of the Irish question is eminently fair. Short chapters deal with Austro-Hungary, the British Colonies, the Partition of Africa, the small sovereign states, the Balkans, Russia, the Far East and the Balkan Wars. In the last hundred pages the World War is viewed in the conventional way of

a lay lecturer who has drawn from a considerable wealth of material. While naturally such an account can neither be scientifically accurate nor detached, it is doubtful if a better outline of the war is available in brief form. A bibliography and several additional maps would make the book much more serviceable for student or reader.

MY ITALIAN YEAR. By Joseph Collins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Certainly there are parts of this book that fall within the meaning and purpose of the well-known list of things "that never would be missed." Some of the author's reflections on the religious side of Italian life are among them. He observes, quite correctly, that there is religion among the people. But it troubles him, inordinately, we think, that the Italian peasant does not inquire into the validity or righteousness of the Church's teaching. He is troubled, too, about Benedict XV's neutrality during the war. Although he is an enthusiast about Italy, and for the most part has good words to say about the land and the people, he can scarcely lay claim to being an authority on Italian problems.

THE FOUR ROADS. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

In these days there are novels and again novels, but the reader will wander far before he will discover a more exquisitely told story than this of a Sussex farming family and their reactions to the war. We say "exquisitely told story" advisedly, since the style *qua* style is nearly beyond praise—simple, lucid, supple, delicately and yet firmly phrased, brimming over with the light and sound and scent and color of an English countryside. Moreover, it is marked by a rare restraint proper to the real artist. For example, this is the way in which in two sentences the author not so much announces as suggests the death of Tom Beatup in battle in France, sentences by the way which seem almost worthy to stand beside Thackeray's on Waterloo and the death of George Osborne. After describing the round of daily tasks of Tom's young wife in her Sussex home, the novelist gives us a peaceful picture of her as she lies asleep. "She lay very still—nearly as still as Tom was lying in the light of the moon. . . . But not quite so still, for the stillness of the living is never so perfect, so untroubled as the stillness of the dead." Merely that, nothing more.

The characters of the story are most human and are sharply and clearly delineated. In the person of Mr. Sumption, the poverty-stricken minister of the squalid little congregation of the Calvinistic Bethel, the author achieves a real triumph. This ex-blacksmith with his large and noble nature, preaching his terrible doctrine of fire and brimstone and the last Judgment, stands out in heroic proportions, and the scene where, under the stress of the news of the execution of his son as a deserter in France, he falters in his belief in predestination, is presented with a masterly and poignant art.

The jacket of the book describes the author as a realist, but there is in her work nothing of the morbid, the mean, or the debased, which we have come to associate with that word. Rather this story of humble lives is characterized by a fine simplicity, wide tolerance, and a magnanimous outlook. And the style, which is the adequate medium for its subject, is a pure delight. From end to end of the book there is not a single weak or slovenly sentence.

THE DAY OF GLORY. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.00 net.

With this collection of stories and sketches we are disposed to find the unusual fault that the content is too brief. These scenes of France during the war are written with such strength and delicacy, and in a tone so exquisitely, understandingly sympathetic, that they attain individuality notwithstanding the vast bulk of the literature of which they form a part. Only one of them is not directly concerned with the war, a visit to Lourdes. This is told in a manner to win for the non-Catholic author the appreciative thanks of all Catholics. She does not find it necessary to tell us what she thinks of the stupendous act of faith she witnesses, but in a lovely spirit of tenderness and compassion tells us what she sees. No miracle is vouchsafed on this occasion to strengthen hope and relieve the ineffable pathos she records. This fact, however, is gained only by inference, since she does not mention it, so wholly free is her narrative from the least shadow of depreciation; nor does she fail to tell, at length, of the great night procession in the pouring rain, with candles, and shouting hymns of praise, of the pilgrims whose faith bids them rejoice in the Lord always, even when the longed-for answer to petition is withheld.

SOCIAL STUDIES OF THE WAR. By Elmer T. Clark. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

If one takes Dr. Clark's book seriously, he cannot but come to the conclusion that its author is a bigot who, because of his peculiar point of view, does not know the truth, or worse, knows it and willfully misrepresents it.

In his first chapter, "Immorality in Europe During the War," supposedly personal observations, he startles by extravagance of statement. But whatever inclination there may be to believe him is totally destroyed by the chapters on "What Does Ireland Intend?" "The Roots of the Irish Questions," and especially "The Pope and the War."

When Dr. Clark leaves the semi-political and takes up the purely religious, as he claims he is qualified to do, he becomes absolutely ridiculous. One cannot bear with patience such statements as the following: "Yet the greatest opportunity in the realm of religion today is possessed by the Roman Catholic Church—and so it seems plain, that if Rome would consent to make the adaptations demanded by the spirit of the

age, she would come into a new influence. These adaptations would have to run the entire course of her life . . . That action would have to be accompanied by a radical change of heart and attitude toward the entire question of scholarship, and especially as it affects the Bible and the doctrines of the Church. This would mean the overthrow of the authority of the Church in matters of dogma, the upsetting of the entire range of traditions which are unsupported, the opening of the minds of all people to whatever light may be in the world, and the beginning of a new educational method among them." And this is only one of many!

It is impossible to review satisfactorily a volume containing so many misstatements and breathing the spirit of narrow New England Protestantism.

"THAT ARCH LIAR, FROUDE." By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 35 cents.

Between June 29th and August 7th, 1918, the *Times* of India (Bombay) carried on a controversy on the Church of Rome in relation to the Anti-Conscription Policy of the Bishops in Ireland. Father Hull in the pages of the *Examiner* commented on the discussion, and refuted every statement that maligned the Catholic Church. He has arranged these articles in pamphlet form, not only to show up the unfairness of the average Protestant controversialist, but "to teach the modern newspaper a lesson of greater caution and reserve in the future."

The brochure defends the Anti-Conscription manifests of the Irish Bishops, shows the absurdity of the English No-Popery campaign that followed it, answers a dozen or more objections on the Armada, the claims of Pope Gregory VII, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, etc., and gives testimony after testimony from non-Catholic sources of the utter unreliability and dishonesty of Froude as an historian.

DANGEROUS DAYS. By Mary Roberts Reinhart. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.60 net.

Mrs. Reinhart has given us a novel of social conditions in this country immediately preceding and during the war. It is an extensive study, including the menace of the alien enemy plottings in the industrial world, as well as the selfish inertia and frivolity of gay, fashionable circles, with the gradual awakening of some of its units to patriotic duty and sacrifice. Though unnecessarily long, it is readable; the characters are recognizable types and the various complications and side-issues well knit together. It lacks any feature unique or striking enough to project it from the mass of products from this thoroughly worked field, but isolated, is eligible as a fair transcript of contemporary American life and thought. This is unfortunately true of the finale, obviously presented as being beyond cavil, wherein the elopement of Clayton Spencer's faithless wife enables the husband to find married happiness with another woman, under the sanctions of propriety and convention.

MR. DOOLEY ON MAKING A WILL AND OTHER NECESSARY EVILS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

It is difficult to write a review of anything said by Mr. Dooley. All one can do regarding any fresh remarks by the old philosopher is to say that the new book is just more of Mr. Dooley. And in this volume there is a whole lot. He philosophizes on so many sundry and diverse subjects that one wonders from what Pierian Spring this homely speaker has drank, so keen is his insight into human nature, so penetrating his logic and his humorous sarcasm so engaging in its etchings of man's frailties. We may differ as to the cure of our ills, social and economic, but of this we can be sure, that if there were more Mr. Dooleys, and more extensive application of his philosophy of life, we should soon see our troubles disappear proportionately.

We do not recommend the reading of Mr. Dooley. We insist upon it.

THEIR MUTUAL CHILD. By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.60 net.

Readers in search of diversion will find it in this contribution from Mr. Wodehouse, who seldom disappoints in this respect. The humor of the earlier portion is so exuberant as to verge upon farce, causing misgivings as to the possibility of keeping it up successfully to the end of a book of goodly proportions. After a time, however, the author unexpectedly turns on a current of seriousness and we find ourselves following the marital troubles of Kirk and Ruth Winfield. Much of their difficulty, as well as their final reconciliation, is centred in their small son, a delightful infant, whose upbringing along lines of the most advanced method of white-tiled, sterilized sanitation is a source of deep dissatisfaction to his father. The wit the author brings to play upon this subject is keenly edged with satire.

Mr. Wodehouse does not permit himself to exaggerate beyond plausibility; his treatment is satisfactory, even in the graver phases. These are sufficient to give the book reason and substance, but not to affect its character as entertainment of the lighter sort. Most of the content is genuinely funny; and all of it is clean.

THE DOINGS OF RAFFLES HAW. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Eighteen or nineteen years ago when Raffles Haw first saw the light of print, Conan Doyle was in the heyday of his reputation as the creator of Sherlock Holmes. Today it is refreshing to turn again to these pages. For the story of Raffles Haw, which being extravagantly mysterious, is a big and powerful yarn. The evil that immense wealth can bring—that is the basis of the story; its action and mystery, however, is concerned with how the character makes and spends his billions.

In the same volume are two characteristic Sherlock Holmes yarns —"The Red-Headed League" and "The Boscombe Valley Mystery," the former having all the fine flavor of romantic detection that brought Doyle

his repute and popularity. Now that he has gone in for Spiritism, one has to be thankful that he left us this delightful heritage. His earlier work is by far the best and has the most claim for permanence.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Co. 60 cents net.

The life of the party was Mr. Algernon Leary, the well-known lawyer, who attended the festival—a child-party for grown-ups—clad in pink rompers, to represent himself at the age of four. How, after he had made his adieus at three o'clock of a cold winter's morning, he lost successively his taxicab, his overcoat, his money, his way in Old Greenwich Village, and his reputation as a respectable citizen, is told in a series of Cobbesque complications. Finally, a fugitive from cold, frightened landladies and outraged policemen, the desperado in pink rompers breaks through a friend's transom and ends his triumphant evening in a total collapse.

COMPLETED TALES OF MY KNIGHTS AND LADIES. By Beatrice Chase. (Olive Katherine Parr.) New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

Miss Parr tells us, in her prefacing note, that *White Knights on Dartmoor* and *Tales of My Knights and Ladies* are recalled from circulation, and this present volume is to be considered "the permanent handbook of the Crusade." The said Crusade was, it will be remembered, organized by the author, with the coöperation of Mr. John Oxenham, for the spiritual defence of the fighters in the Great War from their most formidable enemy, the social evil. The end of the war has ended the work which it brought into being. This history of the movement contains, in condensed form, the essential substance of the two earlier books, with some additional material, bringing the story to a close, in which the author bids farewell to her knights and proclaims the Crusade as eminently successful. The record is now published in durable, attractive binding, making it a companion for her former Dartmoor books.

THE CHRISTIAN MONARCH. By Rev. William Couch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00 net.

We sympathize with the author of this little brochure, in his protest against the modernistic spirit of the "Life and Liberty" movement in the Church of England, which is being fostered by men of the type of Dr. William Temple. Such men, he says, see "no finality even in the Creeds of the Catholic Church—no conclusiveness in the 'faith once delivered to the saints.' They seem to confuse the revelation of God with man's appreciation of it."

Again we agree with this zealous high Churchman in his denunciation of the attempt to democratize the Kingdom of God contrary to the will and institution of its divine Founder, Jesus Christ.

But how pitifully weak is his attempt to prove the divine character

of "the Protestant Church, by law established." He may deplore the modernism of the present Bishop of Hereford, and object to the English Parliament passing a marriage law against the Church's wish, but by what authority does he condemn them both? Only by the right of private judgment which the Broadchurchman and the Erastian claim to follow with equal right. There is only one solution—the acceptance of the papal claims. The Pope is the only guarantee of the Church's freedom from the anarchy of heresy and schism.

MOMENTS WITH THE CONSOLING CHRIST. By the Rev. John Dillon, LL.D. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 75 cents.

In this little volume the prayers of *The Imitation of Christ* are arranged for prayer and converse with Our Lord as Our Teacher, Refuge, Rest, Strength, Hope, Light, Mercy, etc. As the Bishop of Newark observes in the preface, for five centuries men and women have gathered courage and comfort from the thoughts of Thomas à Kempis. So personal is the message his writings convey that, open them where you will, the passage that first meets the eye will seem a personal message to each individual soul.

BAKER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF MUSICIANS. Revised and enlarged by Alfred Rémy, M. A. New York: G. Schirmer Co.

Doctor Theodore Baker's *Biographical Dictionary* has been the companion of musicians and music-lovers for the past nineteen years. Mr. Alfred Rémy has done a great service to music students in revising and enlarging the scope of the work and bringing it up to the present day. He has increased the size of the original work by adding some two thousand biographies of the famous musicians of later times. He has covered many phases heretofore unthought of with unusual thoroughness. The matter of pronunciation is especially taken care of without going too deeply into the subject of phonetics. The preservation of Dr. Baker's original idea in apportioning the space to the composers and aligning the necessary facts without overestimating or underestimating the position of the composers is the most notable feature of the work. In the difficult matter of appraising biographical material the compilers of this useful work have shown fairness, discretion and discernment. No doubt there are some omissions, but this is inevitable in a list of six thousand names. It is an invaluable work for classes of History of Music.

THE NEW EARTH. A prophetic vision. By Henry Hadley. Words by Louise Ayres Garnett. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.00.

This is one of the new American musical compositions of which we may well be proud. The emotional and spiritual content of the text is inspired by the rebirth of our world through pain and sacrifice. The poem breathes throughout lofty thought and an appealing sincerity. The verse is strong of rhythm and vivid in imagery, and of exceptional beauty and power. Mrs. Garnett has divided her poem into five parts, under such

headings as: "Sword of Deliverance," "Comrades of the Cross," "The Unconquerable," "The New Vision of Peace," "The Song of the Marching Men." Mr. Hadley in setting the text to music has followed in matter and mood the emotional contrasts of the verses, avoiding over-elaboration in favor of a large simplicity and a clarity of utterance. The opening is strong and truly majestic. The strongly dramatic opening chorus, the appealing Agnus Dei for alto solo, the exquisite "Lullaby" for women's voices, the superb march movement for chorus at the very end of the work, deserve special comment. The last number is built upon a virile march theme, used with striking effect through the entire cantata. The brevity of the work gives the strength of concentration, and the music is inspirational for both soloists and chorus.

THE DREAM OF MARY. A Morality. Music by Horatio Parker. New York: H. W. Gray Co.

This beautiful cantata is both simple and sublime. The play, of which the "Morality" forms a part, depicts "the childhood of a saint." Its beauty and innocence of any but a pure melodic appeal gives it a decided religious flavor.

Solo voices and adult chorus are required for the proper rendition of the cantata, besides a children's chorus and organ accompaniment. The text as a whole provides a superb framework, upon which the composer has spun his colorful tonal tapestry. The work is inspired, beautifully written, the union of text and music being a marvel of true interpretation, in keeping with the spirit of the play. It is an effective piece of writing and the themes themselves are quite simple, well within the ability of the pupils of academies and members of church sodalities. The music is of dignified and melodious appeal. It deserves more than ordinary favor, and cannot fail to create an excellent impression if competently interpreted. It is a most appropriate presentation for the sacred seasons of the year, such as Advent or Lent.

THE WILL OF SONG. A Dramatic Service of Community Singing. Devised in Coöperation with Harry Barnhart by Percy Mackaye. New York: Boni & Liveright. 70 cents.

Mr. Mackaye has become rather widely known in the last decade or so for his masques, pageants, civic rituals, and similar productions. The present work, which was put together in coöperation with Mr. Harry Barnhart, a director of communal singing, is marked by a certain innovation which the authors look upon as having very important consequences in this particular field. This is the invention of the so-called Group Person owing to the necessity the authors felt for evolving communal, and not simply individual, *Dramatis Personae* for communal drama. This composite Group Person is a choral unit which symbolizes such ideas as Love, Joy, Liberty, and Brotherhood, and is enacted by the audience itself under the leadership of a few outstanding symbolic figures such as Will, Soul of Earth, Spring, Play, Song, and Imagination. Like

most modern efforts at symbolism the ideas of the present production are rather hazy and indefinite, and the literary appeal of the whole is very slight. But a much more impressive effect would probably be wrought by an actual performance.

A PRIMER OF OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By Rev. Francis Gigot, D. D. New York: The Paulist Press. 60 cents.

This work offers to Catholic youth a much needed text-book of Bible history. The author is well known in Biblical literature. The *Primer* is a wonderfully complete and connected narrative of the Old Testament. The chronology of the Douay version of the Bible is followed throughout; debated questions are carefully avoided and the story of the Old Testament is told in clear and concise language especially suited for children's developing minds. A special merit of the work lies in the illustrations that are calculated to make the work concrete and easy to understand. The dates set at the head of various chapters give the reader an orderly prospectus of the sequence of events described in the work. References to the books of the Old Testament placed at the beginning of the chapters will encourage the youthful reader to peruse the books of the Bible, and to become more thoroughly acquainted with the Sacred Scriptures. The diction of the Primer will gain in smoothness on future revisions; the high merit of the work will soon make new editions necessary.

LYRA ANGELICA. Motets in honor of the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Written for two or three equal voices with organ accompaniment. New York: J. Fischer & Bro. Score, 80 cents; voice parts, 60 cents.

This is a beautiful example of smoothly melodious, tunefully devout Church melodies. Nine are written for two equal voices and three for three equal voices, either male or female. Six of the number are Benediction Hymns, five hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and a *Veni Creator Spiritus*. All of the motets are simple, combining originality and worth of musical thought with exceptional musical skill in the effectiveness of the harmonies. It is an ideal collection for a small male choir, and especially adapted for chapel exercises in convents and academies. The themes are quite simple, the harmonies dignified, the text and notes happily blended. The accompaniment is very melodious and admirably suited to the voice parts, the beauty of which it serves to bring out.

A COLLECTION of stories entitled *True Stories for First Communicants*, told by a Sister of Notre Dame (St. Louis: B. Herder Co. 90 cents), contains many stories of the childhood of the Saints calculated to inspire faith and arouse piety. Among them those of Tarcisus, Gemma Galgani, Jean Baptiste Vianney and Blessed Julie are especially to be commended.

But, while all things are possible with God, and faith may remove mountains, stories of miraculous occurrences far removed from the normal

experience of the child are of doubtful pedagogical value in laying the bases of faith and piety. On this score we take exception to some of the stories included in this little volume. If true, they should be accompanied by full names and dates. Otherwise they are valueless.

The illustrations are done by W. Pippett; it goes without saying that they are charming.

CATECHISM NOTES COMPILED TO ASSIST TEACHERS (Dublin: Brown & Nolan, 30 cents), are clear, simple, and to the point. They are based on the Maynooth Catechism, follow its order, in some parts page by page, but will be found exceedingly useful in conjunction with any Catechism of Christian Doctrine. Simple explanations of words and phrases are given, though these are meant as aids, not substitutes for the words of the teacher.

The notes furnish a reliable framework for instruction. An appendix, containing explanations of the chief prayers used by Catholics, of the feasts and fasts, the central devotions, vestments and the Prophecies of the Messiah, will prove helpful also to converts and adult Catholics seeking short explanations on such points.

BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN BY A CATHOLIC TEACHER (New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss, 50 cents), contains twenty-five stories of the Old Testament History, from Creation to the Machabees, and about forty stories of the Life of Christ adapted to children from ten to twelve years of age.

The lessons of the events are very simply and naturally pointed out, but not dwelt upon; that is left to the teacher. Altogether this little volume forms an extremely welcome addition to this branch of literature for juveniles. We trust it will meet with the cordial reception it deserves.

THE VICTORY OF THE GARDENS, a pageant in four episodes, written for the United States School Garden Army, by E. A. Murphy, is suitable for presentation by a very large number of children of all school ages from primary to high school. Exact stage directions for scenes and costumes are given. For the music such airs are indicated as will be found suitable, not only to the rhythm but also to the spirit of the various parts. Mother Earth gives of her bounty and the pageant ends with the invocation of the "God of All Nature," a harvest hymn.

A CHARMING volume of selected *Tales from Hans Andersen*, with illustrations, comes from the press of J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. It forms one of the Children's Classics (sixty cents), so attractive for gift books.

THE full text of the *Treaty of Peace with Germany* is provided in the September publication of the American Association for International Conciliation (407 West 117th St., New York City).

PLANT PRODUCTION, by Ransom A. Moore and Charles P. Halligan, B. S. (New York: American Book Co.), presents to teachers and students, or to all classes of farmers and horticulturists, clear, practical information and guidance as to crops, fruits, gardens, trees (ornamental as well as useful), landscape gardening and, in fact, every branch of instruction for all who cultivate the soil for profit or pleasure. Ample illustrations add to the value and interest of the book.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR THE YEAR 1918 is an interesting issue for all concerned with the history of the State, as the centennial meeting of the society was held in April of that year.

THE CHATTERJEE'S PICTURE ALBUMS, a series of five paper-bound albums containing sixteen really beautiful color reproductions of the works of Oriental artists, are published in Calcutta at the Modern Review Office. Price, two rupees each.

BACH FOR BEGINNERS IN ORGAN PLAYING, edited and compiled by Edwin Shippen Barnes ($1.50), will interest young organists who are pursuing serious work on the pipe organ, as it is the first practical work of its kind for beginners on the pipe organ. A wealth of Bach literature in its simpler form is supplied to the beginner by this collection. Mr. Barnes in his "Foreword" says: "The intention in preparing this volume has been to provide, in an easy and accessible form and in a logical sequence, the very easiest organ compositions of Johann Sebastian Bach." The arrangement of the volume is admirable. The compiler has carefully provided directions for phrasing, fingering, and metronomic guidance, thus affording every possible aid for an exact performance of the easier works of the great contrapuntist.

A VISION OF MUSIC, by H. M. Gilbert (New York: H. W. Gray Co., 25 cents), is unquestionably novel and interesting. The poem is one of the most beautiful of Father Faber, and the music, so effectively set to the poem, is of exceptional melodic and harmonic beauty, displaying originality and power. All the varying moods of the lyric are strictly conformed to, the rich melodic material weaving itself into a richly colorful tapestry of sound. It is essentially religious, yet it will be found attractive for secular choruses as well as church choirs.

THE story of the old-time troubadour, who turned from the world, entered a monastery and later, as Bishop of Toulouse, coöperated with Saint Dominic and Simon de Montfort in putting down the Albigenses, will be told in dramatic style in Mr. Thomas Walsh's latest book of poems, *Don Folquet*, which the John Lane Company announce among their Fall publications. This tale, full of literary and controversial contrasts, marks the first introduction into English literature of the grim Folquet or Foulcques of Marseilles.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Aux Etats-Unis, a French reader for beginners, by Adolphe de Montbert (New York: Allyn & Bacon, $1.20), is a companion volume to the author's *La Belle France*, which it may follow or precede.

Its chief interest for the student is its portrayal of how American customs strike a Frenchman visiting the United States for the first time. A second interest is found in the colloquial character of the work and its Gallic flavor.

Pedagogically the book meets the need of a first and second-year French reader. It consists of vivid narrative and idiomatic conversation supplemented by notes and a questionnaire. The illustrations and the map furnish additional material for conversation. The vocabulary contains all the forms found in the text. *Aux Etats-Unis* and *La Belle France* are the result of a frank and earnest effort to strengthen the bonds between the two great Republics by giving the American youth a grasp of the practical, everyday colloquial France, an understanding of the French land, language, and point of view, a sympathy for the French attitude of mind and an appreciation of the admirable French qualities of head and heart. The work is attractively printed.

Dominicales, by Eugene Duplessy, directeur de "La Repose" (Paris: Pierre Téqui), is the first of a three-volume "Sermonaire." It extends from Advent to the Feast of St. Joseph. The author, who is well known by Catechists and Apologists, wishes to preach the Gospel, instruct the faithful, defend religion, to reach the different audiences that a parish priest has most frequently before him, to be an aid to his confrères, not a substitute. He has truly realized his desire. His work will be of the greatest service to priests, and will also make agreeable reading for the faithful.

Gabriel Beauchesne presents the third volume in Canon Louis Prunel's *Cours Superieur de Religion: Les Mystères*. This volume is devoted to the mysteries of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption, with an appendix on the Blessed Virgin Mary. With rare felicity, M. Prunel attains the object which he proposes for his course: to give in exact terms the substance of doctrinal teaching upon each of the articles of Christian Dogma without omitting any important question and, on the other hand, to make his work intelligible for people in the world, by avoiding detailed developments and purely technical problems. The exposition is solid, and always clear; controverted questions are summed up in a most satisfactory manner, without taking part in any of the quarrels between Catholic Schools. The Course has already rendered great service to many believers who wish to be instructed, and to unbelievers seeking light.

Santa Rita, a sacred drama by F. Aurelio Palmieri, O. S. A. (Florence, 1919), deals with the death of St. Rita's sons, her entrance into the convent, some of the miracles performed by her as an Augustinian Nun, and ends with her saintly death. The characters are well drawn. The drama gives evidence of unusual ability and should become, if translated into English, very popular as a play for academies.

Recent Events.

Russia.

Some notion of the chaotic conditions in Russia may be given when it is stated that during the past month in European Russia alone (*i. e.*, leaving out of account the movement of Kolchak's forces in Siberia), no less than nine military operations have been on foot. These may be summarized as follows: 1. German-Russian forces drive the Letts back and capture Riga; 2. British and French warships in Riga Harbor clear for action; 3. Two divisions of Esthonian troops thrown against the German-Russian forces; 4. Russo-Esthonian troops under General Yudenitch on the front southwest of Petrograd advance, cutting that city's rail communication with Pskov, and even, so latest reports state, capturing the suburbs of Petrograd; 5. Counter-revolution against the Bolsheviki reported in progress in Petrograd; 6. Martial law declared in Moscow; 7. General Denikin continues advance on Moscow from the south; 8. General Petlura, leader of the anti-Bolshevik Ukrainian army, declares war on General Denikin; 9. The Polish army makes further advance, capturing Dvinsk.

The salient feature of the situation is that though the various forces operating against the Bolsheviks are many, they are each acting from different motives and in several instances are mutually hostile among themselves. In some cases the reasons are clear. The German-Russian-Lettish imbroglio, for example, seems to have arisen as follows: Colonel Avaloff-Bermondt, commander of an anti-Bolshevik force operating near Riga, the Letvian capital, sought permission of the Lettish Government for the passage of his troops to the Russian frontiers. The Letvian authorities, fearful that their autonomy and independence of Russia would be thus endangered, refused this permission, whereupon Colonel Avaloff-Bermondt entered into an alliance with the German troops under General Von der Goltz and advanced against Riga. He has proclaimed Courland and Mitau as belonging to the Russian General Government and has assumed the title of Governor-General. Severe fighting has taken place between the Russo-German forces and Lettish troops reënforced by Esthonians. With the aid of tanks, aëroplanes and gas the Russo-Germans broke through the Lettish lines west of Riga, and their advanced guard entered and occupied Riga itself. Later reports state that the Letts have repulsed further attacks with sanguinary losses to the enemy. British warships have become involved in the fighting, having been fired upon by Russo-German forces, and an unconfirmed report declares a British force has been landed in or near the city.

Offers of an armistice made by Colonel Avaloff-Bermondt have been rejected by the Lettish Government. Troops are being mobilized everywhere in Livonia and the neighborhood of Riga preparatory to the struggle against the invaders. Various rumors as to the Russo-German alliance are in circulation. The French version is that the anti-Bolshevik are Russians first, and Germanophiles or friends of the Allies afterwards. According to this version the Nationalist Russians in the west, failing to get the support they sought from the Allies, became busy with an appeal to the Pan-Germans, with whose help they set up a new "West Russian" Government, whose banner the Pan-German and reactionary army of Von der Goltz forthwith adopted as useful camouflage. The Von der Goltz movement is considered primarily anti-Bolshevist in character, though it has in the background the ambition to resurrect German influence in the Balkans.

The two most important military moves of the month have been the advance of General Yudenitch on Petrograd and that of General Denikin in the south on Moscow. General Yudenitch's northwest army, which is composed of Russians, Letts, Esthonians, and Lithuanians, has been attacking Petrograd on a line from Pskov through Riga to the Gulf of Finland. A late report states that Kronstadt, the Petrograd citadel, has surrendered, but this has not yet been confirmed. It is known, however, that a general advance on Petrograd has been effected by the anti-Bolshevist army, in which thousands of prisoners have been taken, and heavy gains made on the entire front. Gatchina, which is considered the strongest position this side of Petrograd, has been captured by the Yudenitch forces, and the early fall of Petrograd is looked upon as a practical certainty. This news is supported further by reports of serious fighting in Petrograd between adherents and opponents of the Soviet régime. The "counter revolutionaries" are reported to have taken possession of several important buildings and Government institutions. Competent observers are of the opinion, however, that the Bolsheviki are still powerful and that the forces of the Soviet Government will put up a stout resistance before they are overcome. It is believed that the Yudenitch advance came as a complete surprise to them. Not expecting an action on the northwestern front, they were bending all their energies to dealing with Denikin in the south.

General Denikin's advance against Moscow, the Soviet capital, has reached Ore, an important railroad centre two hundred and thirty-eight miles south of Moscow. Two batteries of artillery, thousands of prisoners and great quantities of material have fallen into his hands. Denikin is pressing his attack on a two-hundred-mile front, advancing northwest steadily and systematically on parallel lines of railway. The most important result of his progress is that he now has behind him vast and rich tracts of Russian territory. It is clear that his progress against the principal Bolshevist army has compelled the Soviet Government to reduce their strength in other theatres, thus enabling the Russian northwestern army under Yudenitch and Kolchak's Siberian forces to make considerable advances.

Large quantities of war material have been supplied by the Allies to the White armies under Denikin, and it is upon this assistance from the Allies that Denikin's series of successes has largely depended. The French General, Mangin, whose recall to Paris from command of the Eighth Army was recently announced, has been instructed to proceed to South Russia and join General Denikin. He is to be accompanied by Basil Maklokoff, Russian Ambassador in Paris, their mission being to coördinate the policy of the anti-Bolshevist Governments. General Holman of the British Army has been with Denikin for several months, superintending the delivery of uniforms, tanks, aëroplanes, and other equipment furnished to the Southern Russian army by Great Britain on behalf of the Allies.

A disquieting feature of Denikin's situation is the declaration of war upon him by General Simon Petlura, the Ukrainian military leader. Violent fighting has been reported between the two forces. The attitude of Denikin's troops has long been hostile towards the Ukrainians, whom they regard as traitors to Russia since they made peace with Austria and Germany even before the Bolshevists, thus preparing the way for the peace of Brest-Litovsk. For a time the Ukrainian forces and those under Denikin effected a junction in their common effort against the Bolshevists, but recently the Ukrainian troops withdrew, leaving a gap between them and Denikin's troops through which the remainder of the Bolshevist force which had been driven out of Odessa are working their way northward. The Ukrainians are reported to have attacked the volunteer army under Denikin north of Odessa.

With regard to the Poles, Denikin's army considers them as allies, and negotiations are in progress to establish permanent contact between them. To all appearances, Denikin is firmly established in Kiev, the Ukrainian capital. The Bolshevists have been counter-attacking heavily with reënforcements drawn from the eastern front, but these attacks have been repulsed, and Denikin is again taking the offensive. His left, however, is exposed to an attack from either Bolshevists or Ukrainians, and a junction with the Poles would greatly strengthen this position.

From Admiral Kolchak's front comes a report of a Bolshevist retreat along the whole line, which is considered more than a mere strategic transfer of troops to the south against Denikin. The advance of the Siberian army under Kolchak since the resumption of his offensive on September 1st, has been carried out with few reverses to a distance averaging seventy-five miles along the whole front. The advance of several portions of the lines has been made against serious resistance and counter attacks. Voluntary enlistment among the refugees behind the Kolchak lines has been stimulated by the offer of bonuses and of subsistence for the families of volunteers, and it is now proceeding faster than the men can be equipped. Fifteen thousand volunteers were enrolled in September.

Late in September reports were persistent that Kolchak had handed over the chief direction of the All-Russian Government to Denikin and

subordinated himself to that chief, but this has since proved false. Kolchak is still the titular leader and as such has issued a proclamation calling for an assembly of the Zemstovs of the All-Russian territory to be held at the end of October.

Germany.

The Von der Goltz adventure in Courland and the Baltic states still continues to be the outstanding feature of the German situation. There has been constant interchange of notes on the subject between the Supreme Council of the Allies at Paris and the German authorities at Berlin. Early in the month Germany delivered to General Dupont, commander of the Interallied Mission at Berlin, a memorandum declaring that it had recalled General Von der Goltz, had stopped pay, supplies and munitions to the German troops there, and was doing everything possible to bring about the withdrawal of the German soldiers. General von Eberhadt has been appointed in place of General Von der Goltz to take charge of the evacuation. The memorandum insisted that Germany had exhausted its means of coercion, and requested the appointment of an allied commission to visit the Baltic provinces and verify this fact. According to Swiss advices, the German Government further issued a proclamation to the German troops exhorting them to withdraw from Russian territory in order to avert the blockade of Germany and other military measures threatened by the Supeme Council.

The German reply to the Allied note demanding withdrawal was considered unsatisfactory by the Supreme Council, and Marshal Foch was instructed to draw up a new note. Diplomats and military men of all the Allied and Associated Powers are agreed that the troops under General Von der Goltz are a menace to Entente interests as they are now operating and should be withdrawn. But there is a great difference of opinion as to the best means of effecting their disarmament and disbandment. A considerable number of Von der Goltz's troops are for the most part men whose properties have been ruined by the War, and they have sought the Baltic provinces as a pioneer country where they could re-establish their fortunes. Many of them are Germans who were expelled from Alsace-Lorraine, and there are numerous sea-faring men without prospect of employment, because Germany lacks a navy and merchant marine. Consequently they are foot-loose, desperate and eager for any adventure and ready to follow any bold leader. In the opinion of experienced Entente officers who have recently been in the Baltic territory the Berlin Government unquestionably has lost control over the Baltic troops, which are estimated as anywhere from 50,000 to 200,000 men.

As a result of the attack on Riga by the combined forces of Russians under Colonel Avaloff-Bermondt, and Germans under Von der Goltz, demands were made on the German Government that German ships on the Baltic be recalled to their home ports and that all others be forbidden to leave. The Allied and Associated Governments have engaged them-

selves to help the German Government get German troops out of the Baltic provinces. A portion have already been withdrawn under stringent orders from Berlin, and Von der Goltz himself is reported to have urged upon his troops the necessity of withdrawing to save Germany from a renewal of the blockade.

The German Government's position is difficult to describe. Technically it is faultless. It has addressed proper orders to the troops and forbidden supplies to be sent them, but plotting is still carried on with Berlin for its centre. South German troops still go adventuring into the Baltic regions, and the Government is rather colorless in its declarations.

Marshal Foch's latest note declares that full responsibility for the Baltic situation rests upon the German Government, and that the coercive measures now in force will not be lifted until the German troops withdraw behind their own border. The Allies possess the power of advancing from the Rhine to occupy Frankfort and Mannheim and, in addition, British and French warships are in the vicinity of Riga. Foch's note accuses the German Government of double-dealing in the Baltic situation, but leaves a way open for further diplomatic correspondence. The note does not appear to deal with the immediate situation growing out of the German attack upon Riga, but refers to the German offensive as a violation of the armistice, and objects to the formation in Courland of a German-Russian Government.

A further peculiar complication in the Allied-German interchange of notes on the Baltic situation is afforded by recent invitations from the Entente that Germany join in the blockade of Soviet Russia. This apparent contradiction in Allied councils is due to the fact that the Supreme Council ever since last July has been considering movements to stamp out Bolshevism and that this has just found issue. The Foch note, on the other hand, is the result of considerations of a much more recent and pressing problem—the continued presence and activity of the German forces in the Baltic. The indications are that the German reply to the suggested plan against Sovietism will neither be an unconditional refusal nor an indication of assent. It is said that Germany will suggest the installation of an international commission to deliberate on the proposition. Meanwhile the official answer to the invitation will be deferred until the Government has had an opportunity to consult the Scandinavian and other neutral Governments.

In a recent address to the National Assembly, Chancellor Bauer, discussing the future status of the German army, explained that full reduction of the army would be impossible until the Peace Treaty came into force, but announced that two months after ratification of the Treaty the army would be definitely reduced to 200,000. He also said that, owing to the amount of business before the National Assembly, new elections would be impossible before spring. A bill providing for Economic Councils was being rapidly prepared, the Chancellor announced, in the hope that they would be able to begin operations with the New Year. He said

the aim was to establish an obligatory Arbitration Court to settle trade disputes and thereby limit strikes to the utmost.

The German authorities have begun the evacuation of the first and second zones in Schleswig complying with the Peace Treaty conditions. The International Commission is preparing the arrangements for the plebiscite to decide whether the regions involved shall remain German or join Denmark, and is making plans for the administration of the districts.

France.

The French press expresses surprise and regret at the action of the Supreme Council in inviting Germany to join in the blockade of Bolshevik Russia. Among the possible consequences forecast by the commentators is that it will afford Germany, in her negotiations with the Russians, an opportunity to say that Germany alone is able to lift Russia out of the wreck. It is also asked whether this note is not likely to neutralize the effect of Marshal Foch's ultimatum regarding the Baltic. Some writers even predict that Germany will use the Council's invitation as a ground for claiming equal treatment and immediate admission to the League of Nations.

The text of the note inviting Germany to participate in the blockade of Soviet Russia shows that Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Finland, Spain, Switzerland, Mexico, Chile, Argentina, Colombia, and Venezuela also have been invited to initiate measures to prevent their nationals from engaging in any trade with Bolshevist Russia. The measures recommended are: (1) Refusal of permission to sail to every ship bound for a Russian Bolshevist port, and the closing of all ports to ships from Bolshevist ports. (2) Similar regulations to be adopted with regard to all goods destined for Russia by any other route. (3) Refusal of passports to all persons to or from Bolshevist Russia. (4) Measures to be taken to hinder the banks from granting credit to commercial undertakings in Bolshevist Russia. (5) Refusal by the various Governments to permit its nationals any facilities of intercourse with Bolshevist Russia, whether by post or wireless telegraphy. The preamble of the note declares that the open enmity of the Bolsheviki is directed against all Governments and that programmes of international evolution, circulated by the Bolsheviki, constitute a grave danger to the national security of all the powers. As every increase in the capacity of the Bolsheviki for resistance increases this danger, it would be desirable for all nations wishing peace and the reestablishment of social order to unite in resisting Bolshevist government.

The formal ratification of the Peace Treaty with Germany has been indefinitely postponed. The decision not to complete the formal ratification of the Treaty at this time was due chiefly to the inability of the three ratifying powers on the Entente side to make the necessary preparations to carry out provisions of the Treaty which must be attended to within a brief time after the actual ratification. Moreover, the delay in formal ratifica-

tion seems due also to the desire to have the United States participate in all the steps for the enforcement of the Treaty with Germany. American delegates to the Peace Conference are of opinion that the Conference will adjourn December 1st at the latest. They expect that the final action of the American Senate will be known by November 15th, and they calculate that a fortnight will then be sufficient to clean up the rest of the work of the Conference. Reports are also current in Peace Conference circles that the Conference may be replaced by a council of ambassadors presided over by M. Pichon, the French foreign minister, with Marshal Foch as his adviser.

While official announcement of the ending of the state of war has not yet been made, it is provided that the promulgation of the ratification of the Peace Treaty will be considered the date for the cessation of hostilities. The French Senate has ratified the Peace Treaty and also the Franco-American and Franco-British Defence Treaties. President Poincaré has signed a decree of general demobilization effective upon "the cessation of hostilities."

General rejoicing by the press over the ending of the censorship marked the return of a state of peace to France. Military control, not only of the press, but of all public measures for the control of movements of travelers across the frontiers as well as within France; the supervision of ports, restrictions on importations and other matters which have been in the hands of army officers have now passed to the civil authorities. The right of requisitioning is terminated, and the military authorities have also lost jurisdiction over certain crimes and misdemeanors, no longer having the right to search private property.

The election of a successor to President Poincaré is now only three months distant, yet Parliamentary elections to choose members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies must first be held, as these, in joint session at Versailles in January, must elect the tenth President of the Republic.

Results of the coming election are regarded as more obscure than any since the fall of the Empire in 1870. This is all the more true because of the death of 500,000 voters in the War, the coming of age of an equal number of new voters, and the anticipated modification of party lines by new issues resulting from the War and reconstruction. As an example of this last, the coming election will be the first since 1870 in which the Republic will not be attacked by Royalists or Imperialists. Imperialists have virtually disappeared, and the Royalists have abandoned their demand for the return of the Duke of Orleans to become King of France.

Conservatives who were not Royalists, but strong Catholics, and had kept up the fight against the anti-clerical tendencies of the Republic, have announced that they finally accept the separation of Church and State and merely count upon an unprejudiced execution of the law. This has made possible the negotiations now under way for an alliance of all parties except the extreme Socialists in certain departments, including that of the

Seine, which embraces Paris, the object being the union of all political forces in France opposed to the Bolsheviki and the extremely radical trend.

Italy.

Fiume throughout the month since our last notes were written has continued to be the salient feature in the news from Italy, but it is easy to exaggerate the importance of the controversy. The Italian Premier and Government have continued to show a firm front of opposition to d'Annunzio and his followers, and signs are not lacking that within the next month a solution, on the basis of compromise, will be found to this vexed question. What the nature of that compromise will probably be, and the chief incidents in the situation during the month, are indicated below.

At first the method adopted by the Italian Government to bring the Fiume rebels to terms was blockade and starvation, but at the beginning of October the Government issued orders to lift the blockade, and Italian authorities in the vicinity of Fiume received instructions to allow mail and foodstuffs to pass into the city. The decision was taken after the Government had examined and discussed a protest from the Fiume National Council. The military blockade, however, against the soldiers and civilians entering the city was continued.

An incident that threatened further complication of the Italian situation was the landing of American sailors on the lower Dalmatian coast late in September, who seized Trau, previously occupied by irregular Italian soldiers operating in sympathy with d'Annunzio. The landing of the American forces was at the request of the Supreme Council at Paris, in which the Italian Government has representation. Under the Allied agreement Italy was in control, by the Treaty of London, of that part of the Dalmatian coast extending down the east coast to Port Planca, but not so far as Trau. Later, a second landing of American marines was made at Spalato, ten miles further down the coast from Trau, to prevent outbreaks between Italians and Jugo-Slavs. The adjoining coastal regions are being patrolled by Italian, British, and French forces in addition to the Americans.

As the latest effort at solution of the Fiume imbroglio, Foreign Minister Tittoni has made the following proposal: He asks only the annexation to Italy of the district of Volosca, lying between Fiume and Trieste, in order to establish again a boundary between the enlarged Kingdom of Italy and the proposed buffer state, Fiume. Signor Tittoni further asks that the Island of Lagosta be added to the other Dalmatian Islands assigned to Italy under the original division of these islands between Italy and Jugo-Slavia. His project, besides making Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, a free city, provides that it be represented diplomatically by Italy.

This proposal by the Italian Government has found many adherents both in Italy and in the other countries. It seems to be favored even by d'Annunzio himself, who, according to late dispatches, has sent a message to Premier Clémenceau requesting him to take the initiative in securing

from the Allied Governments a declaration making Fiume a free port. He has also drafted a manifesto inviting Serbians and Italians to recognize mutual national rights. Altogether the prospects are good for an early solution of the Fiume difficulty.

The other principal event of the month in Italian politics was the ratification of the German and Austrian Peace Treaties by royal decree, Italy being thus the first Allied power to complete ratification of the Treaty with Germany, and the first to take steps towards approval of the Austrian pact. The Italian action in ratifying the German Treaty by decree —a power vested in the King, when a Treaty does not affect a frontier alteration—is expected to assure the speedy bringing into effect of the document signed at Versailles, June 28th. The Treaty stipulates that it shall become effective when three powers besides Germany have ratified it, and official notice of their action has been deposited. Besides the Italian ratification, both houses of the British Parliament have now ratified the Document, and also the French Chamber of Deputies and French Senate.

October 22, 1919.

A special note sent out by the publishers of "The Catholic World" to its subscribers on October 16th, informed them that the November issue would appear much later than the usual date of publication. The delay was due to no fault of the publishers: but to a walk-out of the pressmen of the local unions of New York City in protest against their own International Union. The latter would not sanction a strike by the Local Unions and believed that all Local Unions ought to abide by the contract which through the International they had made with the employing printers.

All requests for a compromise have met with a deaf ear from the Local Unions and up to date they have refused to call off the walk-out.

Our readers will note that the type dress of the present issue is not the same as usual, but this also was unavoidable. Moreover, the extraordinary difficulties encountered in publishing have no doubt resulted in typographical errors ond imperfections in printing.

We regret the delay in publication, but we wish to assure our readers that all the work done on this issue of "The Catholic World" as upon its other issues have been Union labor.

If the present conditions continue to prevail the publication of succeeding issues will probably be late also, for which we ask the patience and forebearance of our subscribers.

With Our Readers.

AFTER pursuing a course of murder, pillage and satanic cruelty, the Russian Bolshevist leaders have abandoned their so-called principles of Soviet rule. Communism in land is abandoned; differential wage is re-established—men who work better get more pay; also those who direct enterprises are not only permitted but actually invited to receive very large salaries. The same leaders protest now that they will protect individual ownership and the rights of the individual to the fruits of his labor.

It remains to be seen, as Mr. Herbert Hoover recently stated, whether we will learn by the lesson given in Russia and Hungary or whether we will be plunged into the same abyss and, after sorrows and disaster, painfully reconstruct that which we now have.

* * * *

BOLSHEVISM must be warded off, not only that the new democracies of the world may grow, but that our own democracy may live. And if America fails, democracy throughout the world will die. In the recent War America made a great and heroic sacrifice. The spirit of unity, of generosity, of unselfishness that led her to fight for a principle, will have to be maintained if the fruits of the victory are not to be lost.

Many have interpreted the victory as a long-sought opportunity to get for themselves more of this world's goods. They have reduced it to an ignoble scramble for material wealth. During the War labor, mechanical manual labor, had the world and society at its mercy, and knew it. Capitalists, no doubt, benefited by the war; labor benefited equally, if not more.

* * * *

LABOR has always maintained that its claims were just: founded upon the necessity of a living wage. It claimed and won the sympathy of the multitude because capital was in the seats of power and influence. Capital could outrage the moral law and there was none to bring it to task. Labor would never descend to the despicable, immoral deeds and practices of capital. It would never enter into combines that would mercilessly throttle the small competitor; it would never wantonly destroy products to increase cost by diminishing supply. It would never amass capital; indeed, capital and all connected with it was the object of its scorn and hate. Clothed in self-righteousness, labor appealed to the public and won the public's approval.

* * * *

UNQUESTIONABLY organized labor is not only the friend, but has been and is the saviour of the laboring man. Without it his cause is dead; without its power capitalism would never have been brought to

do him justice. Mr. Gary put himself in a hopelessly bad position recently when he said he would not negotiate with the representatives of the men who worked in the steel plants. The men have a right to be heard; they have a right to organize. But the same eternal moral law governs capitalist, labor organization and individual laboring man alike—indeed every man or group of men. The laboring man has no more right to be dishonest than any other man; nor have the labor organizations such a right. The laboring man, if he is receiving a just, living wage, has no right to hold up industry; no right to play the highwayman and declare: "More money or I won't work." He has industry and society by the throat. He can strangle both if he wishes, but he has no right to do so.

The laboring man has no right to break his contract, so long as his contract does no serious injustice. The laboring man has no right to destroy his product in order to raise its price. The labor organization has no right to amass such capital as will enable it to carry on warfare against those who have no capital, and thus win out.

* * * *

IT is a great and far-reaching question, in which one may balance the long, untold wickedness and unscrupulous inhumanity of capital against the laboring man. But it is certainly true that whoever violates the moral law of God loses in the end. The laboring man profited most by the War; he is profiting most now. He does not hesitate individually and through his union to demand and to obtain the highest wages that he can. His day is here, and he must get all he can. It is not a question of justice, but of opportunism. But opportunity does not constitute moral right. Money makes no man happier, wiser or better. If all the wealth of the United States were distributed equally among all its citizens they would be no better off than they are today. A nation that measures its soul by gold has gone a long way towards infamous decay. Alas, that it must be said that this is the attitude of the laboring man and the labor union today. There are those among the leaders who are trying to save the situation, who see the deep chasm ahead, but their efforts are often futile. A radical, disintegrating spirit is driving toward destruction. Labor today commits the very sin that roused its righteous indignation against capitalism. It has learned all too well from the master it affected to despise. It complained of the capitalist who destroyed five hundred pianos to increase the price of pianos. But it will ask for a five-hour day and for forty-four hours a week and a higher wage.

* * * *

LABOR once charged capitalism with being "soulless." Undoubtedly some strikes today are justifiable. Wherever inhuman and unjust conditions exist, men may and should strike if other means fail. But men who have "gone out"on strikes where no unjust conditions exist will tell you frankly that morality, Christian teaching have nothing to

do with the case: that they want shorter hours and higher pay—and if they can get it, they would be fools to let the opportunity slip. Justice they have never stopped to consider. Or, if it troubles them, they brush it aside, saying they must follow the majority: that they belong to the Union and must stand with it or be blacklisted. They must follow whether its demands are just or unjust. Could anything be more "soulless" than this?

* * * *

IN the present situation, the dignity of Labor is fast evaporating. The personal relations of the employer to the employee are getting quite beyond the control of both. The homely virtue of justice, of giving just payment for a wage received, has gone by the board. It does not trouble the conscience of the working man. The individual is merged in a great movement; he has lost his identity; his personality; his Christian worth as a man. He is a small, unimportant wheel in a great machine. Personal morality, personal responsibility, personal worth are superseded by the law of might and of force. Labor with its new and untold power, in its turn, will crush everything in its path to greater might and greater force.

In the great sacrifices of this country, attendant upon reconstruction and readjustment, Labor has not shown itself heroic. On the contrary, it grows more and more selfish every day. Multiplied strikes have caused a deficiency of production in this country which it is estimated amounts to ten millions a day. Mr. Hoover stated recently that the most startling economic phenomenon in Europe was its demoralized industrial production.

Labor knows the result; knows the consequences. In all fairness it may be asked: Is Labor bearing its fair share of sacrifice here for the rehabilitation of our country?

* * * *

IT is permissible for any man to repudiate his former radical views; but those who sponsor them cannot repudiate the ultimate responsibility for every act generated by them. Theorists, orators, philosophers are often far from intending that their pronouncements should be logically reduced to action. When their readers and followers so reduce them, they are even surprised. Mr. Foster, a labor leader of today, wrote some time ago that the enemies of capitalism were "no more careful to select weapons that were 'fair,' 'just' or 'civilized' than is a householder attacked in the night by a burglar. . . . With him the end justifies the means. Whether his tactics be 'illegal' or 'moral' or not does not concern him, so long as they are effective."

It is highly improbable that Foster has really repudiated his radical views. And it is morally certain that they have affected and influenced thousands of working men. His attitude before the Senate Investigating

Committee was shifting: he explained his statement "that scabs ought to be ruthlessly exterminated," by saying that he meant they ought "to be educated." He stated that no consideration of "legality" or "religion," "patriotism," "honor," "duty," should stand in the way of "effective tactics"—although he added that all of these terms are relative terms. And he still advocates "race suicide."

These, he maintained, were his personal views and had nothing to do with the strike he had organized. But it is surely not comforting to think of his present position and power, when we remember that neither publicly nor by writing has he ever repudiated the views he took such pains to disseminate when he was a Syndicalist and an Industrial Worker of the World.

Is it not more likely that such men have entered the American Federation of Labor to turn it to their own radical, unprincipled purposes—to socialize, as John Fitzpatrick put it, "the basic industries of the United States?"

* * * *

THE war has shown what is the fate in time of even the greatest physical force nation in the world. Any organization that follows its leadership, any organization that does not build on justice and right will go the same road of failure and of defeat. The pity of it is that the road is always strewn with desolation and ruin and death.

THE failure of President Wilson's Industrial Conference is lamentable and significant. The President performed a real service to social justice and peace, or attempted to do so, when he acted. He endeavored to bring together a body of men who are experienced in industrial life and to gain through their good offices some insight into the larger policies in industrial directions, which will fit into the newer social life whose formation we are now preparing. The attempt failed. The labor group withdrew and renewed the sense of confusion of which the country is conscious.

* * * *

CONFLICT always narrows vision and intensifies activity. The industrial conflict has developed two conflicting codes of justice, those of employer and union which are at variance in principle and policy. Property rights and authority, based on ownership or control of capital, are in conflict with human rights as these are defined by labor. There is, however, a vast section of the industrial world wherein we find relative peace and satisfactory adjustment of differences. The full force of actual and latent differences is brought out by the well-known issues that came to expression in the breakdown of the Industrial Conference.

Peace must come as it usually comes in complex situations through compromise in policy, restoration of mutual trust and the grasp of wider views of social welfare in which party interests must take a subordinate

place. There is scarcely a doubt that employers reconcile their own differences in this way and labor unions no less.

* * * *

AT this moment in our history, and in the history of the world, there is supreme need of a patriotism which breeds toleration, patience and mutual confidence. Our national intelligence is challenged quite as much as our common good will. The latter we can control by adequate moral force and worthy motives. Our intelligence is limited, rather our understanding of relations, rights and the drift of social forces. Goodwill can accomplish wonderful things when there is universal confusion. A world wrenched out of its harmony does not promote clear thinking, much as we need it. If increased production is a crying need now, we have not yet found the way to insure it. Perhaps a study of the spirit and methods of The Truce of God during and after the eleventh century might help us to recover the Peace of God in which the way to social justice might be found.

IN the welter of industrial conflict which is the aftermath of war; when might still battles against right to sway classes and men, the ovation to Cardinal Mercier, as "one whose name has fired the heart and imagination of America as almost none other in this war," is deeply significant. The universal acclaim of the spiritual ringing through every utterance of press and people reveals the secret altar where men worship, the leadership men crave. Justice and Charity must triumph. America will be true to the basic ideals of her being. Men still worship and follow Christ after they have crucified Him.

* * * *

A PRACTICAL world is skeptical. It requires the test; it seeks for proof. "Because," said the spokesman of the Protestant Episcopal Convention to the Cardinal, "we see in your career something of the print of the nails do we greet and honor you as a great shepherd and a great Christian leader." The world's testimony to "moral strength" that is "not an abstraction: the strength of men and women willing to endure and to suffer—to die rather than be dishonored," was voiced by ex-Justice Charles E. Hughes at the Merchants' Association of New York City. When "strength needed a voice;" "justice needed a voice;" "humanity needed a voice;" "religion needed a voice," Cardinal Mercier spoke. "The guns of the Huns could silence Antwerp, but they could not silence Mercier. Physical force can meet and overthrow physical force, but physical force cannot meet and overthrow spiritual force, deriving its constant sustenance from faith in an ever-living God." Mercier "mobilized" the spiritual resources of mankind. His victory is "priceless because it has reënforced our confidence in the eternal verities." Cardinal Mercier demonstrated, so said the presiding officer, Mr. Breed, that "the

surest guide for men and nations in the hour of peril is a simple faith in a righteous God."

"Through all the trouble and terror, I never once doubted God's justice"—"I had a duty to fulfill; I fulfilled my duty," are the Cardinal's simple summaries.

* * * *

THE "shining light for all time" of "lofty example" in spiritual standards, is the motif running through the addresses of the Bar Association of New York, met to pay homage to "so brave a champion of right and justice." "No soldier, no statesman, has so intimately spent our imagination," is its estimate. "We followed him, his deeds, his ministrations; we heard his voice across the sea, and we believed what he said and we knew what he said was true." He seized the opportunities for service of his great position "with a power and devotion as nearly supernatural as human power and devotion can attain." His power was that of "a holy man, clothed with the power of the Spirit," his victory in what seemed "an unequal contest" was that of "the holy man sustained by the mighty forces of religion and morality."

In his letter of regret that he could not participate in the Bar Association's tribute to this great exponent of the moral bases and philosophy of law, Mr. Elihu Root, the great jurist and leader of the American Bar, said, "Cardinal Mercier gave voice to the conscience, the humanity and the sense of justice of Christian civilization. He was the embodiment of moral power standing alone and undefended. His clear and fearless appeals for the right against foul wrong stirred the better instincts of men the world over, and by the compelling force of a great example lifted them up to the level of sacrifice and daring.

"The underlying truths of the moral world are the same in all relations. They are the same in the religion of which he is a Minister, in the moral philosophy of which he has been so long a teacher, and in the foundations of the jurisprudence which this Association seeks to make a living force in the administration of the law among a free, self-governing people.

"By membership in this Association, Cardinal Mercier would but join himself to a group of his brethren co-workers with him in the same great cause; and how proud we should all be if upon our rolls we might be associated with his revered and ever-to-be-remembered name."

"I do not express any personal opinion; I express the Christian doctrine on right," Cardinal Mercier truly said. But as a Venezuelan writer has aptly put it: "Ideas cannot be effective motors except among the great, spiritual and generous."

* * * *

THE impersonation of Christian teaching. That is what America sees in Mercier. "You are for us a symbol of that which men live by and die for, the motto of Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, 'Honor above all,' "

was the word of the President of Princeton. Columbia University's President hailed him as "worthy Prince of the Church and a Captain of the human spirit." "Cardinal Mercier in the hands of the enemy, overborne but never overawed, a guiding star of his own people, became a star of hope to all the world. He was a saviour of America and of mankind," stated the Chancellor of New York University, and in conferring the degree of Doctor of Letters, he addressed him as "Prince of the Ancient Church of your fathers and moral leader of many faiths, prophet of freedom who have confirmed men and nations in the truth that maketh men free, teacher and philosopher who in the face of war has made of letters a very sword of the spirit."

This "sword of the spirit" the Cardinal wielded in time of direst stress in behalf of "serenity" as "our expression of defiance to our oppressors, our daily act of patriotism. The homage of Belgium to the wisdom, the goodness, the justice and the mercy of God." Truly, as he has said elsewhere: "Only a man with some virtue is capable of an act of virtue. What is really virtue is the perseverance in the first decision."

Cardinal Mercier, Cardinal O'Connell has said, "stood for conscience at a moment when the world seemed to have lost its bearings, and pointed to the law of God as a fixed star in the heavens."

* * * *

IN his many happy utterances and introductions incident upon the entertainment of Cardinal Mercier, the Archbishop of New York has pointed to the relation of this great Christian to Christ. He calls him the "faithful shepherd of the world," and his country "the Bethlehem of a newer liberty," and asseverates his faith in man's great amen to the standards of God, by calling him "this man beloved of God and men."

"The Communion of Saints:" the union of souls in God, in mutual sympathy and forbearance, is the doctrine the Cardinal sees exemplified in every tribute laid at his feet. He rejoices in the increase of faith in that "Communion of Saints" which the war has brought. He makes of it, as it truly is in the great economy of God, the basis of a united country and a united world. He accentuates "self-abnegation" as "one of the factors" of victory.

At the Chamber of Commerce in New York he pleaded for united hearts and combined efforts "for the welfare of the great principles of life, justice, love of humanity and love of religion as the basis of moral and social order." At Harvard, as in his own educational work at Louvain, he stressed the obligation "to work for the formation of moral personality to serve the social order."

"We are brethren in Christian faith," he told the Protestant Episcopal Convention. "We are at this moment to unite our efforts to show the world that our brotherly feeling is only a corollary of the Fatherhood of God."

In his every utterance we find the same constructive charity of Christ as sent his priests forth ready to dare danger and death: "My dear, I

have done my duty; go and see if you will do yours," which challenges the quick response: "We are ready to obey. We wanted only to know your mind." This intrepid defender of right is tender to the tempted. He pleads for practical help, practical sympathy to stem the insidious temptations of Bolshevism in his own land; he points the way, in charity to the oppressed, to draw the serpent's sting; by example he teaches how evil may be overcome by good.

* * * *

CARDINAL MERCIER has caught the very soul of America in his estimate: The "spirit of spontaneity and initiative . . . brought finally under a common discipline and a realization of a perfect force of law. You have, more than any other nation, I think, the feeling of your own responsibility. . . . You accept willingly the discipline of law. . . You have that respect for authority, because it is authority, combined with a deep sense of responsibility, . . . embodied in this unique republic. . . . You have the feeling of moral and social order supported by your own personal responsibility."

America's tribute to Cardinal Mercier is an evidence of her ideals, of her willingness to follow spiritual leadership that deals not in abstractions, of her assent to Catholic principles when vitalized in action. The saints of God will ever be leaders of men.

AS we went to press last month a momentous meeting of the American Catholic Hierarchy was in progress in Washington, D. C., at the Catholic University of America. Never since the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884 has such a gathering of the spiritual leaders of the Catholic Church in America been convened. Space was annihilated, personal obligations were laid aside that this great body might come together for common counsel and common action. The most remote dioceses, even to Porto Rico, were represented among the ninety-two archbishops and bishops who assembled in Divinity Hall for the impressive opening ceremonies of the First Annual Meeting of the American Catholic Hierarchy. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, presided, the only prelate now living of those who assisted at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

* * * *

THIS is the day of organization. The motto of our great Republic: "United We Stand," holds good for every force within its border. The problems that confront the Church in America: the issues fraught with eternal values for souls, are not peculiar to this diocese or that—they are universal. Never was there greater need for Catholicity in principles, Catholicity in action, than today, when, as our Holy Father has said: "the whole structure of human society is in danger, and all civic charity, swept by storms of envious hate, seems likely to shrivel up and disappear." The American Hierarchy recognized that "the indispensable method of

our time is organized action and a common plan of campaign," hence their meeting and its consequences—a new proof, if proof were needed, of how truly the great organism of the Church lives and functions in time.

* * * *

THE important outcome of the meeting is the establishment of the National Catholic Welfare Council for the religious, educational and social well-being of the Catholic Church in the United States. To this end Catholic publicity will be promoted, recognized agencies engaged in foreign and home missions will be assisted, and the public interests of the Church in this country systematically supervised. The permanent Boards established indicate the scope of the activities to be coördinated: Education, Social Work, Press and Literature, Lay Societies, Home and Foreign Missions.

It may readily be seen what a wonderful power for encouragement and standardization these Boards will prove to Catholic activities now in being and also fruitful of others still to be.

* * * *

AS the entire Hierarchy, which forms the personnel of the Council, can only meet annually, an Administrative Committee, composed of three Archbishops and four Bishops, will be its executive organ. The chairmen of Boards will be drawn from this Committee, thus keeping every activity under the immediate guidance and protection of the episcopate. Both clerics and laymen toiling in the varied fields of Catholic endeavor will be afforded thus the assurance and stimulus of direct ecclesiastical sanction.

* * * *

THE full import of the step, taken so advisedly in this hour of reconstruction by the American Hierarchy, may not be estimated as yet, but the vast possibilities it portends for a closer union of hearts and hands in rendering effective Catholic principles and methods cannot be exaggerated.

The Source of both vision and light, the Spirit of God, living in the Church and directing these His chosen instruments, will see to it that vision will enlarge vision and light increase light.

A USEFUL agency for spreading Catholic ideals is *The Lecture Guild.* This comparatively new organization has just issued a fine list of noted public speakers on Literature and Drama, Philosophy and Religion, Travel, Music and Art, Science, History, Sociology and Current Topics. It further holds in reserve "an office list of prominent Catholics who may be called on for special occasions." The Guild offers its services to Catholic schools, clubs, parishes and other bodies to arrange programmes of lectures, engage lecturers and in every way save them "time, worry and correspondence."

In this crucial period of readjustment it is scarcely necessary to accentuate the value of an organization whose purpose is to make available correct Catholic opinion.

The Advisory Board of the Lecture Guild counts among its members the editors of *America*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, *The Rosary Magazine*, *The National Catholic War Council Bulletin*, the Assistant Editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, the Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, Miss Clare Cogan and Mrs. Joyce Kilmer.

The Secretary, Miss Blanche Dillon, may be addressed at the office of *The Lecture Guild*, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, or interviewed on Mondays and Fridays, between 10 A. M. and 5 P. M.

The Lecture Guild would be happy to add to its lists the names of well-recommended Catholic lecturers from any part of the country.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the second intercollegiate historical competition announced by the United States Catholic Historical Society. The competition is open to all undergraduate students of Catholic universities, colleges and seminaries. The conditions to be fulfilled by all competitors are as follows:

1. An essay on "Catholic Day," March 25, 1634, the distinctively Catholic anniversary of the United States.

2. The essay should show painstaking historical research, with references to primary and secondary historical sources, and should be accurate and impartial in estimating historical values. The style should be simple, direct, and clear.

3. Every contestant must be certified by the faculty as a student in course, of the institution to which affiliation is claimed.

4. The manuscript must be typewritten, must contain no fewer than 2,500 words and may not exceed 5,000 words. It must be received at the office of the United States Catholic Historical Society, 346 Convent Avenue, New York, before January, 1920.

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THE

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AMERICAN FAMILY LIFE IN FICTION.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IT is a platitude to say that the novel in English became, after the advent of Jane Austen and the successes of Thackeray and Dickens and Trollope, an important indicator of the currents of social life. Jane Austen, writing early in the nineteenth century, protests against the scorn with which the novel was treated by those who wanted to be considered "superior," and she was right. Miss Edgeworth followed in her footsteps and the novel of family life in England was created.

Until Dickens made his appearance, there still remained a strong prejudice against the novel, which included the romance; in fact, until Miss Austen practically created a new type or until Sir Walter Scott by his method defined what a romance exactly was, there had been some confusion, and the bad reputation of the licentious French *romans* still lingered about every work of fiction.

Richardson, who spoke the language of the English middle-classes of his time, had already written *Clarissa* and Miss Burney had produced her famous *Evelina*. Both Richardson and Miss Burney appealed to the woman; Fielding and Smollett and Sterne wrote for the man; but it must be admitted that the coarse plain-speaking of these three was innocence itself compared to the ultra-pruriency and the constant digging for vile worms around the roots of life that characterize the more

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modern school of English novels. Violet Meynell escapes this, though she is of the new school; but Compton MacKenzie and Cannan and, of late, Bennett are examples of a decadence in morals and a morbid sensuality which would have excited the honest indignation of Sterne and Fielding.

If Mr. Galsworthy's latest novel is a picture of the real Young England of the present time, the War has not improved it; and we know that before the War the most read of the English novelists gave the impression that English society deserved all the denunciation which Father Vaughan cast upon it.

With very few exceptions, the French novelists devote themselves to the consideration of sex relations. It is true that no novel can adequately represent life without going into the consideration of sex; and the French have this excuse, that nature in their vocabulary represents a very different thing from what it did with the English; again, French novels were never written for the family as a family. Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence,* which the author tells us is intended for family reading, would have been placed on the index of any French family. Halévy once, in an access of parental affection, declared that he would write a novel which his daughters could read, and he produced the *Abbé Constantin;* Zola, too, in a burst of sentiment, published one which he thought might be put beside the "prayer book of a young girl;" and Balzac never intended that even *Eugenie Grandet* should be read aloud before the maternal hearth. The modern English novelists have no such reserve, though I am happy to say that, so far, our Americans, as a rule, preserve a decent reticence. It must be admitted that the mother who did not permit her daughters to read *Adam Bede* and *David Copperfield* because of the episodes of Hattie and of Steerforth, would be looked on with amazement now; times have changed; whether for better or worse, it is hard to say; but the point of view of what may be said in print or in speech has been very much broadened. In Europe, there is a plain distinction between coarseness and immorality, even between impurity and indecency, though they are very close together, and these distinctions are being made more apparent in our country.

Running over the titles of the novels before me and the names of the authors, I am struck with the fact that Christian-

ity, as a spiritual and active force in family life, does not seem to have the place it had twenty-five years ago. Another thing, if Miss Yonge, whose novels are very much underrated, has no successor in England, the author of *The House of Yorke*, whose novels have been too easily forgotten, has no representative among us Americans. Christian Reed might claim this place, perhaps, if her novels were not pictures of an ideal life, rather than of our life as it exists. For some reason or other, the writer of Catholic novels in the United States seems to have disappeared. There was much more activity in this line in the days of J. V. Huntington and Mrs. Sadlier. The name of Richard Aumerle Maher occasionally appears; but the whole field of readable fiction seems to have been given over to writers of no particular religious convictions.

It must be remembered that the author of today reflects the tone of society much more than of his own special idiosyncrasies; and we may take the books before us, choosing them simply because they present phases of family life in our country, as indicating the trend of the social attitude.

Here are two late novels—*The Moon and Sixpence* and *The Gay-Dombeys*. *The Gay-Dombeys* is by Sir Harry Johnston. It is a continuation of the lives of the descendants of the personages in Dickens' *Dombey and Son*. It is ornamented with an enthusiastic preface by Mr. H. G. Wells, in which Mr. Wells gives us to understand that Sir Harry Johnston's knowledge of life—which the old-fashioned novelist would call "high-life"—is greater than Mrs. Ward's and his pictures of life more real. When we turn to the book itself, we discover that Sir Harry Johnston's idea of the reality of things is to drag in "sex" whenever he has an opportunity, or whenever he can make an opportunity. And his disadvantages in comparison with Dickens or Mrs. Humphrey Ward are glaring—even if only the quality of decent reticence were to be considered. Pierce Egan's *Tom and Jerry* is without doubt the literary predecessor of *The Pickwick Papers*, but, when we observe how greatly Dickens improved on the work of the delineator of London's sporting society in the time of George IV., one wonders why Sir Harry Johnston has failed so utterly in improving on the work of his illustrious predecessor. The critics as a rule give Dickens too little credit for good taste. Between him and Sir Harry Johnston, it may not be a question of morality; it

is certainly a question of taste, with the odds entirely in favor of the elder writer. According to Sir Harry, Victorian morals were not much better than those which Mr. John Galsworthy paints as characteristic of Young England during the War; but they were covered with a thick veneer of silence.

The books of the American novelists are not run into the same mold as those of their English brethren, and the most of them are well written. The "best sellers" in the United States are, as a rule, exceptions to this latter statement. Fannie Hurst, for instance, who makes a specialty of pictures of family life in cities among what are called the "common people," uses words as they come; her style is excessively tense when it is not very near to the ordinary colloquy of the people she depicts. For instance, in "A Petal on the Current," from *Humoresque*, she says: "The girls made foray into a little side pocket of the bedroom for changing of shoes, whitening of noses, and various curlicue preambles." And again:

> The milky-fleshed, not highly sensitized, pinkly clean creature of an innocence born mostly of ignorance and slow perceptions, who that morning had risen sweet from eleven hours of unrestless sleep beside a mother whose bed she had never missed to share, suddenly here in slatternliness, a draggled night bird caught in the aviary of a night court, lips a deep vermilion scar of rouge, hair out of scallop and dragging at the pins, the too ready laugh dashing itself against what must be owned a hiccough. Something congenital, and sleeping subcutaneously beneath the surface of her, had scratched through. She was herself, strangely italicized.

This is a dash of color, splashed on the canvas, not quite in the manner of Henry James, but certainly effective.

Edna Ferber, the author of *Dawn O'Hara*, and Fannie Hurst are the principal exponents of Jewish family life in this country; Miss Hurst's studies are made in the large cities; Miss Ferber's in small western towns. Miss Ferber is the finer author—less melodramatic, less intense than Miss Hurst, more carefully trained as a writer; but both have great sympathy with the sinners, while showing the blackness of the sin and placing their figures always against the corrective background of an ideal of family life. Miss Hurst's pictures of Jewish life have been, so far, confined, as in the very striking and interesting *Humoresque*, to one class of society—that is, to the newly-

arrived poor Jewish emigrants and their descendants. Miss Hurst is wise enough to be realistic, but not too realistic; she claims the inalienable right of an artist to choose her subjects and to group them as effectively as she will. Her "salesladies" in the department stores are types—at least she persuades us to believe that they are types. The elder people have traditions of virtue, not, it is true, unmaterialistic, but comfortably *bourgeosie*. If they read the Talmud or the Old Testament, they are not deeply affected by its mysticism. There is no relationship between Miss Fannie Hurst or Miss Edna Ferber with Sydney Luska's *Yoke of the Thora*, and his other novels of Jewish life in New York, which were never "best sellers."

When "Sydney Luska" assumed his real name, Henry Harland, and wrote *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* and *My Friend Prospero*, the brilliancy of his performance made us almost forget his earlier work; but the deep religious feeling of the Jews in Sydney Luska's novel hardly exists in the short stories of Fannie Hurst or in the novels of Edna Ferber.

Miss Ferber's *Fannie Herself*, gives a picture of a Jewish widow treading her way through the "alien corn" of a typical western town. The Jewish widow pays no attention to the rules of "kosher;" her most trusted friend is a Catholic priest; her daughter Fannie is free to read any of the Gentile literature that pleases her, and she at once takes the books of Zola from the public library, without fear, and without reproach from her mother. One can imagine how the new school of English novelists would have Fletcherized this incident, until it was chewed interminably; but Fannie and her mother take it simply as an ordinary matter. It shows the very liberal tendencies of the Jewish family of which Fannie's mother was a type.

There is in these stories of Miss Ferber's a race background, but a very faintly tinted religious background, and there is no compulsion, spiritual or social, brought on the Jews of this western town to take any religion seriously. It seems evident that, while the modern Jewish conventions tend toward making morality something more than a social convention, the beginning of wisdom, so far as the fear of God is concerned, is now not very actual. Both in the stories of Fannie Hurst and Edna Ferber the quality that tends toward the betterment of life, is the love of comfort and peace to be found in the contentment which only family life can give.

A marriage for love, in which perhaps a Ford car and a house with sleeping porches are included, is the minimum for which these clever, hard-working and energetic Jews strive. The superiority which Miss Hurst and Miss Ferber have over their English contemporaries is that they not only know the life they describe, but they never seem to be superciliously superior to it, and they have a good moral balance.

Isaac Goldstein, who has grown comfortably well off by manufacturing cheap "pants," may not have been immaculate in his youth; his code of morality excuses this in the eyes of his male friends, but, when he becomes a husband and a father, his point of view changes, and neither Miss Hurst or Miss Ferber will condone any other than decent conduct on the score of temptation. In fact, their Jews have a great respect for the Ten Commandments, the Synagogue still exists for them as a race institution rather than as a religious one; but it is evident that the rectitude and righteousness of the Jew depends very largely on his remembrance of the Synagogue and the traditions of his father.

The young Jews of these skillful writers are very advanced; they are Americanized; they smoke, they eat oysters and pay no attention to "kosher," except when the elder people are about; Judaism to them is a rather indefinite Deism; they have great race self-consciousness, but no pride of race. In all these pictures of family life where the questions of commercial advancement, of very commonplace comforts and meretricious luxuries come constantly into conversation, there is no sign of the necessity of religion as a rule of life or as a motive of self-sacrifice. The fathers and mothers are unselfish and generous and kind because they are fathers and mothers, and because the old Jewish father and mother look on children and the welfare of children as most pleasing to Jehovah; but they see their progeny adopting the ways of the Gentiles without very bitter qualms. They will not have mixed marriages. If Barney O'Neill, the eminent buyer for Goldstein & Company, takes Rachel, the saleslady in the linen department, out to luncheon or pays her any other attention which shows possible intention, her father and mother are up in arms at once. Such a marriage, no matter how important Barney's position may be (and the value of positions in trade is eagerly discussed by the youngest Jewish boy or girl), would mean unutterable disgrace.

Then would the Jewish father and mother, who hoped that Rachel would have had a wedding reception in a quasi-fashionable hall, cast ashes on their heads and their garments, and fly to the Rabbi for such consolation as he could give or such prayers against the horrible event as he could utter. The younger Jews retain the same objection against mixed marriages, but it seems to be through a fear of exciting the indignation of their parents or of cutting themselves off from friends and neighbors of their own race that keeps this alive.

Miss Fannie Hurst has discovered the type of the haughty "saleslady" or the scornful cloak model whose business it is to appear as fashionable as possible, but who in her heart longs only for domestic life, with mission furniture or Louis Quatorze or whatever is the mode, a husband who is a good provider, and a certain number of children. At the heart of these novels, which evidently contain a great amount of truth, occasionally enameled with touches of romance, there is the admission that the life of a contented family is the highest possible object to which human nature can attain.

Miss Hurst, in *Every Soul Hath Its Song*, an earlier collection of stories than *Humoresque*, touches in the "Sob Sister" on the theme which has made "The Lady of the Camellias" the subject typical of the romantic treatment of a very terrible and common episode of life; but the lesson of the story is not that chastity in itself is valuable, but that the *"fille de joie"*—a joyless creature, after all is said—fails in her duty as a woman to the family. The most scrupulous reader will not need to blush at the presentment of the lost woman in the person of Mae Munro. Mr. Max Zincas, the "Armand" of the story, is not prettily decked with the colors of romance as Alexander Dumas, with his meretricious unreality, adorns the admirer of "Marguerite Gautier." In Miss Hurst's stories, as in all the American fiction in this group, the vice from which St. Mary Magdalen was rescued by the Cleansing Grace is not tinged with iridescent colors. In fact, the typical American author is still so clear-eyed in his views of the permanence of the family, that he is only beginning to condone that custom of our country, divorce. Miss Hurst is frankly, but never coarsely, vulgar —that is, she makes no pretence of standing apart from the very vulgar people she describes, and this is a sign of the sincerity of her art and the fine quality of her work. Her style is

as colorful as a circus poster, but who would read Miss Hurst if she attempted to analyze Mrs. Meyerburg, in "In Memoriam," after the manner of Henry James or with the academic exactness of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward? Miss Edna Ferber has a wider sympathy than Miss Hurst, greater humor.

Mrs. Norris—Kathleen Norris—is an admirer of Miss Hurst's work and this is a feather in Miss Hurst's hat—a big plume, for Kathleen Norris speaks to an enormous audience, with no uncertain voice, when the essentials of morality are concerned. She has a keen eye for character, and all her novels concern themselves with social conditions that are not exotic. *Mother* was the first, and the *leit motif* of the rest. More sophisticated than the most "eminent" of the women "best sellers," Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, with a greater knowledge of life, more charm of style, Mrs. Norris holds a high place in the hearts of readers who like to find themselves in safe hands. Mrs. Norris supplies, too, a religious background; her people may not be *pratiquant,* to use a French word, but she makes sure that there is somewhere a moral clock of standard time not entirely out of view.

The Story of Julia Page is diffusive, but it is a very important novel of contemporary life. The prim little girl who comes home from a mixed school in the afternoon, does not tell all the things she has heard and seen during the hours spent among children of all kinds—many of whom are cherubic only in appearance; and the prim little girl may give the impression to those who have forgotten their childhood, that all her life is prim and ignorant of evil. This is the attitude which readers of the school of prudery take on the manifestations of actual life in literature; but the most scrupulous of this school ought not to object to *The Story of Julia Page.* Mr. Arnold Bennet, Mr. Wells, Mr. Cannan and others would never have written in this way of Julia Page, the repentant:

> But no outside influence ever could bring home to her the realization of the shadow on her life as forcibly as did her own inner musings, the testimony of her own soul. If she had but been innocent, how easy to bear Jim's scorn and the scorn of the whole world! It was the bitter knowledge that she had taken her life in her own hands nearly twenty years ago, and wrecked it more surely than if she had torn out her own eyes, that made her heart sick within her now. She,

> who loved dignity, who loved purity, who loved strength, must carry to her grave the knowledge of her own detestable weakness. She must instruct her daughter, guarding the blue eyes and the active mind from even the knowledge of life's rough side; she must hold the highest standard of purity before her son, knowing, as he knew, that far back at her life's beginning, there were those few hideous weeks that, in the eyes of the world, could utterly undo the work of twenty strong and steadfast years! She must be silent when she longed to cry aloud; she must train herself to cry aloud at the thing she had been. And she must silently endure the terrible fact that her husband knew, and that he would never forget. Over and over again, her spirit shrank at some new evidence of the fact that, with all his love for her, his admiration, his loyalty, there was a reservation in her husband's heart, a conviction—of which he was not perhaps conscious himself—that Julia was not quite as other women.

She had confessed her sin and received absolution; she had not deceived the man she had married—but that exquisite thing—not a negative thing—her purity, had been sullied. How foolish she would seem in the eyes of the "moderns" who people the scenes of Mr. John Galsworthy's novels! It was Renan, I think, who said of his scheme of life: "Sin? We efface it!" In fact, it is only with the American novelists that those sins which strike at the foundation of the family seem to be vitally bad. And, with some of them, the evil lies in the sense of loss of something fine rather than the breaking of an immutable law.

In many clever novels, one is irritated by the needless suffering inflicted on the heroes or the heroines by the lack of knowledge of moral matters which three words with the most simple-minded of parish priests would settle. Mrs. Norris does not irritate us in this way. One reason is that she does not raise questions of casuistry which she cannot answer. Right and wrong are plain white and black to her; she has no sympathy with the sin, though she has pity for the sinner; and she has some warrant for this, for Dante, whom Raphael placed among the Doctors of the Church without rebuke, sang with tears in his voice of the fall of Francesca. And, then, with most of her people, there is the appeal to faith and the practices which follow the Faith, whether blurred for a time or not. In

Josslyn's Wife, by no means so good a story as that of *Julia Page*, the lesson lies in these words:

> "You must forget all about it," she said. "You never did anything to deserve a prison experience—it was a horrible mistake."
>
> "It was a mistake from a human standpoint," Gibbs conceded thoughtfully, "but I don't know about my record in a higher tribunal. I wonder how many of the fellows serving life terms now ever had an angel for a mother, and a saint for a wife, clothes and friends and warm food from the hour they were born, always money to buy prestige and service and preference—! Ellen, if I had my life over again, do you know what I think it would be? According to the principle that until every other man had it, I didn't want it, and until every other child had it, I didn't want my son to have it—whatever it was, travel, clothes, education, toys, everything."
>
> "I suppose that's loving your neighbor as yourself," added Ellen's thoughtful voice.

It is unusual to find an American writer who puts the lesson quite in that way, and none yet have been found to show that the men and women who do this perfectly are not the men and women with families, but those men and women, following the mystic voice of St. Paul, who deny themselves that the poor little child may learn or that the rich child may be taught that the things of the spirit are above all. Mrs. Norris' one theme is the preservation of the family; nothing could be better described than the youth of Julia Page and the circumstances which helped to mold it. The character of her mother, the self-indulgent, the ill-regulated Emeline, is worth consideration by all students of the evils that undermine family life in our country, which no laws will change, and which no general spread of "book-learning" will affect. She resented the coming of her baby. She was wedded to the frivolous amusements of the moderately poor in cities. "By the time Julia was weaned, Emeline had found the wrapper habit; she had also slipped back to the old viewpoint; they were poor people, and the poor couldn't afford to do things decently, to live comfortably."

The coming of the little child did not draw this mother to the contemplation of the divine Mother; she did not look up, but down. The realism of these first chapters is a lesson in the right kind of realism. In addition to the loss of the spirit-

ual in life, the incapable mother makes the possession of things the real test of living; to be poor, in the conventional sense, is to be doomed.

If the example of the courage of the people of the South after the Civil War taught us anything, it was that families might be poor and still keep their "gentleness" as a proud possession. They might live on corn pone, sweeten their coffee with molasses, do without the old luxuries of the dinner table, and yet preserve what they could of its ritual. This tenacity of belief in the value of what is called "gentleness" is one of those qualities, which, outside of religion, adds much to the stability of the family life. The Hebrews believed in it when they preserved their pedigrees; when an American family gains or conserves this quality, its course must be upward.

Probably no two authors can be more different in their points of view, apparently in their experience, than Edith Wharton and Booth Tarkington. Whatever might be said of an exaggeration here and there in Mrs. Wharton's novel, *House of Mirth*, it is true to the section of society which she depicted—a section of society which was only temporarily diverted from its pursuits by the necessities of the War. It is almost as negligent of the real claims of the family as those patricians, under the later Cæsars, who considered it the duty of the stupid proletarian to have children. But in Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*, we find few exaggerations. It is the society—or, rather, one stratum of it—in the Middle West, to the life. If Amelia Dobbin in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* is true, then the very interesting but foolish mother in *The Magnificent Ambersons* is as true to life. But it is not Isabel or her son, George, that makes the real interest of this novel—it is not what they do, but what their environment induces them to do; they are the slaves of circumstances and things, and Mr. Tarkington, in regard for truth, could not make them otherwise. In the case of Isabel, her motherhood is everything, but there is little of the spiritual in it; she is as selfish as she is unconsciously destructive—but very charming withal. There is no background of the supernatural in these stories; in fact, if one spoke of the supernatural to any of Mr. Tarkington's real characters, the more intelligent—none of them is more than merely intelligent—would think of the vagaries of Sir Conan Doyle or Sir Oliver Lodge.

Apart from the delicious humor of Mr. Tarkington's books about boys, in which class one may include his latest, *Ramsey Milholland,* his novels are seriously sincere and graphic; he is Henri Bordeaux, lacking the logic or the system of philosophy without which no Frenchman can write. He proves one thesis —that a family can not be built upon mere possessions in these modern times when the truth still prevails that the spirit is more than the letter.

The Cricket, by Marjorie Benton Cook, is a study of the effects of the criminal selfishness of a fashionable mother on a child of good instincts and unusual cleverness. The keynote is struck in the opening conversation between two opulent persons in society—Wally Bryce and his wife.

> "Look here, Wally, don't begin on that mother stuff. I didn't want her any more than you did, and we were fools to have her. That may be abnormal, unnatural and all the rest of it, but it's the truth, and there are lots of other women just like me. You can't lump us any more than you can lump men. We don't all of us have the maternal instinct, not by a long shot."
>
> "Don't talk that way, Max," says the husband; "it's not nice."
>
> "There you go. It's all right for you not to want a child, but it is indecent in me. That's a man-made idea, and it won't work any more. Lots of us don't find motherhood either satisfying or interesting, and we're getting courage enough to say so."
>
> "The less you say about it, the better," counseled Wally.

The father finds the luckless child, Isabel, thrust upon him! he is lazily affectionate; the responsibility alternately amuses and bores him; he is the *"homme moyen sensuel;"* and Isabel brings herself up very blunderingly. How she does it is well told. Her position is so typical, that it is worth studying as an example of a social tendency.

The hero of *The Road to Understanding,* by Miss Eleanor H. Porter, came of a family too elegant for words; he has a touch of that social haughtiness that causes the heroine of *A Daughter of the Land,* by Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, to refuse an admirable man, who talks well, and is very much her superior, because he is unable to write a letter expressive of his real qualities. The story is one of the conflict of social

"classes" in a new city. There is a Denby Mansion and a proud Denby father, who has made money. There is the opulent son of the type of George Amberson, but more foolish. Burke Denby falls in love with a nurse maid, the daughter of a grocer, who had spoiled her, too. The grocer, dying, had unexpectedly left her to earn her own living. The difference in their social position is indicated by the tone of their conversation. Nobody in the Denby family dreams that Burke, with his "culture and traditions," can ally himself with the beautiful nurse of his Aunt Emma's children. Burke shows Helen Burnett the view from the top of the hill.

> "My, ain't this real pretty?" exclaimed the girl.
>
> The young man scarcely heard the words, else he would have frowned unconsciously at the "real pretty." He was looking at her lovely, glorified face.
>
> "I thought you'd like it," he breathed.
>
> "I know another just as fine. We'll go there next."
>
> A shadow like a cloud crossed her face.
>
> "But I have so little time!"
>
> The cloud leaped to his face now, and became thunderous.
>
> "Shucks! I forgot. What a nuisance!"

The purist who says "shucks" is shocked when the lady of his thoughts says "swell;" but he marries Helen; the father, a type of the unreasonable parent who gives his child everything he wants, and at last refuses him what he wants most of all, disinherits the son and the wife who says "swell!" Nowhere, except in our country, could two young people be so utterly unprepared for the realities of life; and nowhere, except in our country, would the case be looked on as usual; yet it is usual. Mr. Denby has an arrogant and selfish affection for his "cub"—and nothing more. Among his newly-discovered traditions, there is no feeling of duty towards the essentials of the family.

Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, who divides with Mr. Harold Bell Wright the quality of the first of "the best sellers," hews her figures out of life. She fancies that her philosophy of life is "sunshiny." She tries to "let a little sunshine in" at every moment, opportune or inopportune, but she succeeds in gathering together a group of the most disagreeable persons, to make a chorus for her heroine, Kate Bates, "a daughter of the land." No Norman peasants could be willing to sacrifice more for the

land than these people. Kate's burning desire for education is a desire common to her class, a desire which the farmer's daughter cherishes more than the farmer's son.

It is a pity that our Government, which is doing so much for agriculture, does not study more carefully the actual needs of the farmer and his wife and children on the far-off farms. If he is selfish, if the land obsesses him, if he is inclined to make his kin slaves to the land, his hands seem to be against every other man, because he has not learned the value of coöperation. The family, as Mrs. Stratton-Porter depicts it, has no real solidarity; *things* are everything. There is no spiritual life; it would be a relief to find in this book a downright villain who had any conception of his relation to God. But, though purists will be shocked at Mrs. Stratton-Porter's English of the people, her work is sincere and it, therefore, rings true. People who buy her books do so for that reason, and because her aspirations are theirs.

In *The Homestead,* by Zephine Humphrey, we have another novel of country life—New England life this time. Miss Humphrey writes well. She knows the heart of the American woman, chained to things. Barbara, with the weight of the "homestead" on her soul, turns to dreams of Italy, to splendors beyond her gray horizon. She is, like all the persons in nearly all the novels before us, of a religion that does not satisfy the longings of the heart, that contents neither the desire for beauty, nor makes beauty actual as a part of religion fused with everyday life. Barbara begins to be saved when "the thing" to which she is chained disappears—this book could have been written only by an American of insight and perception of spiritual values.

Charles Norris, the author of *Salt,* has made a keen, relentless exposition of the life of a young American, who drifts. He has the instincts on which are founded good character and high principles; he is the elemental man in a civilization in which the influence of Christianity remains, but from which belief in its dogmas has vanished. He is a young pagan, but not an evil young pagan. He can be saved to society only by a good woman—to the family, which is the foundation, he is instinctively drawn; but, though he has had the education of the moderately rich, nobody has taught him anything essential. In business, he is dishonest, because everybody about him is

conventionally dishonest; he is astonished to find that men who steal in an apparently respectable way, have no sympathy with him when he is found out. He gropes, to find how he can make the spirit dominate the appeal of mere things; a Catholic young man, on whom the kindly light shines, were he a mere newsboy or the son of a Senator, could not have escaped the guidance lacking in the life of this young pagan. The eternal womanhood saves Griffith Adams—or, rather, is the beginning of his salvation. Should he marry Margaret? It meant riches for his son; or Rosa, who means motherhood and the simple virtues of the family life. He decides for Rosa—by instinct, by a yearning for the love of the family. *Salt* is realistic; but, unhappily, true to a life which is around us. It has gone beyond the sixth edition, because of its unhappy truth and of the lesson it carries.

My Antonia, accented in the Bohemian way on the first syllable, is a picture of a corner of our life quite new. Miss Willa Cather, in depicting it, shows a quality that almost deserves to be called genius. Antonia ought to have a place among the great heroines in fiction; or, rather, a place among the great characters which the great writers of fiction have created. The scene is laid in the Nebraska prairies; the story is that of a Bohemian family. Antonia has the spiritual background of faith; it helps to save her in the end—that and the belief, which is a part of hope, that she may do her "bit" in the life of the world as a wife and mother. Miss Cather has produced a masterpiece, which, if printed in France, could not have escaped the notice of the Academy. The glimpse of the character of Antonia's husband, born in Prague, is very happy. And Ambroch's opinion of his brother, Leo, the erratic:

> "That's like him," Ambroch said to the visitor. "He's a crazy kid. Maybe he's sorry to have you go, and maybe he's jealous. He's jealous of everybody mother makes a fuss over, even the priest."

Here, in *My Antonia,* too, is the tyranny of things, from which the world, in a blind way, is trying to escape: and the answer in it, as in all these stories from life, is the love of the family. In *The See-Saw,* by Sophie Kerr, it is the same theme. Zlarleth is the irresponsible man, the product, too, of our civilization—"I thought I could do anything and get away with it,

and then every way I turned I got whacked" he says, after he has divorced his wife, Marcia. And—

> Across the chasm of the lonely, unsatisfied years, the heartache, the humiliation, Marcia Crossey looked at her husband, and felt something of the unbreakable tie between them. She knew that for all his repentance he was as he had been before—that he would hurt her again, in a thousand ways, in their life together, and that she would never be strong enough and fine enough to make him over, or shield herself from the painful difficulties of his faults and her inadequacies. Yet above and beyond this was the demand that might not be denied, the demand marriage makes upon two who are really married, that concession, adjustment, endurance, shall not be shrunk from nor denied, but lived fully, and so subordinated and forgotten, in the greater thing, which is true love, tried and understanding.

There is no question, then, that, at the basis of our civilization, the old idea of the value of the family exists unaltered. Whatever Mr. Shaw's real principles are—and nobody has yet discovered the convictions of this Celtic Puck—his opinions about the home and the family are looked on here as bits of brilliant and amusing comedy. These novels so far as their testimony goes, show that the Protestant churches, in our country, have become negligible as factors in the moral life of the average man. How far Catholics in this country are affected by the prevailing, very amiable paganism, I cannot tell. There are no novels, written for Catholics, which give us a clue—those of Mrs. Norris seem to show that, even among the self-indulgent and indifferent, the Church restrains. This is, however, certain—that the conscious and spiritually regulated education of the heart and mind and character, on which the foundation of the family must be founded, seems to occupy no given place at all.

THE ARMENIAN CRISIS.

BY WALTER GEORGE SMITH.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The writer of this article, who is a Philadelphia lawyer, and former President of the American Bar Association, was a member of the American Commission for the Relief of the Near East, and spent much time in Constantinople carrying on the work of the Commission. What he says of the Caucasus is based on his own personal observation and notes taken during a tour of that country in the spring of 1919.

LONG before the unspeakable tragedy of the World War riveted the attention of mankind upon the struggle of Christian civilization for continued existence, the cruel and systematic persecution of the Armenians by their overlords, the Turks, was continually appealing to its conscience. There are few more remarkable instances of strength of racial character than that of this long-suffering people. Their fate now hangs in the balance. Whether they are to survive or to join the long list of other nations destroyed by the unreasoning fanaticism of the Musselman hordes, depends upon the outcome of the effort to call to their aid the forces of civilization in order to give them the right to live unmolested in their own land. Since the capture of Constantinople, in 1453, seated the Turks in firm possession of Western Asia and the Balkan Peninsula, Armenia has been but a geographical expression. A once powerful nation was scattered and downtrodden, until by the last estimate, it amounted, in 1914, to not more than three and one-half million people.

A glance at the map will show the ancient home of the Armenians to be the mountainous region southeast of the Black Sea, and extending in a parallelogram eastward almost to the Caspian Sea and south to the Mediterranean and to the border of Syria. The Biblical designation is Ararat. In Roman times there was the Greater and the Lesser Armenia, the former being the country now spoken of as the Caucasus, the latter a portion of Asia Minor. At an early date Cilicia became a part of Armenia. In modern times this country was partitioned between Turkey, Persia and Russia. Since the War of 1914, one of the provinces extending from Batoum on the Black Sea to Baku on the Caspian seceded from Russia, and received

recognition from the Powers as the Republic of Georgia. Southwardly from Georgia the territory as far as the Taurus Mountains possesses a compact Armenian population of perhaps 1,500,000 people, who have set up a provisional republic not yet recognized by the Powers. Still further south and on the other side of the mountains, are the Armenian vilayets of Turkey, Van, Sivas, Erzeroum, Diabeker, and Adana. They, with Aleppo and Bagdad, have been largely depopulated of the former Armenian residents. Their political future, with that of the remainder of the Turkish Empire, has not yet been determined.

The Armenians are Indo-European in their origin. Their history goes back to centuries before the Christian era. They are mentioned in Strabo, Herodotus and Xenophon. The Armenian plateau covering about 120,000 square miles, formed part of the Roman and Byzantine Empires. It is traversed by mountain ranges with lofty peaks reaching high above the level of perpetual snow, the most notable being Ararat. Among these mountains the Tigris, the Euphrates and the Araxes Rivers takes their rise. Among the many lakes, Sevanga and Van are the larger. The climate is very hot in summer and cold in winter. There are but two seasons: winter from October to May, summer from May to October. Most of the inhabited portions are from five thousand to eight thousand feet above sea level. Grapes grow in the Lake Van country, while other products are wheat, barley, tobacco, cotton and hemp. The country is, however, more pastoral than agricultural. The Armenians claim a majority of the permanent inhabitants of the plateau. Though statistics are unreliable, the Kurds, Turks and other races separately are in a minority, though collectively they may exceed the Armenians. It is said that in Russia and Persia with Armenia, are 2,100,000 Armenians; in the Turkish vilayets that 200,000 survive, and of the refugees from Turkish Armenia in the Caucasus are 500,000 more; in Syria, Mesopotamia, Cilicia, Konia are 250,000, making a total of 3,050,000, to whom should be added 200,000 in the Northern Caucasus, 300,000 in Constantinople, Smyrna and other parts of Turkey, 300,000 in Europe, Egypt and America, giving a total of 3,850,000.

Christianity penetrated into Armenia in the third century and was well established in the fourth. St. Greogry the Illu-

minator was the first Metropolitan. Legends tell of the teachings of the apostles, SS. Bartholomew and Thaddeus. The Armenian Church was represented at the Council of Nicæa. The decrees of the Council of Chalcedon were rejected, however, and since the fifth century the Armenian Church, with intervals of union, has been a separate ecclesiastical body, differing from Western Christianity on the doctrine of the Trinity.

Literature has had a well-marked development in Armenia from early times, and notwithstanding the conquests by Persia and Turkey, it has never ceased to exist. The early Christian theological writings are valuable, and date from the invention of the national alphabet in the fifth century. They translated the Bible and produced valuable controversial and historical works. In the latter half of the eleventh century the last king of Armenia succumbed to the Sejukian Turks. Subsequently those who fled into Cilicia and aided the crusaders were rewarded by being given an independent kingdom which survived until 1375, when it was overcome by the Mamelukes.[1]

It is said that before the recent massacres there were forty to fifty thousand Protestants, sixty to seventy thousand Catholics, and the remainder of the Armenian population belonged to the Gregorian, the national church. The massacres and deportations have reduced the total number of Armenians by probably 1,000,000 souls. These massacres following so closely upon those of 1894-1896, under Abdul Hamid, have entailed a loss of population since the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, of not less than 2,000,000.

The ultimate responsibility of these tragedies rests upon the inept statesmanship of England in 1852 and 1878. Russia, whose domination would have at least given peace and protection to the Armenians, was opposed by England and France in the Crimean War and then held at San Stephano. The unhappy Armenians were again relegated to the mercies of the Turk, notwithstanding the bitter knowledge of Turkish faithlessness.

A carefully devised propaganda, even in our own day, and with the knowledge of the frightful crimes of 1915 and their direful consequences, fresh in our minds, seeks to rob the

[1] *Catholic Encyclopædia*, "Armenia." *Chambers Encyclopædia*, "Armenia."

Armenians of sympathy and assistance on the ground that they are after all an ignoble race who suck the life blood from the simple Turks, rousing their fury and justifying, or at least extenuating, assassination. It is the same old plea that seeks to expose the "pogroms" against the Russian and Polish Jews. It is baseless.

Armenians are not exclusively, nor predominately, given to mercantile pursuits, but on the contrary eighty-five per cent are devoted to agriculture and the smaller crafts. While they show an aptitude for commerce which has made them successful wherever they are protected, and have been noted as doctors, lawyers, engineers and chemists, they are proficient as well in their skill in handicrafts. The fact is they are the leading people of energy and natural endowments in the Near East, and their success wherever attained has been the result of industry, thrift and temperance—virtues unknown to their Turkish oppressors.

The cause of their persecution is not far to seek. It lies in the peculiar character of the Turk, his incapacity for intelligent political rule and the stringent requirements of his religion. Unable by his natural constitution to advance beyond the elementary principles of civilization, thus lacking the effort necessary for successful agriculture, he has remained century after century essentially unchanged from the pastoral nomads of Central Asia from whom he descends. A brave fighter and susceptible of a certain chivalry as a warrior, he is utterly without constructive ability or steady application to any of the arts of peace. For four and a half centuries he has camped in Asia Minor and some of the fairest lands of Europe. He found great cities, with teeming villages and well-watered farming land, capable of subsisting a dense population, and now where it is not a desert marked by the magnificent ruins of civilization, it is but a pasture for the sheep and cattle which form his main possessions. The Turkish peasant is content with the scantiest farming and lives in poverty, ambitionless and lethargic.

He is not without amiable qualities. He is kind to the poor of his own race and is fond of children. He takes good care of his animals and has a love for flowers. Coming with baskets of vegetables to sell in an Oriental market, he will deck them and sometimes himself with blossoms. In the higher

ranks of society he is gracious, hospitable and generous. Individual instances of real kindness which he is sure to meet, predisposes the traveler to like the Turk and to contrast with favor his gentle, easy manner with the keen, business-like methods of the Armenian or Greek with whom he may have dealings. On the other hand, the educated Turk is a master in the diplomatic art as understood in the Orient, and too often practiced in the Occident. He has for generations maintained his domination in Europe by playing off the interests of each of the Powers against the other. With unerring appreciation of the modern mercantile instinct, he has practiced with impunity his tyranny over his Christian subjects, relying upon the melancholy truth that commercial advantage has invariably overcome the compassion for human life and suffering. Even now he is watching with a hope, based upon past experience, that the clash of interests will leave him at least some measure of political power, although he knows he stands before the world bankrupt morally and financially, with his hands stained by the blood of myriads of his Christian subjects.

Opinions may differ as to the natural capacity of the Turk for civilization, but certain it is that the religion he professes, so long as it is an integral and separate part of his political system, is an absolute bar to his continued rule over populations of a different faith. In theory and in practice Mohammedanism permits but scanty toleration of a different faith under the rule of the Sultan. The head of the State and the commander of the faithful are the same individual. Absolute obedience is laid upon the conscience of the true believer to execute the orders of his civil superior, who is at the same time the representative of his faith. He cannot embrace any other religion without committing a capital crime against the Turkish state, therefore conversion to Christianity under existing conditions of the Turk is impossible. He believes that he forfeits paradise by disobedience, while he is sure to obtain it by performance of religious duty whatever it may be, even the cold-blooded murder of a friend or neighbor who is a Christian or other "infidel."

That there are exceptions does not change the rule. When the three adventurers, Talaat, Djemal and Enver, with the party of the Young Turks behind them, ruled the Empire in

the name of the Sultan, they knew the fanaticism of the people and, believing that Germany would win in the Great War, deliberately planned the complete extinction of the Armenian race. We have seen with what alacrity the officials, with a few honorable exceptions, sprang to their work. We are told by Lord Robert Cecil[1] that in the autumn of 1914 a Congress of Ottoman Armenians was offered autonomy if it would actively assist Turkey in the War, and when this was refused, though the Congress promised that individual Armenians would obey the laws as Ottoman subjects, the massacres immediately began and were carried out until seven hundred thousand or more than two-thirds of the entire Ottoman Armenian population was killed. The Turks are jealous of the Armenians' superior capacity. For this reason, as also because of their Christian faith, they consider them enemies.

Furthermore, the Young Turks believed it unsafe for the future of Mohammedanism to have a large and virile people rising to power who could not be trusted as friendly to their alliance with Germany. How far the plan for massacre and deportation was known to Germany, has been revealed by Mr. Morgenthau in the story of his Ambassadorship in Constantinople, and more directly by Dr. Johan Von Lepsius in the collection of documents published recently in Berlin with the authority of the new German Ministry. It is therein shown conclusively that the Central Powers through their diplomatic and military officers were able to follow step by step the horrible events of 1915, and could have stopped them at any time. It was part of their policy they should go on. To attain a complete Musselman Turkey was the plan of the former Christian Empires, and their own conduct in Belgium, in France and in Italy shows that they would have no inconvenient sympathy with the victims of the plans of the Young Turks.

But, it may be asked, how could a brave people, even though numerically inferior, submit to slaughter without some show of resistance? The fact is, that wherever they had not been deprived of their arms, which was the case in the greater part of Turkey, they did fight bravely and effectively. The Turkish authorities made long and careful preparations before issuing orders for the massacres and deportations. At first they conscripted the Armenians of military age into their

[1] *Report of the Philadelphia Commission on Armenian Relief*, p. 19.

army, then they segregated them and deprived them of their weapons, and when they were thus at their mercy, orders for massacre and deportation were issued. In Russian Armenia, however, the young men organized volunteer forces, and General Andranik bore the brunt of the heaviest fighting in the Caucasus campaign. After the Russian army broke down they took over that front, and for five months delayed the advance of the Turks. Besides this service to the Allies, there were Armenian soldiers serving in their forces in Syria and in the British, French and American armies on the field. The Armenians have suffered in this War more cruelly than any other people, and established a right by actual service to the benevolent protection of the Allied Powers, to whose cause they have been steadfast from the beginning.

In their brief before the Peace Conference, their representatives have truthfully said:

> The misfortune of the Armenian people is, that in consequence of Turkish tyranny during the last quarter of a century, the civilized peoples of the West see in them nothing but a persecuted Christian people to arouse their pity and the need of their help. It is not pity, but respect, which such a n tion fond of their liberty and work deserve. A nation which has so much endured and so much resisted.
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> The people who for thirty centuries, from long before the time when Xenophon spoke of them, have lived in those high plateaus as the Armenian people; the people which play the part which history and geography assign to them; which have in their annals recorded what they have done; which have set their right to their territory; who have after each devastation, built and rebuilt, and rebuilt; which have thought and produced; that people is in every case the Armenian people.

One hundred years ago seven graduates of Amherst College, of the Congregationalist faith, began the foundations of the American Missions in Turkey. They have made thousands of proselytes to their faith, though the Armenian is as a rule tenacious of his own Church; but in addition they have reillumined the ambition of the youth for education and self-development. When the War broke out there were stations at many points of Turkish Armenia and Syria where schools, hospitals, and relief work were carried on under the care of

American missionaries, especially Congregationalists and Presbyterians. These stations are representative of years of effort and millions of investment. They have sent many Armenian young men and women to America, where they graduated in medicine and technical science, from our colleges and universities.

The Catholic missions, under French influences, have been successful especially in Syria. Large Catholic dioceses have grown up also at Trebizond, Angora and elsewhere. What is the situation today? The Armenian population of six vilayets of Van, Bitlis, Diarbeker, Sivas, Adana and Erzeroum, in other words almost all of Turkish Armenia has been depleted of its Christian occupants by massacre, deportation and flight. The Catholics of Trebizond and Angora have been almost completely exterminated. In Syria the stations are surrounded by wretched survivors of the deportations, and kept alive by supplies furnished from America.

When the American friends of Armenia were informed of the persecutions, they forthwith formed the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, now merged into the Near East Relief, and took energetic means to save the remnant of the people. The sympathy of the American public found expression in subscriptions from all parts of the Union, while the Federal Government, through its Army and Navy Department, gave the free use of transports, and authorized the expenditure of large sums of money through the food administration of Herbert Hoover. Not less than $30,000,000 have been expended during the past four years in this work of charity, while thousands of men and women in America have given their services as collectors and hundreds in Turkey as nurses, teachers and ministrants in every way possible. Notwithstanding this untiring effort to put into practice the Christian law of human brotherhood, the calamity has been too great for any organization adequately to meet. The territory of Russian Armenia was already war worn and desolate when the hordes of refugees poured over the mountains and entered Erivan, Alexandropol, Igdeir, and passed along the railway lines to Tiflis in Georgia. It was the winter season, the reserve stores of provisions had been largely destroyed by the Turkish armies, and famine ensued in its most appalling aspect. As late as March 29, 1919, Dr. John H. T. Main, an

American Relief Commissioner in charge of the work in the Caucasus, reported:

> I have been studying the refugee concentration points along the former boundary line between Russian and Turkish Armenia. Alexandropol, a large centre, and Etchmiatzin, a small one, are typical. In the one are sixty-eight thousand refugees by actual census at our bread and soup kitchens. In the other there are seven thousand. Refugees have streamed into these places, hoping to find it possible to cross the border into their former homes in Turkish Armenia, near Kars. Concentration at these two points, without food or clothing and after a winter of exile in the Caucasus and beyond, has produced a condition of horror unprecedented among the atrocities of the Great War. On the streets of Alexandropol on the day of my arrival, one hundred and ninety corpses were picked up. This is far below the average per day. One-seventh of the refugees are dying each month. At Etchmiatzin I looked for a time at a refugee burial. Seven bodies were thrown indiscriminately into a square pit as carrion, and covered with earth without any suggestion of care or pity. As I looked at the workmen, I saw a hand protruding from the loose earth—it was a woman's hand and seemed to be stretched out in mute appeal. To me this hand reaching upward from the horrible pit, symbolized starving Armenia. The workmen told me that the seven in this pit were the first load of thirty-five to be brought out from the village that morning. The car had gone back for another load.
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> The refugees dare not go forward. They halt on the borderland of their home. The Turk, the Kurd and the Tartar have taken possession of their land and will hold it by force of arms. A line almost like a battle line from the Black Sea region where is located the Southwestern Republic with Kars as its capital, to the Caspian Sea where Baku is the capital of the Azerweijan Republic, together with a line of Turks, Kurds and Tartars between these two extremes, holds the refugees where they are. The total number is more than three hundred and thirty thousand. To this must be added the local inhabitants, also suffering from indescribable hardships. The Allied forces on the Turkish side are not in sufficient numbers to dominate the situation. The only solution is a considerable number of troops to be used as a policing force, supplied by a mandatory power. Many Armenian soldiers would be available for such service. . . .

> At this last moment can Christian civilization do something to restore and help? . . . Should our Government delay in reaching out a helping hand to this suffering people? The question of political expediency ought to be forgotten in the presence of this world catastrophe. These people look to America. Our Government is under moral obligation to respond.

The magnitude of the relief work assumed by the Near East Relief may be partially realized from the fact that it has undertaken the care, entire or partial, of more than forty thousand orphans in the Caucasus alone, in addition to many stations at Syria, Anatolia, Mesopotamia, and one in Palestine. The crucial point is the Caucasus. There is but one line of railway extending through this region. It runs from Batoum on the Black Sea to Baku on the Caspian. From Tiflis a branch extends southwards to Kars, to Erivan and Alexandropol, and southeastward into Persia. On this over-burdened line, with trains guarded by detachments of British troops, it has been hitherto possible to transport five thousand tons of flour per month into the afflicted region.

During the past summer, a reorganization of the relief work was arranged, after consultation in Paris, between Near East representatives and Herbert Hoover, which met approval by the Peace Conference and resulted in sending Colonel Wm. N. Haskell of the U. S. Army as High Commissioner, with diplomatic authority to the Allied Powers to take over the entire direction of relief work in the Caucasus. Since then, Major General John G. Harbord, Chief-of-staff of General Pershing, has gone out to make report to the United States Government, accompanied by a large staff of competent army officers. The prospect of ultimate success of plans for permanently repatriating the refugees, was marred at this point by announcement by the British Cabinet of its intention to withdraw its soldiers from the region they had been policing since the spring. This was the signal for the massing of Kurdish, Tartar and Turkish troops on the borders of the Armenian Republic, and the recommencement of ruthless massacre. After strong appeals to public opinion in England and America, the British Cabinet, without rescinding its orders, suspended their execution.

The situation remains critical in the extreme. On all sides it is admitted that without strong military guards, the work of

relief must cease. The Georgian Republic is unfriendly to the Armenians. The railroad runs through the Georgian territory for more than half of its length. It is certain the trains would be stopped and starvation would do the work planned by the Young Turks, without the aid of the knives and guns of their armed enemies. All that has been accomplished would come to naught. The flame of fanaticism would be lighted throughout Turkey, and it is to be feared that the refugees to the southward would be certain victims. It must be borne in mind that except in Mesopotamia and Palestine, where the British are in possession, and Smyrna, where the Greeks have lately landed, along the coast of Syria, the same officials who executed the orders of the Young Turks are in control of the Empire in Asia. Constantinople is strongly held by the Allied Powers, but the machinery of government remains under the Sultan. With or without his connivance, Young Turkish leaders wield power throughout the interior. They were not disarmed at the close of the War. They have gathered in a new harvest, they are desperate and determined. Enver Bey is in the Caucasus and a Congress of Young Turks is in session at Erzeroum. For 1,000,000 or more Armenian victims, not more than one half of their assassins have been punished by death. The Allies will find the situation more difficult to deal with than ever, should the British Cabinet persist in its extraordinary determination to knock the one prop from under the trembling cause of the Armenians in the Caucasus.

When, in the spring of 1453, Mahomet the Conquerer laid siege to Constantinople, the Christian powers of Europe, notwithstanding the appeal of the Pope, stood idly until the gallant Emperor Constantine and his few thousands of brave defenders were overwhelmed. In consequence, the fairest city in the world, the Oriental bulwark of Christian civilization, the treasure house of antiquity, fell; and with it the cause of Christ in Asia. It took two hundred years of war to save Europe from a similar fate. The Musselman power has decayed during the intervening years because of his inherent incapacity for civilized life. In our day a choice is offered to Europe and America to light again the torch of faith and hope in the cradle lands of our religion and our civilization. The old passions of selfishness and national aggrandizement, joined to great exhaustion of military power, checked the

nobler sentiments of humanity among the Italians, French and English. The first two peoples care little or nothing for the Armenians; the English are almost overwhelmed by their burdens, foreign and domestic.

Is there not a clear duty resting upon the people of the United States to give active and direct military and financial aid to Armenia? It will not be for long, for the chances are that in a few years they will repay every dollar expended for their relief. They are the most virile people of the East—one of the most virile in the world today. Even amidst the horrors of massacre and starvation they turn with eagerness to every opportunity for education and self-help. Shall we refuse to do for them what we have already so well done for the Philippines? Can we do so and escape the condemnation which fell upon the Levite who passed the other way rather than succor the traveler who had fallen among thieves? Our democracy is the hope of the world. It is a treasure we dare not lay up in a napkin. A policy of selfish withdrawal from responsibility by us, the most powerful among the family of nations, who have come unscathed out of the World War as compared with our Allies, will bring self-reproach and the condemnation of posterity.

There are now pending before the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, bills to authorize the President to send American troops to keep order in the Caucasus pending the determination of the political status of Armenia. It is probable that the British Government is awaiting the outcome of these bills. Should these or similar legislation be rejected and the British give up their ward, the Armenian question will be forever settled by the extinction of the race in their historic land. It is unbelievable that such a sequel should follow the century of effort made for this people by the Western world. Just as Greece, from a simple, poverty-stricken people, has arisen to be a powerful and enlightened kingdom in less than one hundred years, so Armenia, if she receive but reasonable protection, will take her place as the leader of a new civilization in the Orient.

THE RETURN OF THE MAGI.

BY GEOFFREY BLISS, S.J.

"The first was Melchoir, old and pale, with long hair and beard. He offered gold to the Lord. The second was Gaspar, young, beardless, and of a ruddy complexion: he brought incense, an offering proper to God. The third, Balthazar, was a Moor, with a long beard: he offered myrrh, which signified that the Son of Man must die."—*Venerable Bede.*

Gaspar.—My Lord Melchior, old and wise!
Pardon me that I surmise
Hidden secrets in thine eyes.

Melchior.—No longer will I hold apart
The thing that burns within my heart
For after we had found at last
(All doubts and fears, all falterings past),
The Child we came so far to seek,
Nursed by that Mother Maiden-meek,
And yielding to the Might afar
That called us forth, that lit the star,
Fell down, and bowed our foreheads low,
Then stood again our gifts to show,—
Ah, then while one brief moment sped
I saw upon the Infant's head
A golden crown of Kinghood stand,
A sceptre in His little hand;
The while His Mother as a Queen
Shone out in robe of silver sheen,
And like an echoed trumpet-call
This word the heavens above let fall:
O principes attollite
Portas Regi Gloriæ!

Balthazar.—I thank thee, Melchior, for thy words dispel
A lingering fear. Now let Prince Gaspar tell
If no glad sight for his young eyes befell.

Gaspar.—Melchior! as I came to thee,
Came the vision unto me:
For when I had looked again
Where before the Child was lain,

Only blinding splendor shone
That I might not gaze upon.
But about me everywhere
Hung great angels, tranced in prayer,
And a starry shimmer pale
Hovered o'er the Mother's veil.
Then I heard a voice repeat
In low accents dread and sweet
Words of mystic import three:
Hodie Te genui.

Melchior.—Only the snowy-hearted may
Such wonders see. Balthazar, say!
Was any vision thine this day?

Balthazar.—O dearly loved! for every pain and awe
I scarce may tell the strange sad thing I saw
There was no change at first; that Mother mild
Sat silent still, and nursed the Holy Child.
But sudden, while I watched the picture sweet,
I saw the baby hands, the tiny feet,
All gashed and torn, with red wounds gaping wide;
And one deep furrow marred His tender side.
Then o'er Him bent His Mother, with a look
That tore my heart; and all my spirit shook;
And as mine eyes grew dim with grief and fear,
The Child Himself spake tenderly and clear:
Ego si exaltatus fuero.
Omnia ad Meipsum traxero.

Melchior.—Take heart! I saw Him crowned a King!

Gaspar.—I saw angels worshipping!

Balthazar.—Yes, Princes: in the midmost of my grief
God spake to me, and gave my heart relief.
Full many a soul, like us, from East to West
On tired wing shall come to make its nest
In these same Wounds: and there find perfect rest.

THE CHESTERBELLOC.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

II.

The Philosophers.

THERE is a very real difficulty which arises in considering the philosophy of the Chesterbelloc, and it is this—that Belloc, though he cannot help introducing philosophy into practically every page he writes, has not definitely set himself to explain his philosophy. About many subjects he has written with a wealth of minute detail. He is prepared to elaborate an historical or political or economic thesis, but the larger theory upon which they rest can only be inferred from the fact that Belloc is a Catholic and from the casual remarks he makes. The reason, I suppose, is that to his mind the Faith is as much to be taken for granted as the twelve-times-table. While Gilbert Chesterton, who has come from circles where every sort of skepticism has had its fling, will put himself to the trouble of explaining the most elementary points of Catholicism, Hilaire Belloc, secure in his own creed, having known nothing but that creed from childhood and being unable to understand any other system of thought than lucid Catholicism or lucid agnosticism, passes by every vagary of modernism in contemptuous silence; or if he breaks his silence (as frequently happens) it is only to have the fun of insulting the heretic, never to gain the merit of converting him. Hilaire Belloc is always speaking or singing about the Faith; he never condescends to argue about it. He will praise the Church as loudly as you like; he hardly thinks it worth his while to prove the Creed. His attitude seems to be that if a man is a Catholic, well; if he is not a Catholic, so much the worse for him, but that is his own affair.

Chesterton on this, as on so many points, offers a strong contrast to his friend. He is expansive and sympathetic where Belloc is expansive and scornful. His interest in even the insanest heresy is as deep as Belloc's indifference to it. The Chesterbelloc unites in accepting the historic belief of Christ-

endom, but there is a striking difference in the method of acceptance. Where Belloc, with his orderly Latin mind, reaches it along the road of hard logic, Chesterton jumps to it by intuition. The one man is a mystic, the other a rationalist, who knows the history of our world and has seen the Roman Church succeed to the Roman Empire as the director of civilization. For this and for a hundred other quite plain reasons he is a Catholic; but his greatest reason is that apart from the doctrines of the Church there is no other philosophy capable of convincing his reason. He holds the Faith after having eliminated everything else, and is a Catholic because there is nothing left for him to be.

> Belief that grew of all beliefs
> A moment back was blown;
> And belief that stood on unbelief
> Stood up iron and alone—

So Mr. Chesterton said of Mark in his *Ballad of the White Horse,* and the verse fits Mr. Belloc like a glove. This spirit is an explanation of the uproarious pugnacity and offensive geniality of the man who wrote: "We are Europe; we are a great people. The Faith is not an accident among us, nor an imposition, nor a garment: it is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh: it is a philosophy made by and making ourselves." If, as he is never tired of declaring, the Catholic Church makes men, it follows as a corollary that anyone who wishes to be a man ought to join the Catholic Church. There he leaves the matter.

Though Belloc, as we have seen, does not concern himself with the deepest philosophy except in passing, there is a great deal of philosophy in his work that will have to be considered. He may be described as dealing with the same subject in its secondary aspect where Chesterton deals with it in its primary aspects. He is terrestrial; G. K. C. is celestial. He speaks of the fruit of Faith, while G. K. C. speaks more particularly of its roots. It is here that we must split the Chesterbelloc in two in order to bring the two parts together again. Their sane materialism and their sane spirituality are united in a higher synthesis which is Christianity.

From this point on, until we reach the subject of that cosmic philosophy so brilliantly expounded by Mr. Chesterton,

the question to be discussed is the practical rather than the abstract side of the Chesterbellocian doctrine. Mr. Belloc's views upon reaping a field or sailing a boat, as his readers will have discovered, are not unconnected with the more transcendental mysticism of G. K. C. It is taken up with eating and drinking, with climbing mountains and fording rivers; it often does not appear to be philosophy at all but merely high spirits. As it says in *The Path to Rome:* "One should from time to time hunt animals, or at the very least shoot at a mark; one should always drink some kind of fermented liquor with one's food—and especially upon great feast days; one should go on the water from time to time; and one should dance on occasions; and one should sing in chorus. For all these things man has done since God put him in a garden and his eyes first became troubled with a soul. . . . Oh! what good philosophy this is!"

Some over-refined people might consider that passage a piece of gross materialism. It is, of course, not intended as a complete code of conduct or a ten volume treatise of metaphysics. But it is admirable sense and may safely be taken, if not as a philosophy, then, at least, as a test of philosophy. Though one cannot altogether judge a man's mental health by the quantity of food he eats, the way in which he eats is surely an index to his character. Manners are a reflection of morals.

To Hilaire Belloc, Sussex is not only the most delightful place in all the world but is in some way a noble symbol of the world. "My country," he cries, "it has been proved in the life of every man that though his loves are human, and therefore changeable, yet in proportion as he attaches them to things unchangeable, so they mature and broaden." Yet the sadness of mortality hangs even over that sacred land. His love is tinged with a serene melancholy. He has enjoyed the world, and after all his travels and experiences tells his fellows that one of two fates is the best that can befall a man—either to be a wanderer with all the bitterness of it or to remain steadfastly in one village until death finds him.

Mr. Chesterton has an equal love for the pagan simplicities, but in his mouth Mr. Belloc's phrases turn somehow into Christian doctrine. His humor grows wilder as he grows more serious. Even the most casual of his miscellaneous opinions is likely suddenly to expand into an universal dogma.

The divine gates swing on small hinges and are moved by a touch. When the sermon is on simplicity we hear that "it is simpler to eat caviar on impulse than grape-nuts on principle." Mr. Belloc would simply ignore prigs; Mr. Chesterton overwhelms them with their own priggishness. He actually makes them feel fools simply because they have not made fools of themselves.

"There are innumerable persons with eye-glasses and green garments who pray for the return of the Maypole or the Olympian games. But there is about these people a haunting and alarming something which suggests that it is just possible that they do not keep Christmas. It is painful to regard human nature in such a light, but it seems somehow possible that Mr. George Moore does not wave his spoon and shout when the pudding is not alight. It is even possible that Mr. W. B. Yeats never pulls crackers."[1]

Gilbert Chesterton has an extraordinary knack of seizing instantly the inner heart of any question. Speaking in *What's Wrong With the World*, upon the feminist fallacy that domesticity is dull, and after having argued that women had to be amateurs in a hundred arts because men were forced to become specialists in one particular trade, he says: "Women were not kept at home in order to keep them narrow; on the contrary they were kept at home in order to keep them broad."

Now I believe that this power of illumination possessed to so high a degree by Gilbert Chesterton is due first and last to the quality in him of which I have already spoken, and which will prove the key to all his work—his innocence. This superiority of innocence over experience is admitted by Hilaire Belloc, although, as we have seen, it is his principal function to co-ordinate the facts of experience into a work-a-day philosophy. Yet he feels in his bones that awful and primeval obligation laid upon humanity, "the word which each of us has passed before He was born in Paradise." This sense of sacredness remains, so he tells us, with very few.

"All men and all women are conscious of that word, for though their lips cannot frame it here, and though the terms of the pledge are forgotten, the memory of its obligation fills the mind. But there comes a day, and that soon in the lives of many, when to break it once is to be much refreshed and to

[1] Heretics.

seem to drop the burden; and in the second and the third time it is done, and the fourth it is done more easily . . . . until at last there is no more need for a man or a woman to break that pledged word again and once again; it is broken for good and for all. This is one most common way in which the sacred quality is lost: the way of treason. Round about such as choose this kind of relief grows a habit and an air of treason. They betray all things at last, and even common friendship is at last no longer theirs. The end of this false issue is despair.'[3]

Mr. Belloc has rendered honorable service with his doctrine of experience, but this doctrine, though an excellent corrective of opinion, is obviously unable to create or inspire. It is a methodical but a wearisome teacher and the scholar who sits at its feet turns his lesson slowly. So much so that Mr. Belloc, brilliant disciple of a dull pedagogue, often gets beyond his lesson, and has to confess that things which a mystic like G. K. C. apprehends at once are beyond his own grasp, even when he accepts them upon good authority.

An amazing gift of insight is the major part of Mr. Chesterton's genius. From the time when he first began to write, even before his philosophy hardened and clarified into orthodoxy, he appears to have been full of a wisdom older and wiser than the world. In *The Wild Knight* he was a boy in revolt with convention; but by the time *The Defendant,* his first volume of essays, was published he had become (with extraordinarily little doctrinal change) the defender of tradition. In his early poems he had condemned priests, but in essays written a couple of years later he was justifying ascetics. With each successive book he became nearer and nearer to the Catholic position, until in *Orthodoxy* Catholicism finds a very able modern apologetic.

Before we come to a consideration of this volume, which contains the explicit declaration of Mr. Chesterton's creed, it would be as well to make some remarks about the Chesterbellocian method. Mr. Belloc according to his mood either reasons so closely that one gets tired of the argument, or sings so good a song to prove his point, that the listener often forgets the reason because of the rhyme. He will shout down a heretic (that is when he does not contemptuously ignore him) with a

[3] *On Something*

stentorian chorus, or treat him, as he did the excited French anarchist he met on the Path to Rome, of whom he has written: "I had no time to preach my full doctrine, but gave him instead a deep and misty glass of cold beer, and pledged him brotherhood, freedom and an equal law." But G. K. C. argues interminably, using a method peculiarly his own. Perhaps I can best put it by saying that he hides a mace in his jester's bauble. Just at the point when the controversialist is splitting his sides laughing at the clown's jokes he got his head split with the crusader's mace. Here is an example of how the thing works:

"When Shaw said to some atheist 'Never believe in a God that you cannot improve on,' the atheist (being a sound theologian) naturally replied that one should not believe in a God whom one could improve on; as that would show that he was not God. In the same style in *Major Barbara* the heroine ends by suggesting that she will serve God without personal hope, so that she may owe nothing to God and He owe everything to her. It does not seem to strike her that if God owes everything to her He is not God. These things affect one merely as tedious perversions of a phrase. It is as if you said, 'I will never have a father unless I have begotten him.'"[1]

Always controversial, Mr. Chesterton introduces his pugnacious philosophy even into the realm of literary criticism. His admirable studies on Browning, Blake, Watts and Dickens are occupied with a great deal more than the books of the person under consideration. He wanders round his subject, on the sound principle that the longest way round is often the shortest way home, and succeeds as a result, in a way that no other critic that I can think of has succeeded, in flooding the mind of the writer with a light by which others can read. Chesterton's sense of the right clue to literature is after all only a part of his sense of the right clue to life. The same dexterity he has displayed in convicting Shaw of error, has enabled him to write those romances in which Flambeau is convicted of sin. As a critic Mr. Chesterton can be accurately described as a cosmic detective.

Something more than a thirst for adventure (though he has that thirst to a high degree) has led G. K. C. to the making of novels, and that is, the hunger and thirst after righteous-

[1] *George Bernard Shaw.*

ness. Consequently all his detective stories have been philosophical, most of them have been also theological. Putting aside the early fantasia entitled *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, and the later book *The Flying Inn*, whose point is primarily political, we shall find that Chesterton's remaining essays in fiction are all detective tales, and that they all branch out from one central mystical idea. In *The Man Who Was Thursday*, God is the Fugitive; in *The Ball and the Cross* (the worst book Mr. Chesterton ever wrote) God is the Clue; in the "Father Brown" books God is the Detective; in *Manalive*, the last of the series, God is at once the Criminal, the Detective and the Clue. The idea of the wildly happy optimist unravelling mysteries by the force of his simplicity was roughly sketched out in the book of short stories called *The Club of Queer Trades*. Innocent Smith is Basil Grant turned up again, and I will make the guess that the very entertaining play *Magic* was originally intended to be a Father Brown tale which took another form by accident. There is, however, this contrast between the innocence of Father Brown and the innocence of Innocent Smith, that the one becomes deep by being simple and the other happy by being simple. The priest is as wise as a serpent precisely because he is as harmless as a dove. Smith is as happy as a child because he is a good child. Innocent Smith and innocent Brown are the babes and sucklings out of whose lips God has not only perfected praise but philosophy.

As we shall see when we come to the crowning achievement of Mr. Chesterton's career, the pivot upon which his faith turned was fairyland. When all the modernists had done their worst with his mind, he retained his sanity and saved his soul by remembering the stories his nurse had told him. Reason is justified of her children. From the nursery, fed upon logic and romance, G. K. C. came out like Jack the Giant Killer to attack the world and smashed in the skeptic's skull with a baby's rattle.

Whether as admirers or detractors three-quarters of Mr. Chesterton's readers look upon him as a very amusing intellectual gymnast or as a tiresome intellectual contortionist. Very few understand that he is first and last and always a very profound philosopher. When so clever a man as Mr. Shane Leslie could actually ascribe to Mr. Chesterton Shaw's aphorism

that the golden rule is that there is no golden rule—a remark which G. K. C. has several times specifically attacked—one is struck with horror to imagine what the run and ruck of Chesterton's readers make of him! Now there is an easy form of paradox which was exploited by Oscar Wilde and the decadents, a trick consisting of the uniting of literary version with moral perversion. But the Chesterton paradox (which is grammatically speaking an oxymoron) is an attempt to bring a truth to a point to push it home. The argument is shortened, perhaps I should say foreshortened; the thing defended by it is plain. A missionary remonstrating with cannibals would appear highly paradoxical to them, as Chesterton has pointed out; but he would only appear paradoxical because cannibals are wrong in eating human flesh. In just the same way Chesterton is paradoxical; that is he preaches doctrines which the modern world has long ago forgotten. For saying that twice two are four the drawing-rooms applaud him for his brilliance, with a rider to the effect that he is unpractical though original.

Gilbert Chesterton had, in *Heretics* and elsewhere, dealt vigorously with the philosophy of other writers; but had given the world little more than the negative side of his own until Mr. G. S. Street's challenge provoked him to write *Orthodoxy*. In this amazingly clever and powerful book Mr. Chesterton does not really defend any new thesis: all that he does is to explain how he came to believe in an old one: how, after becoming a pagan at twelve and a complete agnostic at sixteen, he came to find that the various explanations of the universe upon the ground of pure logic either explained too much or too little. "The real trouble with this world of ours is not that it is an unreasonable world, nor even that it is a reasonable world. The commonest kind of trouble is that it is nearly reasonable, but not quite. Life is not an illogicality; yet it is a trap for logicians." . . .

"I never read a line of Christian apologetics. I read as little as I can of them now. It was Huxley and Herbert Spencer and Bradlaugh who brought me back to orthodox theology. They sowed in my mind my first wild doubts of doubt."

Beginning at the right end with the doctrine of free will, Chesterton found that most modern arguments were arguments in a circle. They had some logic in support of them, but it was a maniac's narrow logic, irrefragable within its lim-

its but unsatisfying. "He understands everything" (so he writes of Mr. McCabe), "and everything does not seem worth understanding." Everything was bound with the determinist's chain of causation, and a strict dogmatic veto was set upon the supernatural; for where the Christian has an elastic system which accepts facts with their attendant paradoxes, the materialist is bound to deny all that does not fit into the rigidity of his creed. "The madman is not the man who has lost his reason. The madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason."

Very soon, however, Gilbert Chesterton discovered that reason itself was doubted. Free thought having exhausted itself sought to break out again in a free-will unbalanced by reason. The Superman descended upon us with a transcendental doctrine of volition. The test whether a special action was good or bad was taken away, and action itself was made the end of being. Faith having failed, reason failed; reason having failed, morality failed—and the world was tossed about wildly among the blind gigantic forces, between Nietzsche and Tolstoy who sit down together "in the land of nothing and Nirvana. They are both helpless—one because he cannot grasp anything, and the other because he must not let go of anything." Against these tendencies, opposed, but resulting in an equal deliquescence, the Faith preserved the sanity of men: "The creeds and the crusades, the hierarchies and the horrible persecutions were not organized, as is ignorantly said, for the suppression of reason. They were organized for the difficult defence of reason. Man, by a blind instinct, knew that if once things were wildly questioned, reason could be questioned first. The authority of priests to absolve, the authority of popes to define, the authority, even of inquisitors, to terrify; these were all only dark defences erected round one central authority, more undemonstrable, more supernatural than all—the authority of a man to think."

I have said that there was nothing very original in Mr. Chesterton's philosophy itself; but there was a striking originality shown in the method by which he reached it, just as there is a striking originality shown in his expression of it. Before G. K. C. could find the Faith, he had to establish for his soul free-will and for his intellect reason. These came, so we are assured in all seriousness, through nothing else than fairy

tales. "All the terms used in the science books, 'law,' 'necessity,' 'order,' 'tendency,' and so on, are really unintellectual, because they assume an inner synthesis which we do not possess. The only words that ever satisfied me as describing Nature are the terms used in the fairy books, 'charm,' 'spell,' 'enchantment.' They express the arbitrariness of the fact and its mystery."

So vivid was his sense of wonder that he could never be brought to believe in a clock-work universe, controlled by necessity. The fact that a thing had happened a thousand times at most should only lead us to think that its happening again was probable; the cool logician of fairyland knows better than to imagine that it *must* therefore happen again. There might even be a law of nature—but any law could be broken. The law frequently is broken; that it persists is only due to the continuous exercise of the divine will. "Because children have abounding vitality, because they are in spirit fierce and free, therefore they want things repeated and unchanged. They always say, 'Do it again;' and the grown-up person does it again until he is nearly dead. For grown-up people are not strong enough to exult in monotony. But perhaps God is strong enough to exult in monotony. It is possible that God says every morning, 'Do it again,' to the sun; and every evening, 'Do it again,' to the moon. It may not be automatic necessity that makes all daisies alike; it may be that God makes every daisy separately, but has never got tired of making them. It may be that He has the eternal appetite of infancy; for we have sinned and grown old, and our Father is younger than we."

Whatever else this outlook on the world does it certainly keeps alive in a man the freshness of surprise; and upon such a willingness to admit the marvelous does good reason depend.

The whole romance of life is contained in the ethics of Elfland. In all the legends it is the younger son, the despised and rejected of men, who comes into the kingdom. Neitzsche, and the coarse moderns, had gloried in making heroes strong; chivalry in making its heroes feeble. The thrill we have in beholding the weak things of the world confounding the mighty, is the daily refreshment of modest people. Time and time again Mr. Chesterton has preached that the prime necessity of joy is humility.

There is a more intimate connection between Rome and romance than the mere sound and derivation of the words. In the case of Mr. Chesterton, Elfland saved him for Christendom, and, from this central section to the end, *Orthodoxy* becomes gradually but definitely Catholic. Fairy tales had prepared him to accept the improbable; they also helped him to accept the obvious, the doctrine of original sin, and to declare it as the basis of all sound and joyous democracy. The fact that things necessarily improved of themselves as the latter evolutionists said, is very good reason for leaving things alone. It was only the man who saw that damnation was likely and salvation possible, who was likely either to be a revolutionist or to get to heaven. From men is demanded not merely strength enough to get on with this world, but strength enough to get it on. "Can he hate it enough to change it, and yet love it enough to think it worth changing? Can he look up at its colossal good without once feeling acquiescence? Can he look up at its colossal evil without once feeling despair? Can he, in short, be at once not only a pessimist and an optimist, but a fanatical pessimist and a fanatical optimist? Is he enough of a pagan to die for the world, and enough of a Christian to die to it?"

Mr. Chesterton's feet have found solid ground and he knows the path he is following and its end. He has found his creed and is able confidently to contrast it with other religions.

"Students of popular science, like Mr. Blatchford, are always insisting that Christianity and Buddhism are very much alike, especially Buddhism." But G. K. C., having apprehended the genius of the Faith, denies with violence that the creeds even faintly resemble one another. The externals of religion are often similar: their rites may be identical; it is what they teach that demonstrates their vivid difference.

"This is the intellectual abyss between Buddhism and Christianity; that for the Buddhist or Theosophist personality is the fall of man, for the Christian it is the purpose of God, the whole point of his cosmic idea. The world-soul of the Theosophists asks man to love it only in order that man may throw himself into it. But the divine centre of Christianity actually threw man out of it in order that he might love it. . . . .

"According to Himself the Son was a sword separating brother and brother that they should for an æon hate each

of elementary schools. Fire, water, earth and gas are the unconscious shapers of the world. Research as to our final end and our earthly origin are discouraged, if not forbidden. Truth is declared to be beyond the reach of the human powers. The study of the highest ethical problems, the ceaseless efforts of great minds to solve the mysteries of our inner life are ridiculed, as waste of time, the delirium of a starving madman who throws away a piece of bread or meat. Prayers are prohibited, or scorned. Priests are insulted as slave-dealers struggling to hold their grip on a credulous and ignorant proletariat. The beautiful hymns of the Orthodox liturgy have been replaced by scurrilous songs deriding the "long-gowned priests," and "the monkish dish-lickers." The term itself of Orthodoxy has been deformed into that of *Bezglavie,* which means "headlessness."

Of course, all the details of the fierce persecution of Russian Christianity are not available at this time. The frontiers of distracted Russia are closed to the curious eyes of European wanderers or observers. We are not able to compile the lists of Russian bishops, priests, monks, and faithful whose death has been found indispensable to the establishment of the human brotherhood of which the anti-Christian social reformers talk so glibly. It is still impossible to count the churches destroyed, pillaged, or desecrated; nor is it yet possible to estimate the extent of the seizure and theft of religious vessels and movable goods. But the experience of the Russian Church under Bolshevik tyranny recalls the most sanguinary days of the Church of Christ in the early centuries of our era.

It has been pointed out that the leaders of Russian Bolshevism are Jews. It ought, however, to be made clear that its irreligious and political code has been framed by purely Russian minds. It would be unjust to say that Russian anarchism, in its attempts to sap the foundations of doctrinal Christianity, and to undermine the social institutions resting thereupon, is the intellectual product of the Jewish *intelligentsiia* in Russia. It was outlined in its minutest details by Russian dreamers, and philosophers, and, strangely enough, even by those who may rightly be regarded as among the foremost champions of anti-Semitism. In fact, the father of Russian anarchism, a religious (or more accurately, irreligious) and social system that differs from Bolshevism only in name, is

Mikhail Alexandrovitch Bakunin, a genuine Russian, and a member of the Russian nobility.

A notable revolutionary theorist, Prince Peter Alexieevich Kropotkin, once wrote that Bakunin was "a gigantic figure, a man who gave up everything for the triumph of his revolutionary ideal, who lived for it alone, borrowing from his conceptions the purest views of life, and who became an inspiration to those whose lives he touched."[1] Kropotkin is a panegyrist rather than a biographer. His gorgeous epithets are rhetorical tinsel. It may be conceded, however, that Bakunin was a revolutionary spirit by conviction. His life is the faithful mirror of his theories. For the sake of revolution he gave up his freedom, his country, his material welfare. He never retracted his theories. He never flinched from the extreme conclusions of his social and religious nihilism. In a word, he was the brain organizing and defining the doctrine of the Russian revolution. The Bolsheviki seized upon his spiritual and intellectual estate, and put into practice the theories formulated by him. He did not live to witness their destructive power, and the consequent downfall of Russia, a country he loved intensely, in spite of his imprecations. Perhaps the vision of his fatherland, broken and bleeding under the Neronian rule of his disciples, might have modified his views.

Michael Bakunin was born in May, 1814, in the village of Priamukhino, in the district of Teriok, government of Tver. He was the oldest of a family of eleven children. His father, Alexander, had in his youth been a diplomatist, serving as attaché at the Russian embassies in Naples and Florence. His mother belonged also to the Russian nobility, and descended from the historic family of Muraviev. The first seeds of revolutionary ideas were sown in the son's heart by his father, a passionate admirer and disciple of the Dekabrists.

At the age of fifteen, Bakunin entered the Artillery School of Petrograd, and after three years (1829-1832), was attached to the service of a battery in the government of Minsk. He witnessed the Russian military authorities' method of smothering in blood the Polish revolution. The cruelty of repression filled his heart with hatred and dismay. As soon as possible (1834) he resigned his commission and went to Moscow where he devoted his time to the study of philosophy. He began,

[1] A. I. Sack, *The Birth of the Russian Democracy*. New York, 1918, pp. 188, 189.

with juvenile enthusiasm, to study the sensualism of Condillac; afterwards, the metaphysics of Fichte absorbed his attention. His first literary exertion was a Russian translation of *Einige Vorlesungen über die Bestimmung der Gelehrten* (1836). Later, he plunged into the study of the Hegelian transcendentalism. In 1836, he published a preface to the Russian translation of Hegel's *Gymnasialreden.* In 1840 appeared the first portion of an incomplete philosophical treatise.[3]

He then went to Berlin, mastered German so well, and became so intimately acquainted with German literature, that he was able to write in German the first of his papers, which appeared in the *Deutsche Jahrbücher* (October, 1842).[4] In this paper he timidly expressed the fundamental tenet of Russian nihilism: "The desire or pleasure of destruction is at the same time a desire or pleasure of creation."[5] One may see in this principle a travesty of the well-known axiom of Scholastic philosophy: *Corruptio unius est generatio alterius.* From this principle of his, Bakunin necessarily derived the obligation to overthrow all the social and religious forms of modern society in order to build on the débris the ideal man or social organization.

The revolutionary appeals of Bakunin made him suspect to the Saxon Government, and he was obliged to leave Dresden, and to seek refuge, first in Switzerland, then in Belgium and at last in Paris, where he lived until 1847. Here he met the two lawgivers of international Socialism, Karl Marx and Engels, and became acquainted also with Proudhon and George Sand. As in Germany, Bakunin had felicitated himself on being rid of fading beliefs in the immortality of the soul, so in Paris, in his frequent conversations with Marx, he stirred the latter's enthusiasm for a political upheaval that would have led to victory for socialistic aims. At a much later period, in his autobiographical notes (1871), he said: "Marx was much more advanced than I was, as he remains today, not more advanced, but incomparably more learned than I am. I

[3] Max Nettlau, *Michael Bakunin. Eine biographische Skizze, mit Auszügen aus seinen Schriften und Nachwort von Gustav Landauer.* Berlin, 1901, pp. 4, 5. *Lektzii o naznachenii uchebnykh. Teleskop,* Moskva, 1835, vol. xxix., pp. 3-57; *O Filosofii, Otechestvennyia Zapiski,* 1840. Petrograd, ix., sect. vi., 53-78.

[4] *Die Reaktion in Deutschland. Ein Fragment von einem Franzosen. Deutsche Jahrbüchern,* October, 1842, pp. 11-21.

[5] *Die Lust der Zerstörung ist zugleich eine Schaffende Lust.* The German term *Lust* means both "desire" and "pleasure."

knew then nothing of political economy. I had not yet rid myself of metaphysical abstractions, and my Socialism was only instinctive. He, though younger than I, was already an atheist, an instructed materialist, a well-considered Socialist. It was just at this time that he elaborated the first foundations of his present system. We saw each other fairly often. . . . But there was never any frank intimacy between us. Our temperament would not suffer it. He called me a sentimental idealist, and he was right; I called him a vain man, perfidious and crafty, and I also was right."[6] In other notes of 1870, he closes the views of Marx that had influenced his mind: "Marx states that all the political, religious and juridical evolutions in history are not the causes, but the consequences of economic evolutions. The remark is a fecund one, and the discovery of a brilliant mind. Yet Marx is not the man who revealed it. Others, before him, had a glimpse of it, or had expressed it partially. But, Marx may justly claim the honor of having asserted it strongly, and made it the great basis of his entire economic system."[7]

These quotations are evidence that in spite of his bitter controversies with Marx, Bakunin completed his revolutionary training under the leader of German Socialism. The last remnants of Slavic mysticism were burnt out by the atheism of Marx. From Marx, Bakunin derived the *leit-motiv* of his socialistic philosophy—the prominent, perhaps one should say, the exclusive rôle played by the economic motive in the shaping of the religious and political evolution and destiny of mankind.

In 1848, Bakunin returned to Germany to take part in the revolutionary movement in Central Europe. At the risk of his life, he showed his devotion to his principles. He was arrested and imprisoned in the fortress of Koenigstein January 14, 1850; he was condemned to death, but the death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. The Austrian Government claimed him, and after a new trial, held on May 15, 1851, condemned him to be hanged. A new commutation of the capital sentence took place, but life imprisonment was again imposed. He had to undergo the full measure of harshness

[6] Bertrand Russell. *Proposed Roads to Freedom: Socialism, Anarchism and Syndicalism.* New York, 1919, pp. 38, 39.

[7] James Guillaume, *Michael Bakounine: notice biographique. Œuvres de Bakounine*, vol ii. Paris, 1907, p. 11.

characteristic of Austrian prisons. In the citadel of Olmütz, he was shackled and chained to the wall. His resistance never yielded, and his hatred for political forms of government intensified.

His prison torture soon terminated. The Russian Government claimed him, and, to use his own words, he was placed "at the mercy of the bear." He was confined in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, and at the outbreak of the Crimean War transferred to Schlüsselburg. He there endured a long martyrdom until 1857. His health was shattered. In the loneliness of his dungeon, he tried to enliven his drooping spirit by dramatizing in his imagination the legend of Prometheus, chained to a rock on Caucasus by order of the Tsar of Olympus. One of his letters gives a graphic account of his sufferings: "Terrible indeed is the fate of a man condemned to life imprisonment. His existence is one that has no ideals, no hopes, no purposes. Every day, at sunrise, I told myself: 'You are becoming besotted. Tomorrow you will sink deeper in dullness.' This atrocious toothache will last many, many weeks. It will come back at least twice in a month. I did not sleep either by day or night. I was unable to do anything. Reading was even too great an effort to me. In the dead of the night, my heart, my loins felt the burning voice of a ghost whispering to my ear: 'You are a slave, you are a corpse.' Yet I was not disheartened. Were I a religious man, religion would have stirred within myself the heroic zeal of the martyrs. But, the wish to reject all the attempts to a reconciliation never grew weak. My soul kept alive, and burning, and glowing, the holy fire of revolt."[8] In 1857, Alexander II. consented to give him freedom, or, rather, to allow him to enjoy a circumscribed freedom in the frozen steppes of Siberia. He was interned at Tomsk. Here he married a Polish girl, Antonia Kwiatkowska. From Tomsk, thanks to the mediation of his maternal uncle, Muraviev Amoursky, governor of Eastern Siberia, he went to Irkutsk (1859). The resignation of Muraviev suggested to him a plan of escaping from his place of exile. His attempt succeeded, and, through Japan, he reached San Francisco, whence, on October 15, 1861, he wrote to his friends Herzen and Ogarev: "The astonishing success of

[8] P. A. Berlin, *Apostoly anarkhii* (The Apostles of Anarchy). Petrograd, 1917, pp. 7, 8.

the speculations of the Americans, mostly fruitful, though not always free from blame, commonplaceness of their material welfare, impervious to the throb of the human heart, and their national vanity, that gets pleasure at little expense, have contributed, it seems, to deprave this nation. The hard struggle, in which they are now entangled, will probably be helpful to them, inasmuch it will make them find again their lost soul."* From New York he reached London on October 27, 1861. Here, he received the most cordial welcome from his old friends, Herzen and Ogarev.

In Europe he renewed his revolutionary propaganda. As an ardent Slavophil, he saw in the Polish revolt of 1863, the first step towards the emancipation of autocratic Russia. His address to the *"Friends of Russia, Poland and the Slavic World"* is a fiery appeal in favor of the overthrow of the autocratic régime. He followed with enthusiasm the success of the Italian revolution, lived at Naples and Florence till the autumn of 1867, and corresponded with the pioneers of Italian unity. A fruit of his literary activity was the foundation of an Italian paper, *Libertate Giustizia,* that combated the revolutionary mysticism of Mazzini. The device of the Mazzinian party, *Dio e popolo,* provoked the bitterest gibes from the Russian atheist.

While in Italy he strove to connect the scattered threads of the social revolutionary movement into a compact organized body. A group of internationalists clustered around him. It embraced French, Italian, Scandinavian, German and Polish revolutionists. The group was given the name of "The International Alliance of Socialistic Democracy." Bakunin himself drew up its programme, an open profession of religious and social anarchism: "The Alliance," it reads, "declares itself an atheistic organization. It aims at the final and complete abolition of classes, at the political, economic, and social equality of all individuals of both sexes; it states that the earth, the instruments of production, and all capital are the collective property of the community, to be utilized only by the workingmen, viz., by their agricultural and industrial associations. It holds the belief that all the political states now existing and founded upon the principle of authority, are to be melted into them and with them."

* *Correpondance de Michel Bakounine Lettres à Herzen et à Ogareff,* par Michel Dragomanov. Paris, 1896, p. 123.

By this programme Bakunin endeavored to alienate the working masses in Italy from the revolutionary mysticism of Mazzini. In his *Réponse d'un International à Mazzini,* published in French, in the *Liberté* of Brussels (August 18 and 19, 1871) he asserted the atheistic character of the socialistic league.[10]

Bakunin's group affiliated with the International Workingmen's Association, founded at London in 1861. The entente, however, between the extreme Socialists headed by Bakunin and the moderate Internationalists, led by Karl Marx, was short-lived. It was followed by a violent campaign of mutual defamation, which weakened the initial strength of the "Internationale."

In 1870, Bakunin retired to Switzerland and devoted more time to literary work. Some of the most complete of his writings, especially his "*L'Empire knouto-Germanique et la Révolution Sociale,* a fiery invective against Teutonism, its culture and policy, was written at Lucerne. The struggles with Marx, the invitation of the Russian youth to the overthrow of Tsarism, the organization of the socialistic forces throughout Europe absorbed his last energies. Bereft of resources, he could support himself and his family only through the generosity of his brothers living in Russia, and of devoted friends. He died at Berne, July 1, 1876. Before his death, conversing with his intimate friend, Alexander Reichel, he admitted the bankruptcy of modern philosophy. "Our philosophical vagaries," he said, "culminate either in the conception of an intangible happiness, built of clouds, or in a desperate pessimism."[11]

Bakunin is, so to speak, the architect of Russian anarchism. He traced its master lines, he laid the main foundations. This

[10] *Œuvres,* vol. vi. Paris, 1913, pp. 122, 123.

[11] The most complete biographical source of Bakounin is the four volumes of Bakounin's life, written in German by Max Nettlau: *Michael Bakunin: Eine Biographie* (London, 1896-1900). This monumental work was not printed, but only multigraphed to the number of fifty copies, which were sent to the most famous libraries of the world. See also: *Mikhail A. Bakunin: biograficheskii ocherk, in Byloe,* Petrograd, 1906, n. 8, pp. 228-254; Bakounine, *L'histoire de ma vie.* Paris, 1898; A. Herzen, *Michel Bakounine, Revue politique et littéraire.* Paris, 1908, série v, vol x., pp. 491-495; Max Nettlau, *Bakunin und die russiche revolutionäre Bewegung in den Iahren 1868-1873,* in *Archiv für die Geschichte des Socialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung,* Leipzig, 1914, vol. v., pp. 357-422; A. A. Kornilov, *Molodye gody Miklaila Bakunina: iz istorii russkago romantizma,* (The Youth of M. Bakunin: some pages from the history of Russian romanticism), Moscow, 1915; H. Seymour, *Michael Bakunin: a biographical sketch.* London, 1888; A. J. Sack, *op. cit.,* pp. 171-186; B. Russell, *op. cit.,* pp. 32-55. S. A. Vengerov, *Istoricheskii slovar russkikh pisatelei: istochniki* (Historic Dictionary of Russian Writers). Petrograd, vol. i., 1900, p. 149.

system was constructed to rule the spiritual powers of man, and to regulate his social activities. On one side it protests against the ceaseless yearnings of the human soul towards the sunlit heights of mysticism; on the other, it proclaims the end of those civil institutions that were ever regarded as the bulwark of the social order. The anarchism of Bakunin is a virulent attack against both Church and State. God is the master tyrant to be interned in His fabulous Eden, and kings are His satellites, who follow the tyrannical policy of their divine leader. It is both a religious and social anarchism; it presents a double face to its observer.

Alexander Herzen has justly remarked that the Slavic genius is rather initial than perfective. Foreign influences determine its development.[13] The anarchistic philosophy of Bakunin is the result of his intellectual training, and his teachers have not been Russian. His mind showed a plastic receptivity to the influence of both Germany and France. The extremes to which he developed these impressions into a system is perhaps indicative of his genuinely Slavic origin. Herzen once wrote: "With us, thought, knowledge, conviction, dogma do not remain in a state of theory and abstraction. They do not confine themselves within the narrowness of an academic session, or conceal themselves in the bookcase of a scholar, in a jail. The exact opposite is what takes place. They break their chains, and precipitately, without reaching maturity, pervade the public life and, as it were, with their feet bound, they jump over the vestibule to the extreme corner of the arena." [14]

From a religious point of view, the anarchism of Bakunin is rooted in the Hegelian philosophy of the identity of thinking and being, and may be looked upon as the final development of the religious conceptions of Feuerbach. A German writer, who professes an easily conceivable hatred against Bakunin, the satyrist of Teutonism, was right in asserting that the origin of what the Russian anarchist calls his system can be traced to the time of his sojourn on German soil.[15] Religious anarchism is the extreme logical consequence of the Hegelian philosophy of religion. Feuerbach carried out Hegel's philo-

[13] *Du développement des idées révolutionnaires en Russie.* Londres, 1853, p. 19.

[14] Herzen, *Kolokol: izbrannyia stati* (The Bell: Selected Papers). In Russian. Geneva, 1887, p. 719.

[15] *Michael Bakunin und der Radicalismus. Deutsche Rundschau,* Berlin, 1877, vol. xii., p. 232.

sophical concepts to their logical conclusion, and in his strong criticism of his master, proves that the final conclusion of Hegelianism is unadulterated materialism. In fact, the whole kernel of the religious philosophy of Feuerbach may be expressed in his famous saying that "the personality of God is nothing else than the projected personality of man." [15] Feuerbach, however, though not an orthodox Hegelian, in his materialistic conception of religion, and theoretical atheism, dared not to apply his religious nihilism to social life.[16] The task of working out to the fullest degree the practical consequences of Hegel's thought, was assumed by the leaders of German Socialism, by Marx and Engels. They held that atheism ought to be the leaven of a society delivered "from the idealistic frippery of religion."

But German Socialists, in expounding the materialistic conceptions of social life, hesitated to advocate violence for the contemplated atheistic reconstruction of society. What it dared not undertake, Bakunin took up with the zeal of apostleship. He declared not only that atheism will be the organizing power of a reconstructed kind, but that violence and rebellion are the instruments of its conquests.[17]

According to Bakunin, philosophic idealism culminates in the denial of the existence of a personal God, or in the idea of God as an abstract and metaphysical being. The final evolution of philosophic thought marks the exaltation of matter and the humiliation of spirit. "Everywhere, in short, religious or philosophical idealism, the one being but the more or less free translation of the other, serves today as the flag of material, bloody, and brutal force, of shameless material exploitation; while, on the contrary, the flag of theoretical materialism, the red flag of economic equality and social justice, is raised by the practical idealism of the oppressed and famishing masses, tending to realize the greatest liberty and the human right of each in the fraternity of all men on earth." [18]

In the same work, *God and the State*, Bakunin gives vent to his bitter hatred against God and every form of religion. For him, "The idealistic abstraction, God, is a corrosive poison,

[15] *Das Wesen des Christentums, Sämmtliche Werke*, vol. vi., Stuttgart, 1903, p. 273.
[16] F. Iodl, *Ludwig Feuerbach*. Stuttgart, 1904, pp. 3. 4.
[17] See B. Malon, *L'Internationale* in *La Nouvelle Revue*. Paris, vi., année, vol. xxvi., p. 753.
[18] *God and the State*. New York, s. d., p. 47.

which destroys and decomposes life, falsifies and kills it."[19] Belief in God is an offspring of the root of all the absurdities that torment the world.[20] Religion is the nursery of all crimes, the bacillus of the contagious diseases that infect the social body. "Christianity is precisely the religion *par excellence*, because it exhibits and manifests, to the fullest extent, the very nature and essence of every religious system, which is the impoverishment, enslavement, and annihilation of humanity for the benefit of divinity."[21]

Christianity, however, is not a compact body. It ramifies into the great branches, Orthodoxy, Catholicism, and Protestantism. The national Church of Russia does not stir the satyrical mind of Bakunin. He agrees with Herzen, that the Byzantino-Moscovite Christianity neither civilized nor emancipated those within its jurisdiction.

With regard to Catholicism, Bakunin renders justice to the sanctity of its ideals, while scorning its priesthood. "What is there more sublime, in the ideal sense, more disinterested, more separate from all the interests of this earth, than the doctrine of Christ preached by the Catholic Church? And what is there more brutally materialistic than the constant practice of the same Church, since the eighth century."[22] All the Christian Churches when compared with the Roman Catholic Church are bankrupt."[23]

Protestantism is frankly disliked by Bakunin as the bourgeois religion *par excellence*. "It accords just as much liberty as is necessary to the bourgeois, and finds a way of reconciling celestial aspirations with the respect which terrestrial conditions demand."[24]

Since no form of Christianity is fitted for the social and moral betterment of man, the war against it, and generally against God, or the idea of God is a social and moral necessity. Man's human history is the history of his development by *rebellion* and by *thought*. Both these weapons of his *humanized* being, are the characteristics of Satan.[25] By Satan man becomes free; by God, he chains himself to slavery.

"Perfection consists in the progressive negation of the primitive animality of man by the development of his humanity. Man, a wild beast, cousin of the gorilla, has emerged from

[19] *Ibid.*, p. 64. [20] *Ibid.*, p. 22. [21] *Ibid.*, p. 24. [22] *Ibid.*, p. 45.
[23] *Œuvres*, vol. i., p. 226. [24] *God and the State*, p. 46. [25] *Ibid.*, p. 10.

the profound darkness of animal instinct into the light of mind, which explains in a wholly natural way all his past mistakes and partially consoles us for his present errors. He has emerged from animal slavery, and passing through divine slavery, a temporary condition between his animality and his humanity, he is now marching on to the conquest and realization of human liberty." [26]

But if irreligion is the granitic pillar of social progress, why do men, and especially the proletariat, prefer religious fetters and the *divine slavery* to a godless emancipation? According to Bakunin, the proletariat is the victim of two great dark powers, the political and the sacerdotal, that is of the governments and the priesthood. Oppression, poverty, ignorance act as narcotics upon them.[27]

Such were the theories of Bakunin's religious anarchism. They are invoked and developed to justify his scheme of social reforms. If religion hampers the free play of human energies, its abolition is a social requirement. Religious despotism, being the stool of political tyranny, deserves to be wiped out from the civilized world.[28] Theology is an anachronism. It ought to disappear. Its gravestone is being carved by Positivism. Jesus Christ must sink in His grave. "Our Christ," writes Bakunin, "differs from the Protestant and Christian Christ in this, that the latter is a personal being, ours impersonal; the Christian Christ, already completed in an eternal past, presents himself as a perfect being, while the completion and perfection of our Christ, *science*, are ever in the future; which is equivalent to saying that they will never be realized." [29] The battle to be fought in the name of progress resolves itself, indeed, into an everlasting duel between God and man. All priests, except of those that have been burnt by the fire of persecution, have been the natural allies of all the tyrants.[30]

The logical consequences of the theories of Bakunin are that atheism and materialism express the truth.[31] He could not conceive the divine omnipotence as creating a man capable of determining himself for good or evil. God was to him a phantom, the absolute vacuum, a metaphysical abstraction, the moral and immoral cause of all slaveries.[32] By the denial of

[26] *Ibid.*, p. 31.
[27] *Ibid.*, p. 16.
[28] *Œuvres*, vol. x., p. 303.
[29] *God and the State*, p. 34.
[30] *Fédéralisme, socialisme et antithéologisme. Œuvres*, vol. i., pp. 67, 68.
[31] *Œuvres*, vol. iii., p. 296.
[32] *Œuvres*, vol. v., p. 321.

the existence of God, Bakunin was logically forced to deny free will and a soul separated and separable from the body. The religious anarchism of Bakunin spread among Russian revolutionists hatred of God and His Incarnate Son. The songs of Russian Socialists are saturated with it.

We need scarcely observe that all the above mentioned grievances against Christianity are precisely its titles of glory, the jewels of its crown. Christian idealism, an idealism springing from the most perfect Man Who ever conversed with men, the Incarnate Son of God, has trained legions of true supermen. It is an idealism embodying the most sublime and beneficent yearnings of the human heart. The product of Christian idealism is that social reform to which we owe the abolition of slavery, the consciousness of our human dignity, the exaltation of woman, the end of despotism, the civilizing of barbarians, the defence of the weak against the strong and violent.

Atheistic revolutionary Socialism has undergone the ordeal of fire. In Russia the brotherhood of anarchism has replaced private property with robbery, violence, and brigandage. Men who promised to improve the social conditions of the working masses have reduced them to despair, to starvation, to brutishness. They talk of freedom, of full respect for the rights of individuals. In fact, they strangle the most sacred liberties of their fellow-men, and murder those who do not accept their words as their rule of life, or dare to keep alive in their hearts the inextinguishable flame of the love of God and of faith in His divine Son.

It has been clearly shown by the history of the revolutionary movement that material egotism is at the bottom and in the heart of all socialistic upheavals. And in the stern combat between Christian idealism and materialistic atheism, there shines forth in all its historical truth, the saying of Montesquieu: "Christianity, that is, the religion of suffering, sacrifice, and mortification, is also the religion assuring the greatest human happiness on earth."

CHRISTMAS IN THE RIO GRANDE COUNTRY.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING

EÑORA lives in a secluded village around which the foothills of a great range of the Rockies rear defending walls against the storms of the higher regions and the restlessness of the world beyond. Her house is square and *adobe* at the edge of the tiny city, and her land extends from the mud road magnificently outlined on the urban map as Avenue Don Diego de Vargas across the hills to the river. This historic stream, the Rio Grande, might be considered merely lithographical at Señora's crossing, but she owns the grist-mill five miles north and has held immemorial water rights which add immense value to her *ranchito*.

There are acres of apricot, plum and small sweet Mexican apple trees which were in full bearing before the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed, and which have yielded an ample annual crop ever since, despite that disturbing instrument. There are acres of wheat and corn, generous spaces given to vegetables and herbs and the corral sweeps up the sandy hill with a shelter of sage and mesquite, where a burro, a cow, several sheep and swine, and many plump and dependable fowl spend busy, noisy hours. Señora lives on the produce of her land as her fathers have done for many hundred years before. They crossed the Rio Grande with Oñate in 1598, and like them, she exchanges her fine flour and meal, excellent and sound fruit and vegetables for such staples of food and clothing as she may desire. She sells the surplus and divides her income into three equal parts; the first goes to the bank, the second to the church and to charity, and the third for her own pleasure and comfort and that of her family. And, a strong stake in the future of the Rio Grande country, Señoras are multiplied in the many *villas* as the Mexican, old and new, calls the lesser townships, which are not yet affected by the poison which enters the soul with steam, electricity and petrol.

Days tread on each other's heels in Señora's domain utterly lacking that much heralded quality of the sand country,

somnolence and silence, for the Señora goes about the house all morning in a perfect fury of cleaning, closely followed by the Indian maid, Incarnacion, and in the corral the aged servitor José drives everything before him like a whirlwind. The hens and other live things of the barnyard make as much noise and work as industriously as though they were in New England. The unquenchable sunshine is here, as described in that popular book, *Sunshine, Silence and Adobe,* and there are miles of sun dried brick within sight, made into comfortable dwellings called *placitas,* like Señora's.

This indomitable woman's home was built by her grandfather, the miller, in 1735, and it is evident that life in his days radiated from the kitchen and the corral, as indeed it continues to do at the present. The kitchen is on the southern end of the square and is sixty feet long and about forty wide, with a fireplace as roomy as the ordinary bed chamber. A veranda of equal proportions gives on the corral, and in former days the sheep shearers came to the *placita* and the Indians pounded the corn into meal and ground the pepper into the fine aromatic chili powder. Señora keeps only a few sheep now, and the great flock is in charge of her oldest son at the ranch by the mill.

Those are grand occasions when Señora overlooks her charges and selects the victims for the feasts of December, and this may be reckoned the first step in the elaborate preparations. All of December is, in a way, a preparation for Christmas along the Rio Grande, for midway in Advent, as *micarême* in the longer season of penance, comes that beloved fiesta of the Mexican, the twelfth, the day given over to honor the vision of Our Lady of Guadalupe to the poor savage. In the mellow days when Indian summer is waning, Señora's porch is decked with garlands of vivid peppers awaiting the time until they are dry enough for the mill, interspersed with glistening strings of garlic and onions. Great *ollas*—earthenware receptacles which, on the Rio Grande, are baskets and barrels combined—brimming over with *frijoles,* stand sentinel-like under the arches. Then comes Trinidad the head shepherd, with his master Señor Amado, and they spend hours inspecting the small flock in the corral before finally marking two lambs for destruction and driving them into a waiting stockade.

There are chickens, turkies, ducks, and geese, even demure guinea hens and an arrogant peacock in prime condition for the oven, though naturally the Mexicans do not often slay the bird of the gorgeous tail but only his wives. Those of Mexican blood, as their ancestors centuries ago in Spain, may relish all such fancy dishes as fowl on the side or for any inferior occasion, but on great days, such as favorite feasts of Our Lady and at Nativity, the mainstay of the banquet is the backbone of a lamb cut with about five inches of flesh on each side, then again chopped into pieces and simmered for hours over a slow fire with much garlic and chili, and herbs without number. To this end the lambs in the stockade receive the tenderest attention for weeks before the holocaust, one for Guadalupe day, one for Christmas. Other preparations go forward. Although the meal, which is used daily, is ground at the mill, for such great *fiestas* as December twelfth and twenty-fifth, skilled Indian women come down from San Juan and pound corn for hours in a mammoth wooden bowl and betimes stir and turn the drying grapes, and the latest crops of prunes and apricots.

All the zeal is not confined to the culinary department. Señora's grandfather, in placing the kitchen and store rooms in the southwest ends of the *placita,* left rather darkened spaces for living and sleeping apartments. But there is no room without a lamp burning before a picture or statue in the dim recesses where the light from the court gets small ingress through the tiny windows. In the salon on the north side, fronting on the Avenue, named for the *reconquistadore,* there is a large painting of the vision of Guadalupe, the work of an untrained Indian employed at the mill under its original proprietor. It is a wonderful production, but quite as worthy as many of the futurist and other freakish efforts. Not even in the desert are the skies so fearfully indigo or the sage so bristling and gaudy. The Holy Virgin looks ferocious, yet the legend of Guadalupe paints her as fair a vision and as tender a mother as mortals could behold. Señora, however, sees none of these artistic defects, nor is she aggrieved that the robe instead of being of celestial blue is of tropical violence in red, yellow and purple.

The painting is on the wall over the wide fireplace where the fragrant *pinon* branches blaze in the evenings even through

the summer, and it covers full five feet of space measured each way. About the halo, which is painted the deepest orange, Señora has arranged a row of lamps in brackets and alternate shades of white and blue. With the opening of December every twilight when her family and guests gather in the drawing-room for a cup of chocolate and some *tortillas*, the hard brittle biscuits—a combined cake and cracker common in the Mexican countries—the lamps are lighted. There are at least six other lamps on the mantle below the picture which burn all day, and Señora uses only the sweetest and purest of olive oil for her votive offerings. She makes shift with poorer quality for her salad, reluctantly it is true, but for her lamps will have none but the best.

In other rooms additional lights twinkle. Each room has its precious memories, naturally since one hundred and eighty-five years have elapsed since the good miller, Juan Ortiz, suspended from the crane in the kitchen the massive iron pot which had crossed the Rio Grande with Oñate. A tremendous history has this homely vessel which Señora can recite with spirit; how it was buried in the orchard when the Juan Ortiz of his day fled with the Spanish settlers from the maddened and revolting pueblos of 1680 along the Rio Grande to the border. There they encamped on the Texas side for more than ten years until the reconqueror, De Vargas, led his victorious army back. Then Ortiz dug up his treasures and his son removed upward to the secluded valley, where he built his mill and laid the foundation of the family fortunes in the thousands of acres in the sheep country to which he was given title.

But Señora's Ortizes married Ortegas and Oterminas and Ojedas, until her relatives have as many O's in their names as the descendants of Irish kings. They have been born and they have died in each of the dark chambers of the old *placita*, and the daily progress of the present chatelaine is prayerfully interrupted each morning as she makes her way through each. For she pauses before the light and kneels a moment, seeing no doubt some child struggling into life, then going forth; some aged relative going peacefully and thankfully to sleep; or the youthful and hopeful struck down in their vigor. A lamp burns in the great kitchen, for a young brother of the Señora thrown from a horse in the corral and brought in to breathe his last before the fire. Often the Señora pauses be-

fore the yawning fireplace, and gazing at the light takes out her beads and prays for a moment before continuing her tasks.

In December rumors begin to grow of the plays for which the *padre* is training young men of the village, ancient miracle plays brought into the land by the good Franciscans. Formerly many were performed, and were the delight of these shut-in lives. Only two survive now, except in centres where archæologists take pains for their revival—*The Vision of Our Lady of Guadalupe* and *Natividad.* However, Natividad is performed on the eve of Guadalupe, and the Vision is a part of the routine of Christmas Eve. Señora explains that the *padre* likes it so, and she too thinks this best, for acting is only acting and should not come so near the *fiesta,* which is the real thing. Señor Amado on the day the lambs were selected, confided that in his family December 12th is kept in the most elaborate manner, for his mother is Guadalupe, and his youngest sister, who will come all the way from El Paso, is also Guadalupe, and she has a daughter bearing the same name, and there are other granddaughters and nieces and great-granddaughters, and great-nieces who bear the name. It was a bewildering recital.

In the first week of December came Señora Maria Guadalupe or as she is known in the United States, her mother told me, in her home in Denver, Mrs. Karl Adolf Webber, and her two daughters, all she has left under the roof tree of her five children. A daughter is married in El Paso, another is a nurse in a hospital in St. Louis, a son is in France. Señora speaks of all regions outside those which passed from Mexico after the war of the "roaring forties" as the United States, but she never names the political jurisdiction under which she is now governed. Not that she resents the change. It is only a habit contracted from her father, who fought against Phil Kearney.

Such cooking, cleaning and upturning as mark the days immediately preceding December 12th! One of Señora's six sons is an Indian agent, and he has sent her from time to time exquisite blankets and rugs. These are taken from cedar chests, aired and hung up all over the *placita,* until the balconies and porches look like a bit of the Grand Canal when the Doge went down to wed the Adriatic. Sons and daughters arrive from distant parts. Those with wives, daughters or

daughters-in-law bearing the name of Guadalupe are domiciled with Señora. Others go down to the larger and more modern house of Señor Amado at the mill. On the afternoon of the eleventh all the Guadalupes, including the venerable head of the family, journey across the hills to the mission where an aged Franciscan is in residence. Twice a month only does he come to the village, for his is a wide parish covering half of a large county.

Only the Guadalupes go to confession and to Holy Communion at the High Mass said on the morrow. Such is the custom, all other members of the family will attend to this pious duty on Sunday. It was easy to discover why, when Señora, looking superb in her best black silk, her mantilla with the longest fringe, her fan of scarlet and gold and at least three-quarters of a yard long, drove off with at least a dozen lesser Guadalupes. All the other members rushed about setting a long table in the kitchen, which was re-furbished with rugs and dazzling copper kettles and pans, huge tubs of geranium and cascades of ferns, and comfortable chairs from the living room. Every dainty conceivable was set forth, for the religious ceremony would last until almost noon, and the luncheon hour would then be at hand.

The savory dish of lamb was filling the air with odors which whetted the appetite. Beautiful hothouse flowers had come by express from Denver and the second daughter, who was Maria Estifania and hence would have a great feast at Twelfth Night, deftly decked the table in clusters of roses and lent an air of enchantment to the dark recesses beyond the fireplace. A smaller picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe was placed on an overhanging shelf. Myriads of lights twinkled all around, and tall wax candles were on the table ready for the lighting at a signal from old José, who was watching the road from the church.

The signal is given, the lights are lit, the dish of lamb steams at the head of the table, and a dozen other big dishes are ranged in proper order when Señora leads the procession into the banquet hall. Then Amado, her eldest born, takes her hand and raises it to his lips and kneels before her, saying in rich, quivering tones: "Our Mother, bless us, on your name day." Everyone kneels, and the dear old lady goes from one to the other laying her hand in blessing on each head until she

comes to the very youngest Guadalupe, a great-grandchild of seven years, who this momentous morning has received the dear Son of her Lady patron for the first time. The white-haired, aged woman gathers the radiant little cherub in her arms, and caresses her.

"You must bless me, my dearest little one, my Lupita, on the day of your First Communion and you must bless us all," and holding the child, she tells her to make the sign of the Cross and to say after her, "I bless you all, my dear ones, and may our dearest Lord and Our Lady of Guadalupe have us always in their tender care."

The feast lasted until late afternoon, for long lines of retainers began to drop in and receive bountiful gifts from the table. When the banquet was finally declared over, Señora was borne in state to the salon where Our Lady of Guadalupe smiled down from a throne resplendent with lights and flowers. Just before dark, the Archbishop called with his *curé* and the aged missioner who had been a friend of Señora's youth. There had been a reception at the Convent in the mountains and the prelate had been celebrant. All partook most guardedly of the excellent fare set forth on a table in the drawing-room, for similar celebrations were going forward in dozens of other homes at which they must call, and the hereafter of rich, spiced Mexican dishes of state evidently possessed terrors.

The Archbishop discussed amiably the miracle play of the Natividad which he and we and all the mountain side had seen the night previous. There had been some amusing anachronisms, such as the shepherds putting the Evil One to flight with a crucifix on the night when the angels were singing *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. The miracle plays of the Southwest were of lighter texture, explained the prelate, than the average survival of the ages of Faith, and no critical estimate was possible. The people had performed them and had grown familiar with the parts long before critics began their destructive work. Any attempt to change or improve would destroy their reverent feelings. He had taken part in one as a boy and would be reluctant to cast doubt on the ability of the shepherds to foresee on the night of the Holy Birth, the power which the Cross was to have over evil. It was a weary, happy assortment of Guadalupes that gathered under Our Lady's picture that night and recited the prayer in her honor. Then, one by one,

Señora extinguished the lights which had been gleaming about her through ten days previous.

For a day or two there is a lull. Then the great preparations begin anew. Señora considers Christmas only in the light of a solemn, religious feast and all her gifts are in the nature of charity. She has a grand dinner and the second lamb dressed in the traditional way—as necessary a part of the dinner as the stuffed eel is in Italy. Certain fowl are divided and fed riotously, packages of wheat and corn are tied up, and little bags of dried fruit are marked and put away. Boxes of clothing are arranged, some sent off by the mail cart, others tied on the burro's back and taken over the hills. On the mantle under Our Lady of Guadalupe, a prominent place is given to St. Stephen, for he was the name saint of the Señora's dead brother. San Juan di Baptisto, the name *par excellence* in her family, has several shrines, all well illuminated. Good St. Joseph receives great honor to the joy of the old stableman who comes in several times a day and kneels before him devoutly.

Señora tells that every Christmas Eve, for sixty years without fail, save for those interruptions which will come with the rearing of eleven children, she has attended the miracle play of "The Vision," and she tells of various actors, long since dead, with a gusto which recalls the boulevardier's memories of Booth, Irving and Rachel. "The Vision" fills all her need for histrionic relaxation, in fact, except for the dramas performed when she was at the Convent in Mexico and when her children and grandchildren attended various schools adjacent, she has seen no other plays save these simple pastorals of the *padres*. Possessing a quick mind she can repeat every line of "The Vision," and the actual performance is rendered more enjoyable by her spirited renditions in advance.

The poor Indian is making his way over the cactus-strewn waste towards the city, when he hears the voice and sees the vision. His delight, as expressed by the actor, was excellent, though he chuckled and laughed more than the red man does in ordinary intercourse. But as Señora severely pointed out, none of us have ever seen an Indian after he had seen our Blessed Lady. The vision commands him to go to the Archbishop and tell that it is the pleasure of the Queen of Heaven that a shrine be built on that spot in her honor. The words

are simple and direct, and Indian-like the bearer of the heavenly mandate repeats it over and over in the selfsame tone. The Archbishop is haughty and is garbed in a tight uncomfortable-looking cassock of a dreadful hue of purple, and his biretta of red is perched rather coquettishly on the side. He kneels through the entire play, some two hours, and reads out of one of the largest books imaginable. He never lifts his eyes when his servitor conveys the message, dismisses him with a frown and reads, reads, reads. The Indian, fortified by the thought that he advances the heavenly pleasure, refuses to accept the Archbishop's dismissal, insists so bravely on seeing him that, finally, he is scourged away.

He goes back disconsolate and without awaiting for the appearance of the vision begins a loud complaint, and displays his bruises and stripes. Our Lady comforts him and sends him back, tells him he must see the Archbishop and deliver her message. The poor Indian is in a panic and he acts it very well, too. The sacristan now takes a hand and appears before the prelate, and in a loud voice tells him he must hear a message from heaven. The Archbishop seems quite skeptical that heaven would pass him by and select an ignorant Indian. He is convinced that Our Lady, if she had affairs of importance, would consult with him personally, all the time he reads his great book. The sacristan, who is uneasy and sees a shining in the countenance of the messenger, craves leave to produce him. This he does, by means of an undignified push which sends the poor messenger headlong into the episcopal *priedieu*. The Archbishop is arrested by the glowing countenance, but shows caution at first. He tells the Indian, if indeed he comes from the Queen of Heaven, he, the Archbishop, her faithful servant, asks a sign that he may know she has sent him, and not an evil power. Back goes the Indian, Our Lady is waiting for him, and merely nods to him to gather some roses which have miraculously begun to bloom on the cactus bushes and to take them to the skeptical prelate. When the Indian is admitted he opens his blouse to show the roses, when lo, instead of the mystic flowers painted on the coarse cotton fabric, is the wondrous picture enshrined in the great church at Guadalupe, which the Archbishop began at once to erect.

There are long waits, filled in with songs which sound exotic, "The Holy City" and "Holy Night," but that lovely old

hymn of the Andalusians, "Natividad," is sung also, and most plaintively by a young mountaineer who has been attending the Christian Brothers' College. Between the waits, Señora sketches in some of the history of the old play, and she repeats what her friend the Archbishop, not the dignified visitor on the stage, but the courteous visitor of her name-day had once told her, that this is the one miracle play which is of American origin, that is North American, since the event happened in Mexico nearly four centuries ago, and that it has been performed continuously in the Rio Grande country, with few interruptions, for more than two hundred years. An added reason for enjoyment and the reverence which steals over the heart in the presence of something anointed with precious and holy associations.

It may be, as critics have said, that *The Vision of Our Lady of Guadalupe* as literature, is more worthless than the sing-song of child rhymes, but the words have stirred the simple savage and the sturdy pioneer of the Rio Grande to efforts towards higher things, and opened a way of escape from the deadly influence of the desert into the mystic realms where heaven pities the anguish of earth and stoops to alleviate it.

Everyone in the village, everyone from about the foothills and the mountains who can borrow, beg or hire a team, comes to the play. The old hall where it is enacted is crowded to the porch and beyond into the streets. Custom makes nine-thirty the hour, and indeed few of the homekeepers are at leisure before that time. Señora, and many of her daughters, granddaughters and domestics have stood for long hours in the kitchen, through the morning and afternoon receiving Indians who rent her land, the families of the men employed at the mill and on the ranch, giving to all chocolate and *tortillas*. All went forth carrying fat bundles and frequently a squirming live fowl.

While the glorious vision of Our Lady yet lingers on the homely stage, the choristers from the church begin to sing the *Adeste Fideles*, for midnight is close at hand. The entire community goes from the play to the church nearby, singing the old hymn as they plod along. The streets are cluttered, and Amado, who is guiding his mother, complains of the sloth of the council. But everyone is happy and good natured, and files into the church to the resounding strains of the *Gloria*.

The aged missioner sings a High Mass and preaches a sermon of generous length, first in Spanish and then in English, for even this peaceful valley is filling with the people from the United States, as Señora calls them. Three o'clock peals from the church tower before the last strain of the Christmas hymn invites the congregation homeward.

The snow is falling as we come from the midnight Mass, spreading a misty veil over the refuse of the streets, over the jumbled vehicles, rude and elegant, over the concourse of people, and it seems clear to us all that, even so, has the mantle of God's love covered up all the years which have gone before, and that the records of our lives are made white and shining. The aged and toil-worn *padre*, fifty years amongst these of the simple faith, has climbed the high balustrade against the main entrance and greets the crowd as it pours from the church.

"Happy Christmas, my people, for as many as have received Him to them He gave power to be made the Sons of God! Happy Christmas, my people, sons of God, aye and His daughters."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

MOTHER of the Baby God
  Born in wondrous way,
Now His tiny, fumbling hands
  On thy face will stray.
One searching so thine eyes may touch:
  He must not find them wet!
Mother of the Baby God.
  For this one day—forget!

CAPITALISM AND CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

BY ANTHONY J. BECK.

CAPITALISM is defined by Henry Somerville as "the system of society in which the means of production, land and capital, are privately owned by a relatively small section of the community, while the majority of the people depend for their livelihood upon working as wage-earners for the owners of capital.[1] Other social students see the chief characteristic of Capitalism in the systematic use of property for profit and purposes of income.[2] Capital dates back into the mists of antiquity to the home of the man who first undertook to use part of his money or property for the production of more wealth. But Capitalism was born after the close of the Middle Ages. Its principal causes were the so-called Industrial Revolution and the liberalistic, individualistic system of political economy engendered by the religious revolution of the sixteenth century.

From the writings (*e. g., Opus Maius*) and scientific researches of Roger Bacon, a Franciscan monk who lived in the thirteenth century, it appears that epoch-making inventions would have revolutionized commerce and industry long before the eighteenth century, had not the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century, and resulting wars, disturbed the regular progress of industry. Having been put off for more than a century, these technical triumphs coincided with the proclaiming of the liberalistic Manchester system of political economy. Charles S. Devas writes: "From about the year 1750 as a starting point a tremendous change began, and a great part of industry was gradually transformed, passing from the traditional or empirical stage to the scientific."[3] In the textile industry, *e. g.*, John Kay and his son, Robert, invented devices which doubled the productive powers of the weavers. In 1767 Hargreaves came to the aid of the sorely pressed spinners with his spinning-jenny, which enabled one man to do the work of

1 *America*, vol. xxi., no. 23.

2 Rev. Henry Pesch, S.J., *Stimmen der Zeit*, vol. lxxxvi., no. 2.

3 *Political Economy*, third edition, p. 77.

eight. Arkwright produced a still more important spinning instrument and practically took the industry out of the hands of women in homes, placing it in factories. In 1785 Cartwright devised the power-loom, which early in the nineteenth century struck an equally severe blow at the domestic occupation of men and made weaving a machine industry. By 1800 new devices enabled the bleaching to be done thirty times as quickly and the printing with one per cent of the labor formerly required. Meanwhile Eli Whitney had invented the cotton gin in the United States, and one of the principal materials for the textile industry was furnished in abundance. The growing need of some powerful driving force for all this machinery suggested the use of the steam engine in textile factories, which could now quit the mountain valleys and running streams to locate near coal fields.

The middle of the eighteenth century saw a momentous change in the iron trade also. The use of coal for smelting was first successfully tried by Roebuck's method, while James Watt, who took out his first patent in 1769, harnessed steam as a motive force. Since then there has been a wonderful triple alliance of coal, steam and iron. One discovery quickly followed another: the rolling mill and puddling furnace of Cort; the safety lamp of Humphrey-Davey; the hydro-electric machine of Armstrong; the Bessemer process of making steel, the Diesel engine, which enables ships to travel many thousands of miles without stopping for more oil; the electric furnace, steam turbine, automobile, typewriter, moving pictures, Marconi's wireless telegraphy, Wright's aëroplane, the cyanide process, Mergenthaler's linotype, the induction motor, electric welding—in short, the almost endless list of wonderful inventions in manufacture, agriculture, communication, and transportation that stamp the last one hundred and fifty years as an age of machinery. The application of steam to locomotion, at sea, by Bell and Fulton and, on land, by Stephenson, made the whole world one vast market. Morse's telegraph and Bell's telephone made possible the almost instantaneous transmission of price lists and orders, thereby furnishing the necessary industrial nerves. The mediæval merchants and manufacturers usually had their city and vicinity for a market. Their modern colleague deals with all the world. These changes rendered money mobile and induced the Catholic Church to permit the taking of interest;

for now a man could easily invest his savings and, consequently, would suffer a loss if he loaned it without compensation.

While these material, technical, and financial changes were taking place an equally fundamental and far-reaching transformation was felt in the science and ethics of political economy. Adam Smith (1723-1790) is by many considered the "founder of the modern science of political economy." [4] His system was liberalistic in the extreme. It was taken in great part from the writings of the French Physiocrats, especially Quesnay and Turgot[5] and prevailed during the time when Capitalism developed. "The individualistic system of free competition," writes Father Pesch,[6] "has also been styled the 'capitalistic system of free competition,' not that 'Capitalism' and 'individualism' are identical concepts, but because, on the basis of the individualistic system, the preponderance of Capital in the organization and direction of industry and of almost the entire cultural life of the nations actually asserted itself fully." Smith and his disciple, Ricardo, and a long list of "classical" political economists of the Manchester school advocated economic liberalism. "Its characteristics," says Devas, "were to be irreligious and unhistorical; . . . to believe also that unregulated relations were in general the only rational relations of society." Cardinal Gasquet, an eminent historian, points to the opposition between true Christianity and the earliest beginnings of the liberalistic system when he says of certain "reformers" of the sixteenth century: "These 'new men' looked not so much to the 'good' as to the 'goods' of the Church and desired more the *conversio rerum* than any *conversio morum*. What Janssen long ago showed to be the case in Germany, and what Mr. Phillipson and M. Hanotaux declare to be certainly true of France, is hardly less clear in regard to England, when the matter is gone into, namely that the Reformation was primarily a social and economic revolution, the true meaning of which was in the event successfully disguised under the cloak of religion with the assistance of a few earnest and possibly honest fanatics." [7] Smith in his *Wealth of Nations*, jeers at Christianity, while John Stuart Mill's *Principles of*

[4] *Volume Library*, by Prof. Ruof, of Chicago University.
[5] Devas, *loc. cit.*, p. 651. [6] *Idem.*, p. 164.
[7] Quoted by Henry Somerville in *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xxi., no. 3.

Political Economy, sets aside the very elements of Christian family life. "The classical" or orthodox political economy, by being nominally separated from ethics, and presented as a science of tendencies only, and as hypothetical and neutral, could in consequence promulgate with comparative impunity the most unsocial and immoral doctrines." [8] Smith and his followers championed unlimited competition. Thus Smith taught that unrestrained freedom of the corn trade was the only effectual preventive of the miseries of famine. In reality free trade in food may aggravate a famine by drawing supplies from countries and districts which are poor to those that are rich. Devas holds the liberalistic system responsible for the starvation of ten million people in India and Ireland.[9] While millions of her people were dying of hunger, India exported food worth millions of dollars.

During the Christian Middle Ages man and his needs were the central point around which domestic industry and small-scale commerce revolved. Goods were produced and sold that the consumer might be well and abundantly supplied with necessaries of life, while the producer and merchant had a handsome living. Unrestrained striving for gain was during this entire period unbecoming and un-Christian, as the Thomistic philosophy on political economy still ruled the minds of men—at least officially. While the feudal period witnessed unfair privileges, tryannical use of power, exploitation by heartless lords, and pressure exerted by guildsmen on consumers and apprentices, the age of "industrial liberty" brought starvation wages and cruel crushing of competitors.

Unlimited competition soon resulted in the arbitrary control of social tools by the few; in greater fluctuations in supply and demand; in the promotion of the gambling spirit; and in disastrous crises and panics. Large-scale production dominated by the desire for profit tends to foster misdirected manufacturing and artificially stimulated consumption. How could it be otherwise when a large part of the available capital is invested, not primarily with the thought of benefiting society and incidentally earning a good return, but with a view to the highest possible dividends? The immediate aim of Capitalism, says Father Pesch, "is the enrichment of the owner of the means of production and the utmost enjoyment of life on the part of the

[8] Devas, *idem.*, p. 653. [9] *Loc. cit.*, p. 145.

capitalist families."[10] The system serves the public welfare only indirectly.

Consequently the modern world did not benefit as much as it might have from its marvelous superiority over the mediæval and ancient world in social tools. Devas assigns two principal reasons for this phenomenon: (a) Many of the greatest inventions serve our welfare much less than appears at first glance; (b) heavy losses and injuries, due to the Industrial Revolution and other causes, have had to be compensated for by improved methods. For instance, millions of square miles of land have been turned into a desert.[11] We have witnessed the wholesale destruction of timber in Minnesota, Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Exhaustive farming has resulted in many millions of acres of deserted farmland.[12] Some years ago Secretary of Agriculture Wilson denounced the "mining" style of farming at a congress of agriculturists. The pollution of the Great Lakes necessitated the appointment of an international commission to deal with the evil. According to Sir William Crookes careless disposal of garbage and sewage results in an annual loss of $75,000,000 in England alone. Think of the waste on this score in our country! Then again the world's supply of many useful plants and animals has been squandered in great part. The seal, walrus, sea-otter, beaver, bison, and various kind of birds have been grieviously diminished. Europeans introduced rabbits in Australia, thereby ruining thousands of acres of pasture land. There is also a vast production of goods known as "cheap and nasty" which are really not cheap, if by cheapness we mean that the cost is low in comparison with the utility.[13]

As for modern inventions many wonderful improvements in the methods of production affect things not used by the great body of the people. Many are employed in turning out costly luxuries. Some of the most conspicuous technical triumphs have been achieved in the means of transportation and communication—steamships, railways, telegraphs, aëroplanes, etc.—all admirable inventions whose chief effect is to enable men to live close together rather than to be better housed and nourished. "It is one of the ironies of history," admits Henry Somerville, "that after an era of unparalleled progress in ma-

[10] *Loc. cit.*, p. 166.
[11] Devas, *loc. cit.*, p. 91.
[12] *America*, vol. x., no. 22.
[13] *Intermountain Catholic*, May 1, 1913.

terial civilization the main problem before the modern world should be the problem of poverty."[14] "We are confronted," writes Devas, "with the very serious question, why after such a brilliant advance we are not better off, why so many are hard-worked, ill-clad and ill-housed, so many tens of thousands of people even in Great Britain are bowed down with abject poverty, and if we reckon our subject countries, so many tens of millions."[15] Perhaps the most crushing indictment of the capitalistic system from a conservative authority are these words of the illustrious Pope Leo XIII.: "A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."[16]

Nevertheless, the fact that the world did not reap as much gain as it might have under a well-regulated Christian system from the Industrial Revolution and the discovery of new continents and vast mineral resources, does not remove the actual progress made under Capitalism. Dr. John A. Ryan is of opinion that "economic conditions are better for the masses than they have been at any previous time."[17] This implies a great deal in view of the enormous increase in the world's population during the last two centuries. Capitalized wealth has, in the words of Archbishop Keane, created "a haven of peace and a home of plenty for the starving multitudes of Europe."[18] It opened the treasure house of America's vast natural resources many decades before a rigidly regulated feudalistic system would have unlocked them. If, in spite of our great natural wealth, we have in a comparatively short period of national existence acquired a teeming proletariat, this is due, not only to industrial oppression but also to the fact that for many decades the United States has been the land of promise for millions of poverty-stricken Europeans. Maurice Hillquit, the Socialist leader, admitted in his controversy with Dr. Ryan that "on the whole, life is more propitious today even to the masses than it was at any time in the past."[19] "Those who gave full rein to the system of free competition," observes Father Pesch, "can point with pride to its undeniably great achievements, at least in so far as no former epoch brought

14 *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xxi., no. 3. 15 *Idem.*, p. 81.
16 Encyclical on *The Condition of Labor.*
17 *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1913.
18 Speech on Washington's birthday in Louisville some years ago.
19 Series in *Everybody's Magazine.*

about in a few decades such progress in the economic production and distribution of goods." [20] The eminent German Jesuit authority on political economy further admits that "the great historic vocation of capitalistic production, namely to create in the form of private property gigantic enterprises of the utmost influence, social institutions of production and distribution, would not have been fulfilled within the limits of the average citizen's wealth." Capitalism utilized and stimulated scientific achievements, thereby effecting a vast saving of time and labor. It gave the world an unprecedented and at times most beneficial race of men—captains of industry, merchant princes, money barons, great engineers, and daring empire-builders. "Westinghouse and Edison," observed the New York *Evening Post* on the death of the former, "illustrate to best advantage that organization of society which gives free scope to individual talent and places no limit upon the legitimate rewards it may reap." Prof. Thorstein Veblen takes the position that the present system compensates for its waste by "making men work hard and unremittingly." [21] Father Pesch notes that Schaeffle, one of the leading economists of modern times, considers the capitalistic system the relatively most perfect among the industrial systems developed in the world's history. "A return to the old order," says Schaeffle, "is not desirable; it would do away with the advantage of capitalistic production on a national scale, without resulting in a more equal distribution of wealth." [22] It would evidently be impractical and absurd to divide our complex and costly social tools among the owners and workers, and production would no longer be adequate.

However, Schaeffle believes that "capitalistic society is rapidly undermining its foundations . . . through an irremedial system of unrestrained industrial competition which tolerates no stable possession and results in excessive political centralization." This in turn gives birth to a movement toward democracy in industry such as is now making itself felt in the United States, Great Britain and other countries. In Britain the Labor Party is developing great strength at the expense of the old liberal parties, and in our country strong labor and farmer movements are getting under way and may easily converge into a new party. "Not since the development of the

[21] *Everybody's Magazine*, November, 1913. [20] *Idem.*, p. 165.
[22] *Bau und Leben des sozialen Koerpers.*

present capitalist system after the Great Industrial Revolution," says a leading Catholic weekly, "has the civilized world faced such a radical change as is taking place today." The *Pilot*, official organ of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, predicts that the "day of the wage earner strictly as such is drawing to a close." [23] A strong tendency has set in toward nationalization of certain industries, especially public utilities; toward coöperative societies of producers and consumers; and toward co-partnership, or at least joint management, by capital and labor. Unfortunately, the workers in some trades show an inclination to abuse their ascendancy by aping the autocratic methods employed by unscrupulous capitalists. Were this tendency to spread, it might give Capitalism a new lease on life by estranging those among the middle classes sympathizing with Labor. Even if Labor steers safely past the rocks of absolutist control and vengeful methods, our system is likely to retain capitalistic characteristics for many a year, as the co-partnership plan will probably not come into general vogue in the near future. Similarly, profit may be curtailed, but it is likely to remain a dominant factor in industry and commerce until the majority of our people, now under the influence of religious and economic liberalism, are imbued with the saving principles of Christian Democracy. The tide now setting toward democracy in industry will result in a disastrous flood unless guided by levees built on the Christian social teachings of the Church, especially the famous encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII., particularly those on the Condition of Labor and on Christian Democracy." In the great Pontiff's encyclicals, says Prof. G. Toniolo, former president of the Catholic Union of Italy, "we possess a unified complex of sociological teachings, brought together in a system which rests against the supernatural, which measures up to the problems of our age, which absorbing everything, takes unto itself all that is true in modern Science and is proven by experience." [24]

With the introduction of Social Democracy, the worker would no longer be able to sell his labor power by a free contract. The omnipotent State would tell him what to do and at what remuneration. The capitalist of the liberal school acts on the fallacy that "any contract not brought about by physi-

[23] September 13th.
[24] In *L'eredita di Leone XIII.*

cal force or downright deception is fair." [25] He also denies his employees the right to organize, basing his refusal on the specious argument that his recognition of a labor union would infringe the liberty of his unorganized workers. A fundamental of Christian Democracy is the freedom of contract, and that freedom "does not consist in an abstract right but in the ability not to contract." [26] The worker must be in a position to obtain just terms, and the employer must not be coerced into accepting unjust conditions. Christian Democracy replaces "the immoral principle of unlimited free and fair contract," which Dr. John A. Ryan blames in great measure for our industrial and social ills, with a contract which gives labor a living wage, the consumer fair prices, and the capitalist a just profit. Under modern conditions this freedom of contract is frequently impossible of realization without the aid of organized power; and Pope Leo recognized the worker's right to organize and to collective bargaining.

Even modified Socialism would introduce public ownership of the means of production and distribution, placing all industries and vital national agencies at the mercy of a few politicians. In the enormous waste and outrageous mismanagement which characterized the Bolshevist régime in Hungary and the rule of the socialistic soldiers' and workmen's councils in Berlin, we have practical object lessons in such centralized control. Capitalism tends to place similar power over the most important industries into the hands of a few financiers and grasping captains of industry, frequently exerting a baneful influence on officials and government. Christian Democracy favors nationalization of certain public utilities which constitute natural monopolies and give the best service to the community under public management and ownership. In other industries it meets the exigencies of large-scale production and distribution by introducing coöperation and co-partnership. The Social Reconstruction Programme issued by the National Catholic War Council leaves no doubt on this score: "The full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage-earners. The majority must somehow become owners, or at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can

[25] Dr. Ryan in *The Catholic Charities Review*, vol. ii., no. 3.
[26] Dr. O'Hara in *America*, vol. xvii., no. 14.

be enabled to reach this stage gradually through coöperative productive societies and co-partnership arrangements." This declaration has been hailed as sensational in even some Christian circles inclined to be over-conservative. Still as early as 1891 Pope Leo XIII. declared that "in no other way" can a father provide properly for his children than "by the ownership of profitable property." [27]

Christian Democracy spells genuine Christian Solidarism, because it aims at uniting all classes of the commonweath in a brotherhood of men respecting the fatherhood of God and coöperating wholeheartedly and consistently for the welfare of the individual and of the nation. When the public welfare is supreme and promoted in accordance with the precepts of the Gospel the people truly rule and enjoy Christian Democracy, no matter whether their form of government be republican or monarchical. On the living rock of Christian Democracy and Christian Solidarism must the structure of national greatness be reared, if it is to endure and serve the genuine welfare of the people.

[27] *The Condition of Labor.*

AN UNCANONIZED SAINT.

BY MARY FOSTER.

XVII.

MARK dined very early, avoiding the hotel in which he was staying, for he did not wish to see Tony just yet. He ate absent-mindedly, not knowing what was put before him, only urging the waiter to make haste. He paid his bill before the last course was served and hurriedly left the restaurant. But once outside, he slackened his steps and walked slowly to the Fontebranda, thinking of the interview which lay before him, thinking of all he had heard that day. The children ran after him, begging for stamps, but he did not observe them, so rapt was he in his own reflections.

When he arrived at the trysting-place, he found he had it to himself. She had not yet come, and presently he began to wonder anxiously if he ought to have asked her to walk so far. But even as he was scanning the road upon which long level rays of the sun played, he described her figure in the distance. She walked slowly, painfully, it seemed, but when she saw him she made an effort to quicken her steps. He sprang forward to meet her, making her put her thin little arm through his, and together they left the high road and wandered to the little stream and sank down beside it under the cypresses.

"I must not let you stay here long," Mark said tenderly, as she crept close to him. "The night air might be bad for you. See, Caterina, I have been thinking about everything since this morning, and I want you to listen to what I have to say. May not God have accepted your offer as He accepted Abraham's? May we not, then, pray for your recovery?"

"I think not," she replied quietly. "Would you beg to be released from a promise? Would you ask for a present you had given to be returned to you? Abraham didn't. No, dear, dear Mark, God must have His way whatever it is. I don't think we should ask back what we have given Him."

"Caterina, I think you are a saint!" Mark exclaimed fondly. "It shall be as you wish. But listen, my darling, I want you to marry me all the same. Won't you be my dear wife, even though it may be for only a short time?"

The young girl turned a radiant face to his.

"You would really marry me?" she whispered.

"My precious one," he said with a new humility in his tones, "you would be doing me the greatest honor if you would accept me. There is something between us which I cannot talk about, and I cannot describe what you are to me and how I revere you for all you have done."

Caterina hid her face on his shoulder.

"Never speak of it," she said shyly, "for it was not I who did it, but something which compelled me to do so. And I didn't like doing it."

"Dear noble little girl!" he cried softly, and his voice broke.

"This is what I think," he said after a few moments, in practical tones. "Let us be married very soon and let me take you away from here where you have suffered so much at my hands. We should go anywhere you wish, but I would like to take you to England and let one of our great doctors see you, so that, if it is God's will, you may be cured."

"I would love to go with you, Mark. But ah! Italy! I am afraid to leave Italy."

"Afraid, my darling? We would reach England during the summer, it would be warm then. And I would take you to the great sea which you have never beheld, and show you all the beauties of the seashore, and—"

"But Italy is home to me," she put in quietly. "And when God wants me, I should like to be at home. It feels nearer, somehow . . ."

"Then we'll stay here," he replied at once, "and I will get some clever doctor here to see you. I will do all I can for you and you must try your very best to live, my dearest, if God will let you. But Caterina, do not talk of leaving me. I don't think I can bear it. I am not yet resigned. You must pray for me that I may have strength and patience, my little saint. Now," he added changing his voice, "I will make arrangements for our speedy marriage. Each day will seem a year until I can call you my wife."

"You have made me very happy, Mark, so very happy," she said softly. "I think I have never been so happy in my life. This morning when I got up, the sun seemed brighter than usual, the children seemed to smile at me more sweetly, and dear old Monna Pica told me I looked better as we sat making the salad. I don't know why I felt so lighthearted. Perhaps deep in my heart I felt your coming. And I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you."

"Grateful to me!" he echoed rather bitterly.

"Yes, grateful, indeed," she insisted, "for you have made me a woman. I think also, that I am better than I would have been if I had never known you."

The sun had dipped behind Siena, and a few pale stars already glimmered in the sky. From the valley, sounds of evening rose on the still air, and belated birds chirped drowsily as they settled themselves for the night. Mark and Caterina rose to their feet, and stood for a moment gazing at the beauties before them, and the young girl's eyes strayed towards the city and fixed themselves upon it with the great home love shining in them. Then they walked back quietly.

Bland was expecting his friend. He had been surprised when the dinner hour had arrived without bringing him, but he reflected philosophically that a man in love is unaccountable for his actions. So he himself made a hearty meal, conversing with the diners at the next table to his, and, after dinner, with everyone who entered the smoking-room. Then he strolled out to the small plot of ground behind the hotel, by courtesy called the "garden." Here he found Mark.

"Hello!" cried Tony, "been here for long?"

"Not very," Standish replied, "I strolled home leisurely." He turned his face towards the light, and Tony saw that it was grave and sad.

"How many more changes is my good friend going through?" the younger man asked himself. "I have never seen him wear that expression before." He sat down expectantly, and tactfully forebore to utter the questions which were burning on his lips.

"Well, Tony," Mark said presently, "you will congratulate me, won't you?"

"Rather!" exclaimed Bland, genially. "Tell me all about it."

Mark told him what was necessary—that there was to be a wedding but a very quiet one, very soon, for Caterina was seriously ill. But he did not say that she was said to be dying, nor did he relate her story. Tony would not have understood.

"I shall write to my aunt," Tony announced, when he had heard all that was to be told him. "She will be jolly glad to know this."

"Do," Mark assented. "She has been a very good friend to me. I think I will write to her, too," he added, for it occurred to him that he might tell her all. She would understand.

XVIII.

Mark was agreeably busy during the next few days, but his happiness was tinged with sadness. Caterina had suddenly grown much weaker. Her strength seemed to be leaving her, and she was obliged to spend most of her time upon an improvised couch. The neighbors collected round her, weeping; and when the news of her approaching marriage went round, they wept again, while they smiled at her happy face.

The children stared wonderingly at the marvelous things that disappeared into the humble house. An invalid couch, an unknown curiosity to them, with difficulty passed through the narrow door, and the nameless objects which followed made them stare the more. And their round eyes grew rounder, and their little mouths tremulous, at the sight of the delicious fruits and other dainties that followed in the wake of the other wonders. Occasionally, some daring urchins climbed the stairs after the laden messengers and gazed through the open door at the familiar form lying upon the unfamiliar couch. Monna Pica told them to run away, but Caterina smiled, and beckoned them forward, filled their rosy mouths with something they had never before tasted. The strange gentleman who was always there, looked kindly at them and spoke to them sometimes, until they began to have a wondering reverence for him, as the source whence all these good things came.

But Caterina grew weaker, and was unable to leave the poor little room which love had so beautified. They waited from day to day in the hope that she might gain a little strength in order to be able to walk the few paces to the

church. For hope dies hard, and each morning as he entered her flower-decked room, Mark fancied he saw a change for the better in her thin, wan face.

"Tomorrow," he would exclaim, joyfully. "Tomorrow you will be able to go downstairs."

But "tomorrow" came, and it was still to be "tomorrow."

In the meantime Mrs. Langford had replied to the letter Mark had sent her—replied in her characteristically downright way.

"When you get this," she wrote, "you may expect me in twelve hours. I am coming out to Siena, in the first place to nurse little Caterina, and in the second, to be with her at her wedding. I think I can help you both . . ."

She arrived next morning, and entered the sick room, so different from the Mrs. Langford Mark had known in London, that he scarcely knew her. A marvelous womanly tenderness took the place of abrupt reserve, as she bent over the young girl.

"My dear, I'm glad I came," she told her nephew afterwards as he was escorting her to her hotel. "I shall not have to teach that young thing our ways, rather should she teach us hers, for she is a little saint. But ah! Tony, there is trouble in store for your friend. The poor child won't be here long. "And how Mark has changed," she went on. "What a fine fellow he has become! He has been through the furnace, and has come out purified. He should be able to make a place for himself among the true artists of our times, for he has suffered —and ah! he will suffer still more."

The celebrated doctor whom Mark had sent from Florence came the day after Mrs. Langford's arrival.

She followed him out of the room when his brief examination was over.

"What is it?" she asked, going straight to the point.

"It is a consumption," he replied. "What you might call a decline, and the heart is very weak. But it is strange, for she has a splendid constitution and peasant robustness."

"Then you think she will come through?" Mrs. Langford exclaimed eagerly. But he shook his head.

"Impossible," he said. "She cannot live long, in fact she may go any day. Nothing can save her."

"She is going to be married," Mrs. Langford said presently,

and her tones were almost harsh. "There is no time to be lost?"

"If he still wants to marry her," the doctor replied. He was used to many sorrowful sights, his profession had hardened him to view grief with equanimity, but he went out of that lowly dwelling with a bent head.

Mrs. Langford reëntered the sick room. Mark had returned to his seat near Caterina and the young girl looked up at her entrance, and taking one of the old lady's hands, kissed it.

"Tell us together, *signora,*" she begged. And Mrs. Langford told them.

"I will go to the *padre* this evening," Mark said rising and bending over Caterina. "And I shall ask him to marry us tomorrow."

When the priest toiled up the narrow little stairs that evening and entered the flower decked room, he found Caterina alone waiting for him.

Next morning early, her greatest Friend Whom she had so often visited in His humble dwelling near her home, came to her in the little room which loving hands had made into a bower of flowers for His reception, and a very simple ceremony took place shortly after, when Mark and Caterina were made husband and wife. Besides Mrs. Langford and old Monna Pica, Bland was the only other wedding guest, and he was much moved at the quiet touching scene.

When all was over, and congratulations had been given, he slipped away, feeling his presence almost a sacrilege in a place where Catholics knelt in prayer.

"Mark," Caterina said softly when the day was drawing to a close. "Will you paint me a picture? I should so like to see one of your works before I—I leave you. Paint the dear Madonna and her little Child."

Mark shrank back. Painting was more than ever distasteful to him; he had locked up his oils in his portmanteau, and the very idea of again trying to depict what he had signally failed in was painful to him.

"I can't," he replied brokenly. "See, how I have failed. It seems I cannot paint any more."

Caterina drew his hand from his brow.

"I think you can, now," she said gently. "You must have

your art when I am gone, and I think God will make you a very great painter some day. Try—try for me. Bring your paints here, and let me see you at work once more."

XIX.

Perhaps Caterina did not realize what Mark suffered when once again he set up his easel and painted while she watched him at his task. He could not but compare the present with the past when she had posed for him in his studio two years ago, full of life and strength. He called to mind how they had talked together, how he had been first attracted by her sweet face, until he had grown to know her more intimately and to love her.

Mark suffered silently. He did not tell her that all delight in his art seemed to have vanished. Yet she was aware that he worked with pain and difficulty, and she knew that it must be through pain and sorrow that he would find his gift once more. Thus the days slipped by, unmarked by any change save that Caterina gradually grew weaker.

At last the painting was finished. Mark brought it to his wife's bedside with a new humility of manner. What could she, a poor girl know about art? Yet he waited anxiously for her decision, feeling that her judgment would decide if he were ever to paint again. No more would his old efforts satisfy him. There was something else to be sought in art, something higher that he wanted to reach. And if that was to be withheld from his grasp, he felt that he would gladly sell his paints and easel, and dismantle his studio.

The canvas was small, and Mark held it before her gaze in silence. As she looked the tears rushed to her eyes, and she clasped her thin hands.

"Oh, Mark!" she whispered, half fearfully. "Oh, Mark! how very beautiful it is! The dear Mother of God and her little Son! But ah! what a sad face the sweet Madonna has. Though she is the Mother of God, is she not thinking of all that is to happen to her Baby in the dim, lonely future!"

"You like it, Caterina?" Mark asked huskily.

"Like it!" she echoed, softly. "Oh, Mark! you have much to live for."

One night, as Mark was keeping an uneasy watch, Caterina

stirred in her restless sleep and opened her eyes. Through the window, faint streaks could be seen in the sky heralding the approaching dawn, and a bird or two chirped lazily without.

"Let us watch the dawn together," Caterina said quietly, and together, they watched the pale primrose tint giving place to deeper coloring, and the few grey clouds roll off in the distance. The blue vault overhead, shook off its dark night mantle, and smiled at the coming day. The sun rose gloriously, throwing out his golden darts like great stretching arms over the sleeping city, until he sent a shaft right through the little window, lighting up the sick room with a sudden brilliance.

In the tender light of a new day Caterina lay quietly. Occasionally her lips moved as her eyes turned to the picture, and as they rested upon it a light glowed in their dullness.

"Mark, it is very near," she said, gently; but he did not answer.

The church bells rang out, echoing the cathedral's deep-voiced call, and Caterina smiled faintly as the bells close to her window joined in. They were dear, old friends and she had often rung them herself, in the days of her strong happy youth.

"Mark," she said when they had ceased, "God has been very good."

"Very good," he replied, softly. "I thank Him for all His mercies."

"And for taking me to Himself."

"And for taking you to Himself, for by that means He has shown me His truth. But oh, my wife, my little saint, how shall I live without you?"

"It is His will," she said gently, and she laid one weak little hand upon his bent head, and with the other raised his face to hers. She gazed very earnestly at him, and then, pressing her lips upon his forehead, parted from him.

"Now to God," she murmured. She lay back. And Mark knew that God had accepted her offering.

[THE END.]

FRENCH-CANADIAN POETS AND POETRY.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN.

IN the land through which flows the St. Lawrence, in which is enshrined the memory of a Frontenac, a Champlain and a Bishop Laval, there has taken root and blossomed a distinctive Canadian literature which during the interval of years since the Bourbon lilies were snatched from the brow of New France, has developed in beauty and strength with a flavor and form all its own. This literature is, indeed, of the household of France speaking to the soul with the accent and grace of the motherland, but enriched by the breath and spirit of an heroic people whose gift of toil has turned forests into smiling gardens and filled temples with the splendor of strong and heroic faith.

French-Canadian literature and especially its poetry is a mirror of the people. It is replete with joy and beauty and the fine optimism of consecrated hearts. The French-Canadian poet since the days of Michael Bibaud has woven into his verse the finest of idealism. His muse, too, is aflame with patriotism. He owes no double allegiance. For him is the St. Lawrence with all its historic memories and not the Thames. His heart follows the *voyageur* and the *coureur de bois*.

The question arises here: When did French-Canadian poetry with its individual note and form begin? From the fall of Quebec in 1760 to the year 1850—that is, for nearly a hundred years—the genius of French-Canada was groping towards the light in dimness and with unsteady step.

Imagine, if you will, seventy thousand people subjected to conquerors who tried to stifle every passionate yearning of the French-Canadian heart, whose policy and plan it was to blot out from the memory of the conquered their glorious past, and build a new horizon around every French-Canadian home that would limit alike its vision and its thinking. These hundred years were for the French-Canadians truly years of struggle, in which they fought for the freedom of faith and in-

dividual liberty. Seeing the double yoke about to descend upon their necks they girded themselves for the battle.

Then the French-Canadian found his soul, and finding it in the lists of victory, turned his mind to the higher things of the spirit. French-Canadian poetry really dates from about the year 1850. Benjamin Sulte, the best authority living today on the intellectual development of French-Canada, tells us that until 1850 or 1860 we find little individuality in the poetic work of the French-Canadian. He lived on the literary traditions of the end of the reign of Louis XIV. and the first half of that of Louis XV.

The first poet of note in French-Canada was unquestionably Octave Cremazie, who was born in the city of Quebec, April, 1830, and pursued his studies in the Seminary of Quebec. Cremazie had a rich and cultivated mind, and the lofty and ardent note of Canadianism in his work entitles him to a first place among the patriotic poets of Canada. His knowledge of literature was very extensive, being thoroughly familiar with the great poets of England, Germany, Spain and Italy. He is said to have quoted with equal facility Sophocles, the great Sanscrit Epic, Ramayana, the Latin Satirist, Juvenal and the Arab and Scandinavian poets.

Strength, fire and energy mark Cremazie's lines. His love for his native land was a very passion, and when a financial catastrophe removed him from its shores, he yearned and mourned for his beloved Canada, homesick and sad unto death. From 1852 to 1862—and these are the years that verily mark the beginning of French-Canadian poetry—Cremazie wrote and published *Le Drapeau de Carillon, Le Canada, Un Soldat de l'Empire, Aux Canadians-Français* and *Le Vieux Soldat Canadien.* From 1862 to 1878 he spent in Paris in enforced exile, and his diary, written during the siege of Paris by the Germans, is full of interest and the wise judgments and observations of a poet and scholar. The "Morning Star" of French-Canadian poetry lies buried in the cemetery of Havre in the land of his ancestors, but far from the shores he loved to chant in song.

We translate, as illustrating his work, the last stanza of his patriotic poem *Le Canada,* not that it presents Cremazie at his best, but because it strikes the dominant note in his work—patriotism:

Oh, happy he who seeks no skies
Where strangers toil and weep,
But finds felicity and joy
Where his forefathers sleep.

There are several French-Canadian writers whose work both in prose and verse is full of distinction, but who are not known as poets. The late Abbé Casgrain has written several poems of merit and has made an admirable translation into French verse of Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon,* but it is rather as a prose writer—historian, critic and chronicler—that Abbé Casgrain will be known. He has been termed the foster-father of French-Canadian literature, and sixty years ago gathered around him in the very shadow of the Quebec Cathedral a number of ardent literary souls such as Dr. La Rue, Joseph Charles Taché, Antoine Gerin-Lajoie and the aged Philip Aubert de Gaspé. Again Sir Adolpe Routhier, one of the sanest and most cultured critics in Canada, the author of our Canadian national song, "O Canada," has done some good work in verse, but his place among French-Canadian writers must assuredly be that of the essayist, accomplished critic and novelist.

Napoleon Legendre who was born in Nicolet in 1841 is also both prose writer and poet. This gifted French-Canadian who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from Laval University in 1890, reveals much delicacy and sensibility in his poetic work. In translating "Evening" from his volume *Les Perce-Neige* published in 1886, we have endeavorded to preserve the poetic mold of the original.

The breeze touches lightly the foliage
The air is pure as a tear;
The sea beats noiselessly its pebbly shore
With its blue wave so clear.

The rays of the sun that lit up the hills
Are now waning their fire;
And the purple tint of each fading beam
Creeps higher and higher.

The brook hard by whispers its secret
As it murmurs along;
While the nightingale hid in its green-clad nest
Trills a passionate song.

Sing, winged poet, O sing! Thy voice
Is an echo on high
To proclaim the God we adore
In rapt notes of the sky.

There are several minor poets whose work deserves our notice. A little volume, quite unpretentious, bearing the title *Au Foyer de Mon Presbytère*, from the pen of M. L'Abbé Apollinaire Gingras, contains some charming little lyrics full of simplicity and feeling. The *Avant Propos*, or Introduction, to the modest volume is so full of quaint humor and clever allusions as to justify a quotation from the tender memory-laden lines of "A Fireside Memory" found within its covers:

Amid the pleasures of the town
My soul is void of mirth,
For I dream of the quiet happiness
In the village of my birth:
And tears oft stir my heart
As memory beats its wing;
And I see again a cottage bright
And hear the young birds sing.

Perhaps no French-Canadian poet was as much the poet as the late Pamphile LeMay. He not only was dowered with exceptional poetic gifts but he looked the poet as well. Born at Lotbinière, Quebec, the memorable year of 1837, his first studies were pursued at the Christian Brothers' School. After spending a brief period in the United States, young LeMay returned and was for some time at the Seminary in Ottawa. Later he took up the study of law, and when the Hon. Mr. Chauveau became Prime Minister of Quebec, he received the appointment of Provincial Librarian, which position he held till within a few years of his death.

LeMay had a very high artistic sense and a great spiritual endowment as a poet. His poetry is marked by a fine wedding of thought and diction and his sonnets have a rare finish. They are decidedly the best that have come from a French-Canadian pen. Laval University, which does not lightly set its approval upon literary work, bestowed upon LeMay two gold medals—one for his fine poem *The Discovery of Canada* written in 1867, and the other for his *National Hymn* written in 1869. In 1870

he translated into French alexandrines Longfellow's beautiful idyll, *Evangeline*. So well did he accomplish his task that Longfellow wrote him that his translation had added to the worth of the poem.

LeMay is the author of a long list of works in both prose and poetry, among the latter two volumes bearing the titles *Les Vengeances* and *Une Gerbe*. In the last named may be found a poem "To the Expatriated" from which we translate the two following stanzas:

Return all whom your native land
Has mourned alas! with many a tear;
On shores bereft of warmth and love
You drag out lives from year to year:
Far from the skies of your natal shore
You seek in vain content.
Return before your steps are stayed
And the fires of life are spent.
Return! the sun is shining bright
O'er our broad meadows
All in blossom,
Reposing 'neath its golden light.
Return! the peaceful swallow,
When Spring its season doth renew,
Takes ever towards its faithful nest
Its flight.

* * * * *

Happy those who never leave
For other shores their native vale,
Like leaves that clothe the summer wold
Yet fade on bough despite each gale.
Return that your dust may mingle
With the ashes of our dead,
To rest in the shade of holy ground
With the humble cross above each head.
Return! the sun is shining bright
O'er our broad meadows,
All in blossom,
Reposing 'neath its golden light.
Return! the peaceful swallow,
When Spring its season doth renew,
Takes ever towards its faithful nest
Its flight.

It is worth noting that four French-Canadian poets, LeMay, Legendre, Frechette and Sulte were born within a few years of each other—that is, about the year 1840. It is a common thing for genius to reveal itself in cluster. Note, for instance, the great men who were born in both Europe and America about the year 1809. The greatest group of English-speaking Canadian poets were born almost the same year—1860—namely: Roberts, Carman, Campbell and Lampman.

When Louis Frechette's volume *Les Fleurs boréales* was crowned by the French Academy in 1880, it was recognized that a French-Canadian poet of more than ordinary promise was added to the choir of Canadian singers. Frechette who was born in Levis, Quebec, and obtained his early education at Nicolet College, studied law with Pamphile LeMay in the office of Lemieux and Remillard, Quebec. After a few years spent in journalism in Chicago, Frechette returned to Canada and abandoning Justinian and Blackstone gave himself up entirely to letters. His most ambitious poetic work is his "La Legende d'un Peuple," a kind of oratorical epic. This poem its author dedicated to France. Jules Claretic of the French Academy wrote its Foreword.

Dr. Louis Honore Frechette has been called the Lamartine of Canada. We find in his work something of both Lamartine and Hugo. The poetry of memory filled his soul. Writing once to his friend Alphonse Lusignan, he said: "Memory is all—it is the soul of life." Frechette resembles Hugo at times too in mistaking fine rhetoric for true poetry. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897, he was made a Companion of the order of St. Michael and St. George. Several of the Canadian universities honored him with degrees, and together with Sulte, Casgrain and LeMay he was elected one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society of Canada.

"My Little Friends," taken from his volume bearing the title *Pêle-Mêle*, published in 1877, is representative of the poetic work of Frechette:

Fair children dowered with silvery voice,
Fresh as flowers of rarest choice,
Cherubs in your joy so gay;
In your pretty dresses bright
Like to angels clad in light—
Rubens' dream in pencill'd ray.

I love to see you on the green
By your mothers guarded—seen;
Playing like bright butterflies
Dancing on their silken wings,
Heedless what the future brings,
Or the great world with its sighs.

* * * * *

Run and leap, O joyous throng,
Ceaseless with your games and song—
O'er the greensward skipping go;
But when your joy doth sparkle bright,
You'll ne'er forget, one deems you right
Little angels here below.

Oh, keep your trust forever strong,
Your childlike innocence of wrong;
These twain to you are given.
In danger's shadow find no rest;
And, if your mother's heart is blest,
You'll find your place in heaven.

William Chapman who, as his name indicates, is of English origin on his father's side, was born at St. Francois de Beauce, Quebec, in 1850. His first volume of poems *Les Quebecquoises* appeared in 1876. This was followed by *Les Feuilles d' Erables* in 1890. In 1904 appeared *Les Aspiratiòns* and in 1910 *Les Rayons du Nord.* The two latter gained for their author the highest prize of the French Academy.

The beautiful poem "The Poplars," full of rhythmic swing and sentiment taken from *Les Feuilles d'Erables* is ample testimony to the fine poetic gifts of Chapman:

Hail! tall poplars bending o'er my pathway
With your richly-laden foliage and your perfume sweet and strong;
You sway above my head like an undulating arbor
With your nesting choir of song.

I love to look upon you in that season of delight,
When to all the sun brings life and youthful bliss;
And zephyr-laden May, happy woer for a day,
Thrills the soul with warm ecstatic kiss.

For in the lisp of the leaves that tremble,
And the song from the nest swaying low,
I seem in rapture to hear sweet voices
Telling the story of long ago.

One evening in June, when the breeze grew jealous,
And had loosen'd her ringlets of jet black hair,
We stroll'd together o'er the fresh green meadow
'Neath the gathering shade of your trustful care.

From your summits there rose sweet songs and murmurs;
A bird was chiding the echoes that start;
We came and sat there under your branches
With a gift of love and spring in our heart.

* * * * *

Yes, dear old poplars, 'neath your friendly branches,
When Spring comes smiling I love to rest;
For I seem to find here the spirit departed
Of that happy eve with its joys so blest!

Of that brilliant coterie of French-Canadian writers, born as we have said about 1840, the sole survivor today is Benjamin Sulte, poet, historian, chronicler and critic. Sulte is wonderfully versatile. He has a most tenacious memory for historical facts, and is without a question the best authority we have in Canada on the history of the French-Canadian people. As a poet his lyrics are marked by great simplicity and naturalness, and a felicity of diction which gives a personal touch or charm to whatever he writes.

Sulte was born at Three Rivers in 1841, and gave to the public his first volume of poems *Les Laurentiennes* in 1870. In 1880 was published his volume *Les Chants Nouveaux*. His monumental work *L'Historie des Canadiens-Français*, a work in eight volumes, occupied him from 1882 to 1885. In 1897 Mr. Sulte read a very scholarly paper before the British Association, which met that year in Toronto, on *The Origin of the French-Canadians*.

In his volume of poems *Les Laurentiennes*, Mr. Sulte pays a beautiful tribute to the memory of his countryman, Francis Xavier Garneau, perhaps the greatest of our Canadian historians. We will quote it here in full, using the translation by Miss Mary McIvor:

A tomb of monumental granite raise
O Canada proud of thy liberty
To him the chronicler of vanished days.
That unborn eyes may the record see.
Muse of our land! open again with tears
The book of gold where shines each hero's name;
To thee the off'ring of his hopeful years
Was made and what hast thou to give but fame?

A weary while he strove with courage mild
To bend his soul to strangers who despised;
Yet held he sacred rights altho' exiled.
Till Death less cruel but more just than they,
Marked his high place 'mid the immortal throng
And honors worthless thro' a long delay,
Now to his mourning countrymen belong.

A monument above that silent mound
To show a people where his ashes lie;
To poet and to artist holy ground,
When musing on the days long since gone by;
And now for that his words revealed so well
Those early sires unknown to many a son,—
Who for the love of our old banners fell
Glory and he are wedded—both are one!

The old literary guard that brought lustre to French-Canadian letters during the past half century have well nigh passed away. Benjamin Sulte still remains but not "superfluous on the stage of time," for though approaching four score years his pen is still active.

What the future has in store for French-Canadian literature we know not. The singers of the dawn, the builders of light and hope have indeed wrought and planned well. May their successors prove worthy of their mantles and their lyre!

THE ROAD TO CONNAUGHT.

BY DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

THE scene is the living room of a small house in the Protestant plantation of Leinster. The room is unplastered, with plain but massive boards, forming the walls, which are broken by two huge, rough doors on leathern hinges, and by a single glazed-window. No ornaments interfere with the grim plainness of the room, save a heavy musket which crosses a large cavalry sabre just above the wide open hearth and a royalist bugle, evidently a trophy, that hangs on the opposite wall. On a stand near the centre of the room but toward the back wall is a massive open Bible. The single table and the plain solid chairs are substantial without sign of comfort; yet there is about the room a permeating atmosphere of feminine care and thought. The chairs are not set at rigid angles, but are placed invitingly, some near the table, others close to the hearth; the table and the single hassock are covered with carefully knit cloths of intricate design, and a plain white curtain is draped at the little window.

Evidently the home-like atmosphere is due to the woman who is stirring a small pot that hangs in the open fireplace. She is young, not more than twenty-five, with dark hair and wide blue eyes, typically Irish in cast, slim of waist and deep of chest. Her face at present is reddened slightly by the heat of the crackling fire; normally she is rather pale, and there are marks of pensiveness and perhaps suppressed vitality in the single, thin line that occasionally marks her white brow and in the tight set to her rather full lips. She is clad in a plain gray frock, relieved by a band of white at neck and wrists. A white starched cap rests lightly upon her hair.

It is the winter of 1659. A bitter wind is lashing the countryside and sending the sparks in occasional showers over the hearth stones. A particularly shrill blast causes the woman to look apprehensively toward the window and into the gathering dusk of an early winter evening.

Presently, satisfied with the contents of her pot, she removes it deftly to the hearthstone and goes to the cupboard whence she carries two metal platters and two deep mugs. These she places near the fire to warm. As she stoops, a man's figure appears for an instant at the window. He glances in almost furtively, his eyes moving rapidly above his heavy fur collar. From his angle he can

catch only a glimpse of the woman near the fire before he passes on.

A loud knock at the door brings the woman swiftly about, a half smile of expectancy on her lips. But the knock is not repeated, and her smile fades as she realizes that it is not the signal she had expected. Slowly she moves toward the door, trembling slightly from cold as she passes the window.

The Woman.—Who knocks?

A Man's Voice.—A shepherd strayed from his path in his search for a lost lamb.

The Woman (after an instant's pause).—Whose shepherd are you?

The Man's Voice.—The Lord of the Manor.

The Woman (with a reassuring glance at the musket).—I have a musket at hand, unless you come in peace.

The Man's Voice (a touch of humor in his voice).—Your mercy, mistress, but the sight of your fire has made me as peaceful as a tabby on the hearth. In any case, I'd rather die a swift death from your musket than a slow one here from this killing cold.

The woman hesitates, then impetuously flings up the heavy bar of the door and opens it sufficiently to allow the stranger to enter. A gust of wind accompanies him, sending the sparks whistling up the chimney. The woman shuts the door behind him, leaning her whole strength upon it, and then rests against it watching him with mingled pity and suspicion.

He is a tall, strongly built man, bundled to the ears in a great-coat of sheep's wool. For a moment he sees only the fire and half stumbles across the room, his palms outstretched toward its glow.

The Man.—God's mercy on you, mistress! The glow of your fire is wine to my blood. My hands tremble like the hands of a palsied witch. Another mile, and I should have lost my precious nose.

As he speaks, he is unwrapping the heavy cloth that holds his collar up about his face. This he now drops behind him on the hearth, standing revealed as a handsome, clean-cut Irishman, not more than two years the woman's senior, with sparkling eyes more than balanced by the unyielding firmness of his mouth. The woman stands with the light of the fire full in her face as he turns toward her for the first time with an elaborate half-jesting, wholly grateful bow.

The Man.—On the word of a shepherd, the tradesman most

beloved of God, you have my heart's deepest thankfulness. I beg. . . .

A sudden leap of the flames lights up his profile. The woman's hand leaps to her heart, and she staggers back a step, her terrified eyes riveted on the man's smiling face.

The Woman (in a horrified, half-whisper).—Mark!

For the first time the man's eyes rest on the woman's face. A flush of joy leaps to his cheek. He springs across the intervening space and catches the sinking figure of the woman in his arms.

The Man.—Nell! My little sister, Nell!

For a moment he holds her, looking longingly into her face, while her frightened sobs alone break the silence. Then he speaks in a voice calm and soothing.

Mark.—My poor little sister! My lost lamb! Nell! . . . The shepherd has found the most precious lamb of his fold. Bless God for that! I've tramped Leinster from end to end looking for you. I've looked in at the maids in the dairies, praying you might be with them. I've watched the women as they came in from the fields, hoping that my eyes would single you out from their midst. Every spinning wheel I heard seemed to promise that your hand was turning it. All in vain until tonight. My poor little lone lamb!

A fresh gust of sobbing shakes the woman, and she struggles for an instant to free herself.

Nell.—Don't, Mark! I'm not worth it; I'm not worth your search.

Mark (tenderly and drawing her toward the fire).—My little sister, you are worth whatever it is in my power to give.

Nell.—But in the face of all I've done . . .

Mark.—I do not know what you have done. I never listened when men spoke. Persecuted men are bitter, cruel even toward their own. I've wanted to find you and let you speak for yourself. I've found you now; thank God and Mary for that!

The long pause is broken only by her sobs. He places her gently on the chair and kneels beside her.

Mark.—When I returned from Valladolid, the holy oils still moist on my hands, and the strength of God's blessed priesthood full upon me, I found that the worst had already been done. Munster and Leinster overrun by Cromwell's friends; Catholics and Irishmen driven from their homes to hell or Connaught, and only those left behind who . . . who had married Cromwell's men and given up their Faith. It had been quick work, quick and complete. In a little cave in the hills of Connaught, I found our mother and father.

Nell checks her tears and turns all eagerness to him.

Nell.—You come from them? They think of me at times?

Mark (bowing his head).—Often, sweet.

Nell.—And always with hate for their daughter?

Mark.—With pity and love; never with hate.

Nell.—Thank God! Thank God! Mother is well and father, too?

Mark (almost bitterly).—War on women is an easy thing. Cromwell kills unarmed men with clubbed muskets, unarmed women with starvation. Our father is waiting for you back there in Connaught. Our mother led me through the cold to you tonight.

Nell (suddenly dry-eyed).—She is dead?

Mark.—Thank God, the horror of it is over for her. Her's was the death of a martyr of God.

Nell (rising to her feet and speaking with bitter intensity).—A martyr! Sweet saints, a martyr! And I, her daughter, have not even a farewell kiss to cherish as a benediction from the dear saint. Oh, mother, mother, you die of starvation in Connaught, while I live on . . . in Leinster. Mark, dear Mark, is there hope of pardon for such as I?

Mark catches her in his arms and looks at her searchingly.

Mark.—This man, this minion of Cromwell . . . he married you?

Nell (suddenly defensive).—Oh, that at least.

Mark.—He loves you?

Nell (lowering her head slowly).—He says little, but I know he does.

Mark.—Has a baby come?

Nell.—God has not blessed us.

Mark (in a quick burst of anguish).—Nell, Nell, why, why did you do this? Why did you fly from the persecution that should have fired your Irish blood? How could you have borne the thought of mother and father driven at the point of a sabre into Connaught, while you remained behind? How could you give up the Faith you once clung to . . . all for this man?

Quietly Nell slips from his arms and lifts her head to face him.

Nell.—Because, Mark, I love him.

Mark (scarcely comprehending).—Why, I don't . . .

Nell.—I love him so much that for him I gave up home and family and Faith . . . and happiness.

Mark (still uncomprehending).—Happiness? What do you mean?

Nell.—Yes, that most of all. Oh, don't you fancy that I have suffered? My woman's heart has known the anguish of Judas burning and searing it night and day. I have built up my love out of treachery to my God and my people, and even love cannot make me forget that. For him I have thrown away my right to happiness.

Mark (his arms about her protectingly).—My poor little sister.

Nell (with a single dry sob).—And now mother is dead. She can never say that she understands and forgives me.

Mark.—She said that before she died.

Nell (a note of joy in her voice).—She did, Mark? She did?

Mark.—She made me promise to look for you and bring you back to father and to God. That is why I asked for the Leinster mission. (Half whimsically.) The spies are sharp in Leinster, and the roots and berries here make abominable diet. I was laid by the heels thrice, the last time just yesterday at Kilmainham. But the guard loved the sight of gold better than the sight of his prisoner, and I left him an empty cell to keep till morning.

Nell.—Was it worth all that, Mark, to find me?

Mark.—It was worth all the nights spent in the open, all the pangs of hunger and of loneliness to find the best, the dearest lamb of my flock. (He takes her hands tenderly.) And now we're going back the long road to God and father and Connaught, Nell. Ah, but how short the road will seem to me. Come, Nell!

As he speaks, there is the sharp crunch of a horse's hoofs in the snow. It has been growing rapidly louder but they have scarcely noticed it. Now they hear it, and their hands slip apart. Mark turns apprehensively, while Nells runs to the window and looks out into the dusk. When she turns from the window, her face is ashen.

Nell (in a high, terrified whisper).—It is he. He must not even guess who you are. Quick; lie here near the hearth and seem to doze when he enters. Above all, he must not know you are a priest. I think . . . I think he might kill you.

Even as she gives the commands, Mark flings himself at full length on the hearth and appears to doze, his head buried in his arm. Nell replaces the pot on the fire to rewarm and tries to grip her vibrating nerves. A sharp rap at the door, and she hurries to open it.

Framed in the doorway stands her husband, a finely built man, stately under his forty odd years, hardened physically with service under the Protector and spiritually from contact with the Protector's creed. He is dressed with something of the trooper

still in his attire; a large military cape is wrapped about him and a leathern cap sets far down on his brow. He stands for a moment knocking the snow from his boots.

Nell has slipped partially behind the door out of the way of the sweeping draft.

Nell.—Come in quickly, John. The wind is freezing me and ruining the fire completely.

John enters, closes the door easily, and bends to kiss her with something like reverence in his manner.

John.—It is a terrible evening, Nell, colder than ever I knew in York. The breath of my beast made an ice corslet for his chest. Thank God for a warm fire.

Nell has taken the heavy cloak from his shoulders and hung it upon a peg to dry. John paces toward the fire, and then stops suddenly at sight of the recumbent form. He turns inquiringly toward Nell.

John.—Who is this?

Nell (nervously working over the cloak).—A shepherd strayed from his path in search of his sheep.

John.—It is risky business, Nell, and you alone.

Nell (pleadingly).—I know, John; but it was so bitter out, and he so weary and cold. I hadn't the heart to refuse him shelter.

John (bowing his head in grave assent).—Nor should I have had. Asleep?

Nell (evasively).—He was quite exhausted . . .

John.—Good! (He looks at the stranger attentively, though he cannot see his face.) A fine strapping sort of man, the girth of shoulders and thickness of wrist that Oliver would have loved to lead in a charge. A shepherd, you say?

Nell (busy at the table).—So he told me.

John (thoughtfully).—Somewhere in this bitter night a skulking priest lies hiding, a man of this fellow's girth and stature. I saw him when the pursuivants brought him into Kilmainham, bound and bowed, but with untamed eyes and unquivering lips for all that. Last evening, they tell me, he escaped, the sly trickster. I wonder if this man . . .

Nell (the horror of it flashing upon her).—No, no! Not that!

John turns with obvious surprise in his glance. Nell resumes her work at the table feverishly, setting the dishes, placing the chairs in their positions, and covering her confusion with rapid chatter.

Nell.—Come, sit down, John; I want to hear all the news from

the village, and you promised to tell me all you heard. The meat is piping hot, and I've warmed the ale against the chill the weather has sent through your veins.

John (half to himself, his eyes once more on Mark).—Such cold might drive even the foxes from their lairs.

Nell (running to him and laying her hand on his arm).—John, you aren't listening to me. Sit, I beg of you, or all my labor for your comfort will just be lost.

Yielding to her insistence, John crosses the room and seats himself moodily at the table. Nell keeps up her chatter all the while. She goes anxiously to the hearth where her platters have been warming, and when Mark stirs as if in his sleep, she stoops to whisper to him, but notices that her husband's eyes are upon them.

Nell.—John, your coat sleeve is almost like ice. Wasn't it enough to freeze your marrow, riding against that terrible wind? (Pouring out the steaming ale into two mugs.) Here, drink this before you eat. Why, your poor hand is still trembling with the cold.

John raises the mug to his lips, his eyes still on the apparently sleeping stranger; and then without tasting the ale, he sets the cup emphatically on the table.

John.—The stranger must be cold, too. He will eat and drink with us. (In a loud voice.) Shepherd!

Mark stirs and tosses uneasily. Nell seizes her husband's arm and presses him to turn.

Nell.—No, no, John! Let him sleep. He is so tired and worn.

John (almost kindly).—Nell, you were young when the Gospel light touched your soul. (Nell shrinks involuntarily.) You never learned the knavery of these priests. I more than half suspect that this shepherd—

Nell.—But suppose it were so; would not the laws of hospitality—

John (roughly).—No laws bind for such as know no law. (He turns and calls again.) Shepherd! (He strides over to him.) Shepherd!

Mark stretches himself with a great affectation of sleep.

John.—There is meat and drink awaiting you as soon as you can shake off your drowsiness. Stand up, man. No guest of mine, save he who has looked me squarely in the eye.

Mark rises slowly but with real dignity to his feet, fully prepared now to fight it out to the end. The two men face each other looking full into mutually hostile eyes.

Mark.—My thanks, host! A lost shepherd like myself stands

sorely in need of food and drink after his wanderings. And I have yet much to do this night.

John has been looking at him squarely and with growing contempt. Now he glances at Nell over his shoulder; she is standing with her hand pressed terror-stricken against her cheek.

John (in a voice of steel).—I suspected as much. It is the escaped felon. (To Mark.) Shepherd? You lied there, too. No shepherd you, but a popish priest!

Mark (simply but with conviction).—I am a shepherd like the Good Shepherd, and ready to lay down my life for the sheep the wolves have scattered.

John (turning away contemptuously).—You shall have your chance. (To Nell.) Nell, my cloak!

Nell (piteously).—What are you doing?

John (incisively).—Taking him back to his felon's prison.

Nell.—John, you must not; this is our home—

John.—Less place, then, for traitors.

Nell.—John, I beg of you—

Mark.—Let it be, mistress. I thank you for your prayers though you hurl them at a rock. Perhaps my day is not yet come, despite your husband's making.

John.—That, the judges will decide.

Nell.—John, listen to me! Let him go. You know what prison means for him . . . the rack, the thumb-screws, the galleys, perhaps the colonies.

John.—Fit punishment for traitors.

Mark.—Mistress, I beg of you—

Nell.—John (he strides toward his cloak), for my sake . . .

John (turning abruptly).—For your sake? What do you mean? Enough of this sentimentality. This man is a priest.

Nell.—I know, and yet . . . John, I beg . . .

John (coming to her).—For a priest you and I can have no pity . . . Why for your sake?

Nell.—I . . .

John.—Well?

Nell (desperately).—In the old days . . . I, I knew him.

John.—Knew him? (Suddenly seizing her wrist in an agony of doubt.) Good God, Nell, he is not your lover?

Nell (breaking away and throwing her arms about Mark).—He is my brother.

There is a moment's pregnant pause. Mark slips his arm about her heaving shoulders and stands facing John calmly. John leans heavily against the table, blank astonishment in his eyes.

John (vaguely).—Your brother? I did not know . . .

Mark.—We never crossed before. I was in Spain when you came.

John (with renewed contempt).—In Spain; ah, plotting with England's and Ireland's foes.

Mark (almost angrily).—Plotting to save my countrymen from the tyranny and brutality of men like you and your thieving troops of—

Nell (wildly).—Mark, don't.

John (imperiously to Nell).—Nell, come to me.

Mark (releasing her and stepping back a trifle).—I'll not speak out my mind to you. You are her husband and I think you love her.

John (disregarding Mark utterly, and taking Nell's limp hand).—You loved me well enough to give up all this for me, did you not?

Nell bows her head silently.

John.—I do not know why this man, this priest, came into our home. But he cannot stay.

Nell (impulsively).—John . . .

John (with fierce emphasis).—No priest, not even your brother, can remain beneath my roof. I could not risk the wrath of God.

Nell.—John, please listen . . .

John (turning sternly to Mark).—Your freedom shall not be touched. I cannot take her brother to death or to torture. You may go in safety. But if you return, I shall not promise as much again. Now go!

Mark does not move.

Mark (quietly).—Not without her.

John gazes fixedly and without comprehending.

John.—What did you say . . .

Mark.—Not without her. I have come to bring her back to her people and her God.

John (releasing Nell's hand and walking toward Mark).—I could not have understood you rightly.

Mark.—Perhaps not; how can I say? But let me be quite clear. I've tramped the length of Leinster, braving your pursuivants, living in your caves and stables, now in your filthy prisons, now in your rotten courts, hungry and lonely and dead from weariness, searching for my lost lamb. And now that I have found her, I am going to take her back with me to Connaught. Is that all quite clear now?

John.—You contemptible spy!

Nell.—John . . .

John (not heeding her).—You steal into my house disguised, like a thief or a felon. You come while I, her husband, am away, you with your smooth, Irish face and your oily Papist tongue to rob me of my wife . . .

Mark.—You dare to speak of robbery? You who stole her from her Faith and her people? You who robbed us, already stripped of lands and liberty and God's blue sky, of our one lone lamb?

John.—She came with me willingly.

Mark.—And she will go with me willingly, or not at all.

John (turning to Nell).—You have heard him?

Nell bows her head.

John.—And you are silent?

She is motionless. John takes an agonized step forward.

John.—Good God! you couldn't . . . you are not thinking that . . .

He catches himself suddenly by a strong act of will and turns to Mark. His voice has grown almost tender.

John.—You say I stole her from you. Let her speak the truth. Nell, did I win you fairly as ever man won maid?

Nell.—Yes, John. (Going to Mark.) Oh, Mark, Mark, you don't understand. There was more than love; there was gratitude to him for . . . what is more precious than life.

Mark (taking her hands).—Nell, what do you mean?

Nell (shuddering).—When Drogheda fell, I was there.

Mark starts, and Nell covers her face with her hands.

Mark.—I did not know.

Nell.—I had gone to visit Cousin Margaret. We girls fled as the soldiers stormed the city and rushed through the streets. We fled madly, not knowing where to go. Oh, the unspeakable horror of it all. Men with glazed, open eyes lying in the mire and almost tripping us as we ran. Women wandering wildly through the streets praying for death. The clash of the soldiers and the horrid scream of the bugles! They found us, a brutal band in leather and steel. I cried for help, and their eyes were merciless. They seized me; I think I should have gone mad, when he came . . .

Mark.—Merciful God!

Nell.— . . . flinging the soldiers to right and left and fighting his way to me. He picked me up and carried me to safety. For three days he hid me and cared for me though it meant his head had he been found. And when the soldiers marched away, I promised him if ever he came for me, I would be his wife. (A tense pause.) Margaret I never saw again.

Mark (comprehending at last).—And when he came again . . .

Nell.—I kept my word.

Mark (still caught with the horror of her possible fate).—I did not know; I never dreamed . . . (To John.) You are a brave man, sir; from the depths of a brother's heart, I thank you.

John.—Are you satisfied now? Will you go back to Connaught . . . alone?

Mark.—No! You risked your life to save her body. I have risked my life for her soul. You fought your way through soldiers and periled your head three days for her. I have walked in the midst of your spies and risked my head long months for her. My claim is stronger than yours. I claim her for God.

John (to Nell).—You hear him?

Silence.

John.—Shall we answer him as man and wife?

Still silence.

John (suddenly passionate).—You do not love me!

Nell.—I do! A thousand times, I do!

John.—You have been happy here with me?

Silence.

John (almost in agony).—You have . . . have you not?

Nell.—Yes, yes . . . and no?

John (horrified).—And no?

Nell.—Oh, there have been moments, days when my heart would seem to split. I did not know what it would mean when I gave you my promise in Drogheda. I kept my promise, but our home has been built on treachery and lies. The shame of my desertion when I thought of my mother and father treading alone the bloody road to Connaught, the bitter anguish at thought that the daughter they trusted had forsaken them in the hour of their greatest need, the longing of my woman's heart for my betrayed Faith—

John.—You are a Protestant.

Nell.—Not in truth. That was a lie lived for you.

John (overwhelmed).—That, too?

Nell.—That, too. As Protestant, I could stay with you; as Catholic, I must go. I chose to stay even at that cost.

John (sinking into a chair).—Good God!

Nell.—When I knelt beside you in the church, I loathed myself in the depths of my soul. The voice of your preacher railing at my Faith struck blood from my heart. The church where I had knelt to adore at the Mass you despised, seemed to reel above my

head. I felt as if the dear Jesus would strike me dead were I not so utterly, utterly contemptible.

Mark (coming to her).—He loves you too much ever to close His Heart against you.

John.—It is the spell of priestly witchcraft in your soul.

Nell.—No, no!

Mark.—It is the compelling voice of Christ.

Nell.—In the silences of the night, I would lie with dry throat and aching heart. The shadows cried, Traitress! My temples throbbed, Traitress! I could see my father and mother suffering off there in Connaught, suffering for Christ, and weeping in each other's arms for the daughter who had betrayed Him. I could have screamed in terror.

John—You never told me.

Nell.—You could not understand. At times I have stood near the clear lake longing to feel its waters closing over me in peace . . . but that would not bring peace.

They stand a silent, tense group. Mark speaks first.

Mark.—Come, Nell! Together we are going back to Christ and our father. In Connaught they are waiting for you.

John (springing to his feet).—You shall not take her till she has spoken the final word. Nell, I offer you my heart, my home, my honor. This is a delusion, a trick of Satan. It will pass with the passing of this man. It is priestly craft snaring your soul. You owe your life to me, remember; I offer you mine. You will not be happy without me, Nell.

Nell.—I know it . . . but I have not been happy without Christ.

John.—Then you are going?

Nell.—John, no other man shall ever claim my heart.

John (suddenly freezing).—I ask you, are you going?

Nell.—I must . . .

John.—Back to idolatry and Papist superstition?

Nell.—Back to Christ.

John (turning to Mark, coldly).—Take her at once. My house is no place for Papists.

Nell (in quick agony).—John, John, can't you see that this is breaking my heart?

He stands without heeding her.

Nell.—Can't you see that my duty to God comes first?

He turns his back upon her, facing the fire. Nell, as if struck, falls back a step. Mark's arm is suddenly about her waist.

Mark.—Come, Nell; it is bitter cold outside, but not so bitter as the heart of one that has loved.

Nell stands for a moment with anguish in her face; then she goes slowly with Mark to where her cloak hangs. He takes it from the peg, while Nell slowly slips off her white cap and lays it on the table. Then he places the cloak gently about her and pulls the hood over head. His heavy coat soon falls from his shoulders, and he stands ready for the road.

Mark (at the door).—The moon is rising to light our way back to Connaught. Come, my sister.

Nell (still looking at John).—Good night, John.

He does not turn.

Nell (very softly).—In my heart you will always be my lover. Good night!

Mark stands in the doorway while Nell passes silently out into the dusk. The door closes gently.

John does not move for a moment; then slowly he looks toward the door. With a sudden determination, he shakes off his mood, walks firmly to the window and pulls the curtain shut without even a glance into the night. He goes to the door and bolts it with a heavy bar. He then strides back to the table. As he does, his eye lights upon the white cap which rests there. Tenderly he picks it up, running it through his fingers. With a sudden gesture he is about to crush it, but he pauses, and then slowly raises it to his lips. His lips quiver, and he falls to his knees with a mighty sob as

THE SCENE CLOSES.

New Books.

A SCHOLAR'S LETTERS FROM THE FRONT. By Stephen H. Hewett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

The letters which have been collected in this volume were nearly all of them written from the front. A few earlier ones are included as giving an idea of the writer's character and interests. Mr. F. F. Urquhart, Fellow of Hewett's Oxford College—Balliol—contributes a valuable biographical introduction, and the work is dedicated to the dead soldier's old headmaster, Dom Ramsay of Downside.

These letters are as interesting and as moving as any similar collection of the last three or four years. To Hewett the War was the most searching of experiences, but he took it with a cheerful heart. Born in India, twenty-six years ago, he was educated at Downside, the famous English Benedictine School, and in 1910 won the coveted Balliol scholarship as a youngster of seventeen. He was as good at games as at his books, Mr. Urquhart tells us, and indeed played hockey for his university against Cambridge in 1914. A brilliant classic, he carried off the Craven, the Hertford and the Ireland scholarships. And he was a capable and devoted member of the Oxford Bach choir. On the outbreak of the War he received a commission in the 14th Warwicks. Six months after he had reached France, death came to him as he led his platoon into action at the Somme.

Several of the letters are addressed to well-known Oxford dons. We find him writing, *e. g.*, to Cyril Bailey, the translator of *Lucretius*, and the authority on ancient Roman religion: "If Newman repels you I should like to have a long argument on the subject. As for the Jesuits, well the army too is 'a system squashing individuality,' and (though the parallel may not be quite exact) we knew what *we* were in for and so did Father Tyrrell. The monastic system is traditionally a 'militia,' and as a system it has stood the test of practice and of time, as being —in our point of view—a means of keeping up things which we regard as as much incumbent on our honor as the defence of all that is English against all that is German."

Stephen Hewett had meant, if he were spared to return to his old school and don the Benedictine habit. But it was not to be. His fellow-officers regarded his death as an irreparable loss. "Things are very different without Stephen Hewett," his com-

pany commander wrote. This little book is a worthy memorial of a noble spirit, and will surely have its inspiration for many a reader in years to come.

THE TOWER OF LONDON FROM WITHIN. By Major-General Sir George Younghusband. New York: George H. Doran Co. $4.00 net.

Very few Americans, or Englishmen, for that matter, could tell you whether or not the salt-cellar used by Queen Elizabeth is still extant. Perhaps it is an unimportant bit of erudition. Surely it is of less significance than the fact that the well-remembered queen possessed such an article contributory to savor and flavor. But a very readable recent book will enlighten you on this hitherto possibly obscure point, and will tell many more fascinating things beside. *The Tower of London from Within* is the creditable achievement of Sir George Younghusband, the Keeper of the Jewel House in the Tower. It is written in an entertaining style, and has a due regard for the things that are of high interest to the general reader. It is full of treasons and trials and executions, vivid memories of those good old days, which were bad enough when they were young. Dukes and earls and courteous knights flit through the pages, ghostlike, silent visitors, asking us to remember that they were the talk of London when Elizabeth was queen and Drake was hoisting sail in the Channel. Not the least interesting feature of the book are the many reproductions of old prints, which aid in a marked degree in making our imagination sympathetic of the unrolling of ancient chronicle.

PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION. A Study of the Penitentiary System. By Frederick H. Wines, LL.D. Revised by Winthrop D. Lane. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.50.

Sir Thomas More (now St. Thomas More), the only man who ever cleared the docket of the Court of Chancery in England, declared at the very beginning of his *Utopia* "if we suffer your people to be ill-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them, what else is to be concluded from this but that you first make thieves and then punish them?"

Probably this expression is the aptest text for a review of a book on modern penology, for it is above all on education as preventive that penologists dwell. Mr. Lane, revising Dr. Wines' classical book on the subject of the reform of the criminal through punishment, has above all dwelt on how much environment, home life, the school, the city streets mean in the produc-

tion of criminals. Both these authorities a quarter of a century apart would agree in declaring that modern life first makes thieves, and then punishes them.

In his additions to Dr. Wines' book, Mr. Lane has very properly emphasized the fact that the physical counts for very much less in the criminal makeup than it did twenty years ago when Wines first wrote. It is a question of mind and not body that makes the criminal, and statistics seem to show that about one-fourth of our prisoners are feeble minded. But as many cunning criminals escape conviction, this proportion is probably too large. It is interesting to find that perversions of the will are coming to be recognized as the main causes of criminality. Knowledge of itself does not afford much protection.

Mr. Randolph's suggestions of constructive eugenics to help in the problem of crime prevention are interesting and include "the abolition of certain non-eugenic customs such as the prevailing requirement that women teachers may not marry," to which the modern social order needs educating, but he also suggests "the dissemination of information about birth control, thereby making parenthood intelligent and voluntary and decreasing the number of undesired and uncared for babies" which would almost surely open the door to vice. It is a common failing with many sociologists to neglect the idea of vice while devoting themselves to the thought of crime, that is, the infraction of law in such a way as might lead to imprisonment. The volume, in spite of belittling the natural law as a background, is a valuable abstract of the present position of penology.

JOHN AYSCOUGH'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER. Edited by Frank Bickerstaffe-Drew. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00.

Anything from the pen of Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew is sure of its welcome on this side of the Atlantic, and these letters written during 1914, 1915 and 1916 will find many eager readers; they were written during the reverend novelist's absence from England in active service in France and Flanders, and they were the last letters his mother lived to receive from him. He meant them to cheer and console her hours of loneliness and anxiety, and nothing could exceed the tenderness of the filial piety they display throughout. As "war-letters" they are as good as any written from the English trenches. Devoted readers of the long line of fine novels which John Ayscough has to his name, will rejoice to possess this book of letters, if only because it contains so many interesting revelations of the author's personality,

so many valuable passing comments on his own books and those of his masters in the art of fiction, so many wise and moving reflections upon the art, religion and life of our own day.

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at $3.50 per volume by the set.

The Cotton Kingdom, by William E. Dodd. Professor Dodd of the University of Chicago has aptly chosen the title of his study of the Lower South of the pre-Civil War epoch, for in that economic unit cotton was indeed enthroned king with its capital the delightful planter town of Charleston. The kingdom is well described, its extent, its net-work of rivers so valuable for the marketing of crops, its peculiar labor system, and its abominable despoilation of the Cherokees, Creeks, and Chickasaws in its mad policy to extend the cotton acreage. The heavy emigration into the southwestern Eldorado, where cotton magnates were speedily created by the high prices of cotton and the mounting values of negroes is accounted for by showing the industrial decline of the Old South through the failure of the tobacco crop and the failing fertility of its worn-out soil. Small wonder was it, that statesmen of the New South came to regard cotton with favor and slavery as a necessary foundation of Southern prosperity. Naturally Jefferson's philosophy was thrown aside, when theorists appeared who minimized man's inherent rights and emphasized the Biblical and philosophical arguments supporting slavery and the fundamental inequality of man. The year 1850 urged the claims of philosophers of the stamp of President Thomas Dew of the College of William and Mary, of Chancellor William Harper of South Carolina, of the poet-novelist William Gilmore Simms, of Calhoun's successors, Yancy, Davis, Slidell and Foote. Such were the men who like the late Pan-Germans were imbued with a mission to extend Southern Kultur into Texas and the territories, and if need be by aggressive wars and filibustering expeditions into Cuba, Mexico and Central America. What cared they for negroes or for the welfare of "crackers" and "hill-billies" as long as cotton was increasingly profitable? Were not Southern planters the rulers of America? Was not the aristocratic society of New Orleans and Charleston the cream of life? The South was prosperous; surely its philosophy was sound.

Professor Dodd writes from a Southern viewpoint, which is occasionally apparent in attempts to explain away something, or in a characterization of James Ford Rhode's work as one in which

"the tone is perhaps too patriotic." He is at his best in depicting the social and religious life and in framing a brief for the South as a section in which literature, science, and education were not neglected. His consideration of the labors of the Methodists and Baptists has a friendly tone as compared to his less kindly attitude toward Presbyterian divines from Princeton College and his harsh estimate of Catholics and Episcopalians, whom we are to condemn as equally diplomatic in dealing with slaves and slave owners.

Of the Catholic Church in 1850 he writes:

"The lower South had been and still was outwardly an irreligious, dram-drinking, and duelling section. The French priests had built a compact religious community in and about New Orleans, but they had not pushed this work up the rivers and out into the great stretches of country where plantation life was dominant. Nor was their easy-going moral system entirely adapted to the needs of rural life. The Cathedral Church, the monastery, and the parochial schools filled the round of a priest's life and duties. The saving of souls in distant plantations was not his especial concern. Dueling and card-playing and horse racing were not beyond the range of his own interests; why should he stir up a crusade against them? The faith of the Roman Catholic Church was, therefore, comparatively stagnant in the Lower South. Aside from a few churches in Louisiana and Charleston, firmly established parishes in Mobile, and a diocese in Florida, this branch of the Christian Church had not become a force in the planter civilization." In a footnote (p. 98) there is added: "The Roman Catholics of New Orleans, whose easy-going methods suited some twenty or thirty thousand merchants and planters, contributed their mite in the direction of religious orthodoxy. In New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and Mobile there was a nucleus of Catholicism, that might under better skies have won a controlling influence in large districts of the cotton kingdom."

The Old Northwest, by Frederick Austin Ogg. Professor Ogg of the University of Wisconsin sketches the history of the old Northwest Territory from the French surrender of Montreal and Detroit until the admission of the Northwestern States into the federal union. There is a correct estimate of this section in American history, but it is arrived at in the prosy way of the class-room lecture. There is nothing dramatic in the telling of the tale, though the chronicle is so replete with romantic episodes. The scene when Vaudreuil delivered an empire to Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the Pontiac conspiracy uniting all the Indian tribes from Fort Pitt

to Fort Chartres, the expedition of George Rogers Clark and his colonials, and the breaking-down of the Indian power by Mad Anthony Wayne at Fallen Timbers were the sort of stories that Parkman delighted to narrate or that Roosevelt could dash off in virile style.

The writer does not hesitate to emphasize the dastardly action of British agents in exciting the Indians to murder non-contending frontiersmen, who had no connection with the Revolutionary movement. Yet when they paid bounties for scalps, they were but carrying out the idea of the Earl of Suffolk who wrote: "God and nature hath put into our hands the scalping-knife and tomahawk to torture them into submission." Nor does he fail to suggest the importance of the active assistance of Père Gibault in urging the French settlers of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, as well as the neighboring Indian tribes, to receive Major Clark in the name of Virginia and of the allied French monarch. Dr. Ogg then outlines the growth of population, the huge migration from the coast-board States into Ohio, the ventures of the Ohio and other land companies, the removal of the Indians, the uprising of Tecumseh, the skirmish at Tippecanoe which made of Harrison a president, and the failure of the West in the War of 1812. Especially valuable for the general reader is the description of life in Ohio where were met men of all nations. As the economic side is in no way passed over, the Cumberland Road and river navigation are enlarged upon as factors contributing to the rapid development of the territory.

Dutch and English on the Hudson. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. This volume offers a splendid picture of the old colony of New Netherlands, supplemented as it is with maps showing the location of manors, a chart of New Amsterdam and prints of such worthy burghers as Peter Stuyvesant, David de Vries, and Peter Schuyler. One can visualize Henry Hudson on his bedecked *Half-Moon* sailing in 1609 through the Narrows around the heavily wooded Manhattan Island, and up the lordly stream past the Palisades, the Highlands, and the Catskills. Yet it is hard to picture the mighty metropolis of today as a primeval forest, hiding here and there an Indian village. The Dutch East India Company was not slow in establishing fur posts at Albany, Orange and Nassau in New Jersey and even near Hartford, Connecticut, nor in purchasing Manhattan from the Indians at the rate of a tenth of a cent an acre through the driving bargaining of Peter Minuit. The early Dutch location on Manhattan below the wooden wall (Wall Street) is interestingly described with its

peculiar Knickerbocker-like governors. Probably the most useful chapters deal with the huge feudal manorial grants to the Dutch and later English patroons. The Van Rensselaer manor is minutely described as the most typical, being quite like the expansive holdings of the Pauws, Melyns, Van Cortlands, Philpses, Schuylers, Van Twillers, and Livingstons. However, the Dutch days were soon ended and the wooden-legged Peter Stuyvesant, obstinate, courageous autocrat that he is described, had to surrender in 1664 to the English fleet under Colonel Richard Nichols. It would have been well at this point if Miss Goodwin had developed the Dutch and English rivalry and the causes of the attack.

Under the governorship of Nichols the Dutch are brought by tact to give their loyalty to the Duke of York and to live in harmony with the English settlers, despite differences in customs, language, and religion. It was the same policy which in the last few years won the allegiance of the Boers to the British Empire. The Duke's laws would seem to call for a more substantial treatment. A brief résume is given of the governorships of Colonel Francis Lovelace, the Cavalier favorite whose title to fame proceeds from his establishment of the Long Island race track; of Colonel Thomas Dongan (the last Catholic governor until Mr. Martin Glynn) who interested himself in postal roads and a colonial postal service; of the maligned Edmund Andros who fell when William of Orange was named king by Parliament; of Colonel Benjamin Fletcher who antagonized the burghers by building Trinity Church and the merchants by his embezzling and secret dealings with buccaneers: of the Earl of Bellomont; of Lord Cornbury a relative of Queen Anne's whose tenure was shortened by his theft of public funds; of Robert Hunter, and of William Burnett the famous bishop's son. It is an account of placing favorites of the crown who too frequently looked upon the governorship as a sinecure to enrich themselves and upon representative legislatures as an objectionable interference with their right of exploitation. Here we have a fundamental cause of the Revolution. The Leisler revolt and the famous Zenger freedom of the press trial are duly emphasized. Withal Miss Goodwin has made a worthy contribution to the series.

Age of Big Business, by Burton G. Hendrick. In his study Mr. Hendrick shows the development of American business from the competitive stage of 1865 to the monopolistic stage of today, from the local market to the world market, and from the limited liability company to the heavily capitalized trust. To find such an essay treating the question in an historical, conservative, com-

mon sense manner is indeed refreshing, especially when one considers the possibilities of the subject matter for engendering class hatreds, if developed by a journalist of radical tendencies. In the history of American business as in the American politics, there is much that is undeniably corrupt. However, it is not the sore spots of our industrial life that one cares to view under the magnifying lens of our intellectual muckrakers of the past generation or of the nihilistic parlor demagogues of today. What interests the student and the general reader is the rise and expansion of industry as an interpretation of America's greatness and future. This interest is satisfactorily met by Mr. Hendrick's volume.

In 1865, the United States was a nation of farmers, artisans, and small business men, with but a score of millionaires and with a $100,000 standard of wealth. In Pennsylvania independent oil drillers and open air forges gave little evidence of a future Standard Oil Company and United States Steel Corporation. Coal and iron were imported; natural resources were untouched; the factories were family or partnership affairs; horse-cars encumbered city streets; cattle were driven on Fifth Avenue. Competition was destructive. The merger of a few hundred miles of railroad was denounced at a time, when there were thousands of oil drillers, four hundred and fifty coal operators, two hundred harvester companies, fifty salt companies in the Saginaw valley, fifty copper companies in Michigan, one hundred developers of the Comstock lode, thirty transportation companies in New York City, and uncountable lumber concerns. Combination of capital and concentration of business were necessary to develop the national wealth and to compete for world trade. The period following the war marked a great change. Commodore Vanderbilt's career is selected as illustrative of the transition from the old to the new era of business. Railroad consolidation was the idea of this genius, who could scarcely read and who was under the spell of clairvoyants and mediums. Vanderbilt connected New York and Chicago by one road instead of seventeen, cutting the running time in half and incidentally amassing, by 1877, the first fortune of a hundred million dollars. The Commodore's idea was a success. Consolidation followed in every industry.

A chapter is given to the career of John D. Rockefeller and the rise of the Standard Oil Company. It is not a pleasant story, but a mighty interesting one; the campaign against Archibald, the scandal of the Acme Oil Company, Archibald's manœuvres, the struggle for railroad oil terminals, the gathering in of the pipe line companies, the forcing of rebates, the establishment of the trust, the legal difficulties, the wiping out of competitors and

middlemen, the entrance into the banking and the railroad business, the fight with the Steel Corporation in the Messaba and Colorado mining fields. The work of Carnegie and the Pittsburgh millionaires in creating the huge Steel Corporation is told in quite as dramatic a style. Another chapter recounts the invention of the telephone by Bell, its perfection by Gray, Puppin and Edison, and the rise of the American Telephone Company. The organization of public utilities is then considered with sketches of the labors, too often of a political nature, of Yerkes, Widener, Elkins, Ryan, Dolan, Hanna, Whitney and Calhoun, in obtaining control of municipal railways. Next there is developed the consolidation of the farm machinery business and the incorporation of the International Harvester Company under the skillful manipulation of George W. Perkins. The concluding chapter deals with the automobile business and the phenomenal career of Henry Ford.

SHINING FIELDS AND DARK TOWERS. By John Bunker. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Many readers who have read John Bunker's recent contributions to the various magazines—or who know the story of his literary association and close friendship with Joyce Kilmer—will give warm welcome at Christmas time to this first collection of his poetic work. The volume is of generous size, and it contains many good things, as was expected of it—also a few surprises which were not expected of it. For it not only proves that Mr. Bunker is a poet—it rather seems to indicate that he is three different kinds of a poet. At one extreme he gives us the "New York Sketches," very familiar and colloquial impressions of the metropolis in very "free verse"—scarcely rising in effect beyond a vivid but inelegant prose. On the other horizon we find him building a whole series of poetic structures—are these, perhaps, the "dark towers" of the title?—of which "Enemies Three" may be chosen as an example. These are highly traditional in form, exalting in tone, but encrusted with a musical but remote Elizabethan phraseology. Midway between these two extremes stretch the fertile meadow lands, the "shining fields," which one likes to believe most truly representative of Mr. Bunker's inspiration. For here are poems such as "The Flute Player," "The Great Refusal," noble themes nobly treated—work impregnated with the beauty of nature and the other beauty of pain, and with the supreme and all-inclusive beauty of God.

Two of the longest poems in the book are written in the manner of, in fact are dedicated to, Francis Thompson. Others are frankly "rumorous" of Crawshaw, of Gerard Hopkins, of Ten-

nyson and—inevitably—of Joyce Kilmer. That is to say, Mr. Bunker has enjoyed and experimented with a wide range of poetry. Not the less for this has he remained captain of his poetic soul. His is a highly personal muse, tender and chastened, yet capable of merriment, with the far vision of the pure in heart. Lyrics such as "Revolution," "To Harsh Judgment Thinking Itself Wisdom," or, in more playful vein, "Boons," are distinct additions to the sum of modern poetry.

HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES. New York; U. S. Catholic Historical Society.

Volume XIII. of this series published by the Historical Society presents as its *pièce de resistance* Part II. of Mr. Condon's interesting essay, "The Church in the Island of San Domingo." There are, besides, sketches of the careers of Cardinal Farley and Archbishop Hayes, an attractive life of Giovanni Battista Sartori, first Papal Consul to the United States, and an illuminating paper by Father Barnum, S.J., on the Catholic missions of Alaska. Among the shorter contributions are to be found one by Father Gerald Treacy on Andrew Carney, as well as a compilation of the literary work of John A. Mooney, and finally two papers presenting data of a particularly valuable nature—the first on the destruction of the Charleston Convent, the other on the question of Catholic "desertions" during the Civil War.

A PADRE IN FRANCE. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

This volume contains the experiences of a "Chaplain to the Forces" behind the lines in Belgium and France.

The author, who is Canon Hannay, the well-known novelist, was designated a P. B., that is, one assigned to a permanent base. During the latter part of the War he did spiritual and social work among the men in the training and convalescent camps. The author was limited by circumstances to a field that was far removed from the spectacular action of the front lines, and consequently is able to write nothing of those things which go to make a war book thrilling in movement and inspiring in bravery.

He saw the dull, monotonous, seamy side of war with none of all those great movements of men in battle or the personal acts of self-sacrifice which make war interesting although monstrous. Yet he did have many opportunities in his relations with men to get something tangible from them which might be of value to a world interested as never before in knowing the life of the soldier in battle and out of it. And particularly, when the person in con-

tact happens to be a minister who might seek deeply into men's souls and bring forth facts to help in the strengthening of their religious faith. However, if Canon Hannay saw much, he has kept it to himself. The book is extraordinarily commonplace in content. It fails, like an aëroplane with a missing engine, to rise more than a few feet above the ground.

WORLD'S WAR EVENTS. Compiled and Edited by Francis T. Reynolds and Alden L. Churchill. Vols. I., II., and III. New York: P. F. Collier & Son.

The compilers of this fine series conceived the novel but very logical idea of building a history of the World War from the writings of those men who, in other publications, official and otherwise, treated of some special phase of the struggle. These selections were made because they were the words of eye-witnesses or of those qualified by rank and position to know the truth of what they spoke. The first article is a reprint from the *National Review* of June, 1916, of an essay on "What Caused the War," by Baron Beyens. Some of the other articles are by Sir John French, Roland G. Usher, Capt. Mucke of the *Emden*. We have also the judicial decision of Judge Mayer on the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The second volume contains a masterly article from the pen of Raoul Blanchard, and the compilers have paid THE CATHOLIC WORLD a well deserved compliment by inserting in the third volume that wonderful essay by Abbé Felix Klein on "The Wounded Heroes of France," which appeared in the October, 1918, issue.

Altogether one cannot speak too highly of this splendid collection. No library, whether reference or otherwise, can afford to be without it. It is a well balanced symposium of the best that has been written about the War. The problem that confronted the compilers must have been to keep the work within bounds. They have succeeded in this admirably, yet have chosen wisely and well.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS. By Henry James. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.75 net.

The influential position of Mr. Henry James in the literary foreground was maintained with such perennial vitality that probably very few took note of the length of its tenure; consequently, it is almost startling to read the dates of the stories reprinted in this volume and to be thus reminded that fifty years have elapsed since he made his entrance into the field of fiction, a young author already master of a mature, fine and individual art.

How distinctive his art was may be best realized by those who delve into the volumes of magazines of that period, and read the stories that appear side by side with his. From these sources the publishers have compiled the present collection, which must not be considered an assemblage of relics, gratifying only to devotees of the author. These stories have an intrinsic interest and appeal for the general public. It is matter for congratulation that Messrs. Boni & Liveright have retrieved these scattered bits and placed them in the arch with which the works of Mr. James span a half-century.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE FOR MEDIATATION. By Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P. New York: The Paulist Press. $1.25.

A pastor is always glad to see a new book of sermons or meditations. A man of the *métier,* he has an expert's interest in how others develop familiar themes, what new viewpoints, what striking illustrations, what telling anecdotes enhance their exposition. In Father O'Keeffe's sermons ideas are to be met on every page. Such headings as "A New Sheen on an Old Coin," "The Censoriousness of the Righteous," "Jesus and the Plain People," "The Moral Beauty of the Cross" will of themselves awaken pregnant trains of thought in a preacher's mind, and supply him with a sermon antecedently to all reading of the author's discourse. His treatment of the Feasts of the year and the Sunday Gospels is likewise fresh and unconventional. The opening sermon of the present volume, "Hopes for the New Year," draws from the circumcision of our divine Lord admirable moral lessons. Even as He obeyed a law to which He was not really subject, so the Catholic will loyally obey Church laws even if he is unable to discern their necessity. The Circumcision of our Saviour suggests to ourselves the spiritual circumcision of the heart, lips and tongue. Again, in the leaven in the meal, Father O'Keeffe sees a picture and a parable of religion in the modern world.

The volume, by reason of its clearness, brevity, and talent for expressing practical issues in an unhackneyed way, will be a valuable addition to every preacher's and pastor's library.

THE DEATH OF TURNUS. But W. Warde Fowler. Oxford: Blackwell. $1.75.

Mr. Fowler, in these critical and exegetical observations upon the *Æneid,* Book XII., brings to a close the series of Virgilian studies which he so brilliantly inaugurated in *The Gathering of The Clans* and continued in *Æneas at the Site of Rome.* These masterly little books immeasurably strengthen the position of the learned author as the chief among English Virgilians. They are,

so to speak, the full flowering bloom of that delicate insight and profound learning of which the commentator's noble chapters on Virgil in his *Religious Experience of the Roman People* were the bud and promise. No scholar, with the solitary exception of J. W. Mackail, has ever brought a surer taste or a more varied learning to the study of the prince of poets. An English reviewer admirably described the first of Mr. Fowler's volumes in this series as "the epitome and quintessence of English Virgilian taste, a taste which is as remote from the common judgment of German erudition as from the centre thrice to the utmost pole."

Mr. Fowler's choice of the twelfth book was determined by the fact that it is the only one of the last four which contains a complete story in itself, "while at the same time it forms a magnificent conclusion to the greater story of the whole epic." It is matter for thought that Mr. Fowler regards the last book of the *Æneid* as the most mature of all twelve, the most revelatory and the worthiest of close study and leisurely reflection.

For two years this great scholar confides to us in his preface. Virgil, "with his large and liberal humanity," has been his constant and helpful companion. "It has been"—he goes on—"a time of great anxiety and sorrow; but the dark days are now passing away. As I write, it is becoming daily more certain that *violentia*, with its delusions and pretences, is not to prevail, and that *justitia* and *fides* are still to be the foundation-stones of our civilization."

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. By Louise Fargo Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

It is doubtful if any phrase figuring in the well-known "fourteen points" has been the object of greater misunderstanding than that of the "freedom of the seas." The present volume will aid greatly in furnishing the historical background necessary to a fair judgment both upon the true meaning of the phrase and the scope of its application. It traces both the theory and the practice of the international law of the sea from the earliest days down to the present time. It shows the various meanings that have attached to the principle of a free sea in successive centuries, and distinguishes clearly between the earlier claims of individual nations to exclusive dominion over portions of the high seas adjacent to their territories, and the later claims based upon exclusive rights of colonial commerce and upon the rights of a belligerent to restrict the commerce of other nations in time of war. The last of these meanings has now come to be the centre of controversy. In the event of war how far may a belligerent

interfere not only with the maritime commerce of its enemy, carried in enemy ships, but with the commerce of neutral states with the enemy, carried in neutral ships? Are merchant ships of the enemy, privately owned, to continue to be subject to capture and destruction, or must the old American claim of the immunity of private property be revived and recognized? May neutral ships be prevented merely from carrying contraband, or may their commerce with the enemy be entirely cut off even to the extent of restricting their commerce with neutral neighbors of the enemy?

Miss Brown sketches with emphasis the underlying issues of commercial rivalry. She writes in an engaging manner and summarizes historical controversies in admirably succinct phrases. But her style suffers from a suggestion of flippancy which is out of place in the treatment of a serious subject. The concluding chapter on "The Law of the Sea Tomorrow" touches so lightly upon problems of such complexity that the lay reader may well be at a loss to follow the argument. We are promised in the preface a more thorough study of the period since 1713 in a subsequent volume.

DEMOCRACY. By Shaw Desmond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.60.

This book under the form of a novel purports to give a picture of the unrest of the English proletariat during the several years immediately preceding the War, throughout the War itself, and continuing down through the months since the signing of the Peace Treaty. Denis Destin, the hero, is a Socialist who gives up his clerkship in the city to enter journalism and politics in order to advance the workers' cause, and the progress of the story shows his conversion from the theory of syndicalism and direct action to that of militant politics and the regular processes of governmental change.

The author gives a graphic account of the modern industrial turmoil in England, and under thin disguises presents close portraits of the chief modern leaders in English politics, government, and labor; but as a novel the book cannot be considered an artistic success. It is so weighted with the various social theories in vogue among the innumerable political parties in England that the story is smothered in the confused welter.

As an exposition of social theory also the book must be considered a failure, since the author seems to have neither fixed principles nor definite ideas, and like his hero is obliged to leave things much as he found them—in a complete muddle. Despite the

melodramatic ending with the crucifixion of Creagan by an angry mob, the book leaves us cold; it is inconclusive in every way. The style is staccato and the author effects the headless sentence first made popular by Carlyle. In general the author follows the journalese tradition, but it is high-class journalese, English rather than American.

THE YOUNG VISITERS. By Daisy Ashford. With Preface by J. M. Barrie. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.00.

The question that has been agitating the London reading public, which has snapped up half-a-dozen editions of *The Young Visiters* in a month, is, Who wrote it? The official party, that is, the publishers together with such writers as Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton and Sir James Matthew Barrie, stoutly affirm that *The Young Visiters* is "the unaided effort in fiction of an authoress of nine years," and that in the present book "the penciled manuscript has been accurately reproduced, not a word added or cut out."

The Young Visiters tells, with childish punctuation and spelling, the story of Mr. Salteena, "who is not quite a gentleman but you would hardly notice it but can't be helped anyhow," his unhappy love affair with Ethel Monticue, "who had fair hair done on the top and blue eyes," and Salteena's friend and successful rival, the dashing Bernard Clark, who "was rather bent in the middle with very nice long legs, fairish hair and blue eyes." Salteena, who is the son of a butcher, has social ambitions and through his friend Clark meets the Earl of Clincham who—for a consideration—is to polish up his manners and introduce him into the higher circles.

The book is such an extraordinary performance there will probably always be doubts as to the exact circumstances of its making.

MERCHANTS OF THE MORNING. By Samuel McCoy. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. McCoy writes pleasing verse, and unlike many of the modern school of versifiers he is not at odds with life and the world—he is content with the great simplicities. He is neither sentimental nor cynical nor affected, nor does he adopt the pose of extreme sophistication and hard cleverness which profess superiority to traditional ways of thinking and acting and feeling. These of course are all negative merits, but they are merits nevertheless. There is no great passion or emotion in his book, no sweeping vision, but what he does sing he sings simply and

clearly. Among the best pieces are "The Bright Day," "The Hobby Horse," and "The Holy War," but he achieves his finest metrical effects in "Sarán."

CATECHIST'S MANUAL. First Elementary Course. By Rev. Roderick MacEachen, D.D., Wheeling, West Va.: Catholic Book Co. $1.75.

This volume will be most serviceable to young catechists, and youthful mothers in their task of guiding the opening minds of children.

It is well calculated to impress upon mothers the fact that children are a sacred trust of God's love, and lead them to learn of God's own Blessed Mother, how to fulfill the holy office of a true Catholic mother.

SECOND MARRIAGE. By Viola Meynell. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Alice Meynell's daughter has written another novel, her sixth. *Second Marriage,* while it may not greatly add to Miss Meynell's literary reputation, will, at any rate, sustain it. The setting of this story is in the wide flat fens of England; the characters are the members of a family which had possessed its lands for centuries. It is with the subtle processes of their souls that Miss Meynell is chiefly concerned in this book. There is first the marriage of Ismay, the beautiful eldest daughter, to the man who loved her with such abandonment; his death causes her return to her parents' home where she meets her cousin, Arnold. The slow progress of their love-affair is a revelation of Ismay's character, and the subsequent marriage brings the story to a close. It is all written in a delicately beautiful prose.

MR. STANDFAST. By John Buchanan. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.60.

Those who have read *Greenmantle* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps* by John Buchanan will recall a delightfully reckless character by the name of Richard Hannay. In the pages of *Mr. Standfast* he is the hero of an exciting secret service yarn that takes him to the desolate coast of Scotland and France trailing a dangerous and elusive master mind of enemy spydom—Graf von Schwabing. In this hunt he is assisted by a militant pacifist (?) and a delectable girl, Mary, who, in the end, furnishes the satisfactory element of a romance.

As it is not fair for a reviewer to relate the plot of a mystery story such as this, the reader must go and search for it himself. And in that searching we can guarantee that he will have a pleas-

ant, exciting and wholly illuminating time. For there are spy stories and spy stories; and this belongs to the other kind. It is not written in the usual breathless style of action that we are accustomed to find in most spy stories; the literary flavor is there. The book is excellently written. The action does not simply sweep along the characters; the characters sweep along the action —real, live people who have real blood in their veins. Another unusual touch is given the story by the use of *Pilgrim's Progress* as a code. Mr. Standfast, of course, reaches his journey's end after many vicissitudes.

WAR AND LOVE. By Richard Aldington. Boston: Four Seas Co. $1.25 net.

The author of these poems has been unwise enough to write a foreword in which he declares that his present book, unlike his volume, *Images Old and New*—"is a book by a common soldier for common soldiers." For this statement gives the reader an opportunity to take issue with the British Lieutenant author, and to assure him that his impressions of love are the attributes of a special character and reveal a decidedly pathological stigma.

There has been no lack of singing in English of the intensities and nudities of human passion, singing raised in a technical way to the levels of pretentious literature; therefore there is little need to specify any praise for Mr. Aldington's method of delivery of his carnal moods. A confessed devotee of the lusts, he remains lustful amid the carnage and horrors of the battlefield; the sight of death does not present to him any other picture than contrast with the beauty of the flesh, and it would almost seem as though the eternal majesty of the event passed over his head unnoticed, in the protoplasmic yearnings of his poor, bedraggled, blood-stained body. The psychologists and physiologists have names and classifications for beings that reveal so clearly the marks of the brute. Mr. Aldington does not need the critics; he needs a physician.

NEW RIVERS OF THE NORTH. By Hulbert Footner. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00 net.

Mr. Footner writes a very charming account of his exploration of the headwaters of the Fraser, Peace and Hay Rivers in Northwestern Canada. He ascribes vividly the scenic beauties of river, lake, mountain and forest, the joys and hardships of camping out in the open without a guide, the customs and traditions of the Slavi Indians, and the lives of the pioneers and traders of the wild Northwest. The book is well illustrated by seventy-five photographs taken by the author.

REZANOV. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni & Liveright. 70 cents.

In the pleasant, convenient form of the publishers' "Modern Library" we have now a reprint of Mrs. Atherton's semi-historical novel, first published in 1906. The selection is appropriate, as the little book embodies an interesting incident in the story of our country, the projected Russian aggression in California, in the year 1806, and also represents the author satisfactorily. No one has written more effectively and enthusiastically of California than Mrs. Atherton; in her hands the picturesque values of such a story are certain of full justice. It is the historical interest and questions of state craft that predominate in this instance, however, and in dealing with them the author shows that she familiarizes herself with her subject before attacking it.

Further application of this excellent principle would have precluded such an expression as "Romanism" on the lips of a Spanish Catholic girl, and other matter distasteful to Catholics.

MARY OLIVIER. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

This is a very dull, drab life story of a most uninteresting personality. Mary Olivier's relatives and friends are for the most part drunkards, imbeciles, lunatics and stupid atheists. The book is written ostensibly to set forth the author's crude ideas on pantheism, and her superficial dabblings in German philosophy. She is evidently beyond her depth, but that does not prevent her from rolling off page after page of the most incoherent attacks on every Christian doctrine. Her admiration for Swinburne and Walt Whitman may account for the immoral tone of more than one incident she records. When the French atheist does this sort of thing, he is at least interesting in a flashy way, and makes some attempt at style. His English imitator only succeeds in being vulgar, blasphemous and inane.

BARBARA OF BALTIMORE. By Katharine Haviland Taylor. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

This is a clear, well-written story of a Baltimore home during war time. The inevitable German spy gives it the touch of mystery, and the invalid English soldier hero, visiting Dr. Crane and his family, gives it the touch of romance. The elder daughter is the villain of the piece, and her selfishness and dishonesty are punished in good old-fashioned style. Barbara is a sweet girl heroine of seventeen, worthy of winning the love of any man.

IN *A Sketch of Mother Mary Lawrence, F. M. M.*, by the Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, M.A.L. (Boston: Society of the Propagation of the Faith, 25 Granby Street) we find a flower of New England growth, blooming early in the field of the Chinese Missions. Marie Comtois, in religion Mother Mary Lawrence, was of French-Canadian stock settled in Worcester, Mass. She became a Franciscan Missionary of Mary in 1904 and in 1914 China was assigned as her portion of the vineyard. The mission of Chang Chung in Manchuria was confided to her care, but her years were to be short. In 1917 she closed a life beautified by spiritual and corporal works of mercy, at the age of thirty-three. A priest who knew her and gave her the last rites of the Church, said, when asked to write his impressions: "To do justice to a saint, in writing of her, the writer himself should be a saint." This American girl, when she saw the dire poverty of the Chinese poor, wished for the pennies she had spent for ribbons, ice cream, and candy. The story of her life is a mute appeal to other souls to deny self and follow the call of the Lover of souls.

THE road by which souls have traveled on their journey towards truth is perennially interesting: but it is not often that we may rejoice in following the footsteps of a convert from Judaism —one, too, thrilling with the glad enthusiasm of that greatest of adventures. This is the theme of *The Heavenly Road*, by Rosalie Marie Levy. It is divided into four parts: a short survey of the Jewish nation as the depository of the prophecies of the Messiah, the life of Jesus Christ as the fulfiller of these prophecies; next "What think ye of Christ?" the magnet of the millions through the ages who have followed Him; lastly what was Christ's mission? The earnest words of this convert are calculated to inspire traveling on "the heavenly road" with strength and perseverance until they too reach the "One Fold and the One Shepherd." This booklet may be obtained at 39 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Price 25 cents, postage, 5 cents.

GOOD OLD STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, selected by Elva S. Smith (Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd. $1.50 net). Miss Smith, as librarian of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, has great experience as to what sort of stories boys and girls like. These she has gathered from many sources. The charming illustrations of Miss Bridgeman, sometimes fairylike, sometimes weird, but always of the enchanted land, enhance the individuality of the characters of the various stories.

WE are pleased to notice a fourth and revised edition of a, *Student's History of the United States* by Channing. The book is published by the Macmillan Company (New York). It presents in a condensed way the history of the United States since the days of early discovery and settlement of the continent. The special value of this edition is that the book has been brought completely up to date, concluding with a summary of America's participation in the Great War.

VOLUME XV. of the *Dictionnaire Apologétique* (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne), among other articles, gives a complete study of "Modernism;" an exposition of "Monism," by Rev. P. Mallebranco, S.J., an article on the destruction of ancient "Monuments," by Paul Allard, and one by Godefroid Kuth on the "Middle Ages."

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1920 (New York: Benziger Brothers, 25 cents), contains many interesting articles by well-known writers, beautifully illustrated. We note especially "Blessed Joan of Arc—Saint-elect," by Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Walsh; "The Feasts of Our Holy Mother Church," by Rev. Edward Garesché, S.J.; "The Rosary," by Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O.P., and "Subiaco, The Cradle of the Benedictine Order," by Rev. Michael Ott, O.S.C.

AN attractive and useful gift book is the new "thin edition" of the *Manna of the Soul,* with Epistles and Gospels by Father Lasance (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00 to $4.75, according to binding).

THE New York Committee of the Fatherless Children of France, 11 West 46th Street, offers attractive cards of Christmas greetings at ten cents each. The price of one such card keeps one little war orphan in its mother's home for one day. Cards at $3.00 and $36.00 representing a month's and a year's support may also be had. The committee offers further a special calendar for 30 cents. The work of the Fatherless Children has the approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. Those who help these His little ones, will give assuredly to the Christmas Babe Himself.

Recent Events.

Russia.

The result of the month's military operations have been distinctly unfavorable to the anti-Bolshevist forces. They have suffered severe reverses on the three principal fronts. On the north and west Admiral Kolchak has been forced to retire on a wide line, and at this writing is even contemplating the abandonment of Omsk, the capital of the All-Russian Government. The civilian population of Omsk has already departed, and Kolchak has also ordered a preliminary evacuation of the city by the American hospital and such government departments as are not directly necessary to a military defence. It is intended to turn Omsk into a fortified town surrounded by trenches, but the Supreme Governor and the Government, as represented by the Council of Ministers, will remain.

Kolchak's withdrawal seems to have been caused by the recent departure of the Czech troops from the Siberian front. These forces, which deserted the Austrian armies early in the War and joined the Russians, have been in Siberia since the Bolshevist coup under Lenine and Trotzky, in opposition to which they placed themselves under Kolchak's command. They have recently been ordered back to Czecho-Slovakia by the Supreme Council at Paris, and the gap made by their departure afforded the Bolshevists the opportunity for a wide advance. Kolchak met the menace by ordering several regiments to the scene, but lack of transportation facilities made it impossible for these troops to arrive in time, and the retreat was decided upon.

General Yudenitch, who in our last month's account was apparently on the point of capturing Petrograd and had succeeded in wresting Gatchina, the strongest point south of Petrograd, from the Bolshevists, has since lost Gatchina and has been steadily pressed back by the Red armies, over a front of forty-seven miles. The failure of Yudenltch's advance has been ascribed to lack of supplies and men, and especially to his disappointment in not receiving aid from Finland. According to a late report, the Finns have decided to send to Yudenitch's assistance a force of 30,000 men in a new drive on Petrograd, but this is unconfirmed.

In the south Denikin has been forced to retire a short distance from Orel on the road to Moscow, and has met with a number of local reverses from the Bolshevists on bis whole front. In

addition he has been hampered by attacks in his rear by Bolshevist cavalry and on his western flank by the Ukrainian forces under General Petlurà. A recent report, however, is to the effect that the Ukrainians have been taken in the rear by a force of 30,000 Galicians in alliance with Denikin and that, as a consequence, Petlura intends to lay down his arms.

It has been sometimes asserted that Kolchak and Denikin aim to restore Tsarism or a Russian Monarchy, but the probability is that the aim of the anti-Bolshevist leaders is rather to restore Russia geographically; that the independence of Finland and Poland is only half-heartedly recognized by them, and that separation of the Baltic States is distasteful, since Kolchak, as head of the All-Russian Government, continues to think instinctively of these States as provinces of the Russian Empire. This policy has caused the Baltic States to withhold their aid. For, although opposed to the Soviet Government at Moscow, they are equally determined on existence independent of Russia.

As a consequence of this desire for autonomy, a conference of the Baltic States is now in session at Dorpet, Livonia. Delegates from Finland, the Ukraine, Poland, Letvia, Esthonia and Lithuania are in attendance. While Russia is also represented. The Bolshevist Government has been invited to send representatives to this conference to discuss the question of the exchange of prisoners of war, on which further negotiations are dependent. The conditions for an armistice with the Bolshevists have not yet been fixed by the conference, but the Baltic States have agreed on a neutral zone and have decided to ask the Allies to supervise it. The Allies are not represented at the Dorpet Conference, but are kept fully informed of its progress.

The representatives of the Baltic States have issued a long official statement explaining their attitude regarding their entry into negotiations with the Bolshevist Government. In this statement, which has been made public by the Esthonian Legation in London, representatives of these Governments point out that it is not their intention to intervene in the internal affairs of Russia. The *communiqué* concludes with the statement that these Governments are prepared to enter upon *pourparlers* with Russia, but that in order to safeguard their future, they earnestly request the great democratic States "to supervise the fulfillment of the treaty should peace be concluded" between them and the Bolshevists.

As a consequence of the disasters to the various anti-Bolshevist movements, radical changes in the Allied Russian policy are expected in many quarters. Rumors of a proposed parley with the Soviet Government are numerous, and these were given a cer-

tain countenance by a recent Guildhall speech by the British Premier. French statesmen are strongly opposed to such a parley with the Reds, believing that Bolshevism in Russia will fall of its own weight, sooner or later, and that those who aid in its downfall will have the greatest power in rebuilding Russia. If the Allies do not do this, France believes the Germans will, and therefore wants the Allies to continue to aid those forces opposed to the Soviets. Since Lloyd George's Guildhall speech, Bonar Law, the Government leader in the House of Commons, has assured that body that Great Britain has no intention of opening peace negotiations with Lenine and Trotzky until the House of Commons has had an opportunity to discuss the subject.

Rumania.

Despite the repeated demands of the Supreme Council that her troops evacuate Hungary, Rumania still continues her grip on that country, and is thus the most serious obstacle in the way of peace in Central Europe. The situation may be succinctly set forth by the statement that peace in Central Europe cannot be achieved till the Hungarian treaty is signed, that the Supreme Council will not sign a treaty with the present Hungarian ministry of Premier Friedrich, which it looks upon as a mere tool of Archduke Joseph, and hence has demanded the election of a new ministry, and finally that no fair elections can be held in Hungary till the Rumanian troops have been withdrawn. This Rumania has so far managed to avoid.

Rumania's answer to the last three notes of the Peace Conference has just been received in Paris and voted entirely unsatisfactory. In it, instead of the complete evacuation demanded by the Supreme Council, Rumania states that she is now withdrawing her troops to the River Theiss or Tisza, and says nothing about any further removal. What Rumania seeks to gain from the occupation of Hungary is to fix her boundary further west than it was fixed by the Peace Conference. The Thiess line lies far to the west both of the Peace Conference's line, and the one which the Rumanians hope eventually to establish. The various notes of the Supreme Council also insisted that Rumania recognize the fact that the value of the materials seized by her troops in Hungary must be deducted from the reparations due her, and also that she must sign the Austrian treaty or not be allowed to sign the Bulgarian treaty. Rumania's reply is evasive on these points.

Reports reaching Paris say that the Rumanians have begun to withdraw their troops from Budapest. They are evidently

moving back to the Theiss line. These reports say that much disorder accompanies the withdrawal from the Hungarian capital, and that "requisitions" are being conducted on an unprecedented scale.

Another aggression of Rumania is her recent announcement to the Supreme Council that she has annexed Bessarabia, a country about the size of Ireland, formerly belonging to Russia and still Russian in its customs and ideals, and apparently opposed, to a large extent, to union with Rumania. Since the armistice Rumanian troops have occupied this territory, and during the entire history of the Peace Conference, Rumania has been trying to have it allotted to her. The Conference favored a plebiscite, but this did not appeal to the Rumanians, who seemed to doubt their success under such a plan, and decided to make the best of their opportunity and boldly seize the country. As we go to press. elections are in full swing for the new Rumanian Parliament which will meet November 20th. The two hundred and forty seats to be filled in the Chamber of Deputies are being sought by two hundred and forty Liberal candidates, under the leadership of J. J. C. Bratiano, former Premier. It is significant that provision has been made for the representation of Bessarabia in the new Chamber. The opposition of M. Bratiano and also of his successor in the Premiership to the Peace Treaty as it now stands, and apparently the whole-hearted opposition of all Rumania to that document, is based on their refusal to subscribe to that clause of the Treaty recognizing the rights of minorities, whether by means of plebiscites or by autonomy.

It has frequently been asserted that there is a lack of honest coöperation among the Allies in dealing with Rumania. England and America stand firmly for obliging her to respect the orders of the Peace Conference. France and Italy have been accused of not being really so firm as they might be. This charge is borne out by the fact that the French newspapers generally are favorable to Rumania in the latest Hungarian controversy. France has economic ties with Rumania, and it is known that Italy is seeking to establish friendly relations with her as the new mistress of the Balkans, in view of a possible Italian conflict with Czecho-Slovakia and Serbia as a consequence of the Fiume incident.

Germany.

Reports as to internal conditions in Germany are somewhat conflicting. On the one hand the number of unemployed has been reduced considerably from month to month. On Au-

gust 30th, 301,000 unemployed were counted in one hundred and thirteen cities. On October 19th only 232,000 unemployed were counted in one hundred and seventeen cities, including Berlin and most of the large places. The Federal Labor Ministry calculates from these figures that there are about half a million unemployed in all Germany, while not six months ago it was nearly a million and a half. From talks with officials and labor leaders, competent investigators assign the following reasons for this comparatively favorable situation: First, employees have already gained a considerable increase in wages and other privileges all around. Second, they are tired of strikes, seeing their gains in wages swallowed by enforced idleness. Third, the reawakening of trade with foreign countries, which has already assumed a much larger proportion than is realized outside of Germany.

On the other hand the mark has reached the lowest value in its history, the American dollar at present being worth from thirty-five to forty marks, whereas, normally it is worth only four marks. Moreover, the introduction of the eight-hour day has crippled German industry in competing with countries where production is greater, and many businesses are on the verge of bankruptcy. To remedy this condition, however, German industrial leaders are counting on the compulsory eight-hour day being introduced into other countries, as it has already been introduced into the principal trades in England, and once the eight-hour day is universally accepted by all industrial countries, they believe that Germany will not find it difficult to compete again in the world's markets.

As a means of stopping emigration from Germany, which had been urged in some quarters as an economic necessity, the newspapers are calling attention to the recent report of the German Mining Commission sent to France to ascertain the extent of the damage done to French mines during the War. The Commission reports that the work of reconstruction will have to be done "from the ground up," and that the task is so great as to furnish work for all the unemployed in Germany for the next eight years.

On November 4th a ten-day cessation of all railway passenger traffic throughout Germany was put into effect by the Government, and since November 15th only trains absolutely necessary have been allowed to operate. This plan was decided upon in an effort to prevent a national catastrophe owing to lack of coal, and to safeguard the transportation of potatoes before the first frost comes, the trains being used to carry only these necessary supplies. The predicament is largely the result of protracted strikes in the rail-

way repair shops, which have prevented production of the rolling stock needed to offset the wastage caused by the War, and to take the place of the five thousand engines handed over to the Entente.

A committee of radical leaders has issued a manifesto, announcing that the general strike of all workers to support the metal workers in their protracted walkout has been abandoned, owing to the attitude of the Majority Socialists and of the trades unions. The metal worker's strike still continues, but Minister of Defence Noske has adopted very severe measures to prevent the outbreak of the general strike. Troops have occupied the headquarters of the Independent Socialists, and documents were seized which, it is said, prove Communist activity on the part of the Independents.

German Bolshevists who planned to observe the anniversary of Lenine's victory over Kerensky on November 7th, were foiled by Minister Noske. Sixty Independent Socialist and Communist leaders in Berlin were arrested, and processions which the radical element attempted to organize, were broken up by Government forces without trouble. In Munich, Hamburg and other large cities the anniversary of the Russian Red Revolution passed without incident.

The vital statistics of the German people during the War period have recently been published. The total German losses, including deaths from underfeeding due to the blockade, as well as the direct losses in the armies, are now placed by the official statisticians at 5,500,000. The report also shows the effect of the War upon the birth and death rates. In 1913 the number of babies born in Germany was 1,839,000, and as the deaths of the year amounted to 1,005,000 there was a gain of 834,000 in the population. By 1918, on the other hand, these figures were almost reversed. There were 1,630,000 deaths and only 945,000 births, so that there was a net excess of deaths over births of 885,000.

France.

The past month in France has been for the most part one of expectation rather than of action. The Supreme Council, it is true, has addressed notes to various countries—to late enemies such as Germany and to late Allies such as Rumania, both of which have paid equally scant heed to the Council's demands and remonstrances; but in the main the attitude has been that of waiting to see the result of the deliberations of the American Congress on the Peace Treaty. The Supreme Council on five different occasions has formally announced that on a certain day it would fix a date for the coming of official peace, and as many times has postponed

the date in the hope that America would be able to deposit her ratification at the same time as England, France and Italy, and perhaps Japan. In the event of the Treaty's rejection by America it is the general opinion of the French press that the League of Nations is doomed.

As a result of the long debates and proposed reservations of the American Senate, the formal deposit of ratification by the various countries who have already accepted the Treaty will, according to trustworthy information, be delayed no longer and will almost certainly be made before the end of November, no matter what action the Senate may take. The conclusion of the Peace Conference seems to have been definitely set for December 1st, a date chiefly determined by the American and British delegations who insist on leaving France at that time.

For the past few months European diplomats have been going ahead making plans in anticipation of the failure of the League. It has so happened that this work has been done largely without America, and the preparations for putting the Treaty into effect, have been made by those nations which have ratified it, namely, England, France and Italy. For some time it was the ordinary presumption that the Council of the League of Nations was to be more or less of a clearing-house for the execution of the Treaty. Several months ago there appeared one day an announcement of the creation of a new commission, one not named in the Peace Treaty. It was to be known as the Commission on Coördination, and to it were to report all the Commissions not tied to the League of Nations, and it, in turn, was to report to the different Foreign Offices. Four days later its name was changed to the "Commission for the Enforcement of the Peace Treaty." This Commission now stands to play the rôle it used to be supposed the Council of the League would play. It is to be one big, powerful piece of machinery for the enforcement of the Peace Treaty. It will be stronger than the Reparations Commission, for it will have all the powers given to the Reparations Commission and others in addition.

Elections for the French Parliament are now being conducted through the whole of France. After a lapse of nearly half a century Alsace-Lorraine will again be represented. Not a single candidate in the restored provinces has been found to go before the people as a protester against union with France or even as a neutralist.

M. Clémenceau is apparently fixed in his determination to quit party politics immediately after the general election. Whether he will accept the nomination to succeed President Poincaré at the

end of January, is still regarded as an open question, but the feeling is growing that he will not. What is generally believed is, that he will insist, if possible, on controlling the selection of his successor in such a way that Aristide Briand will not be able to get the nomination. In the early part of November the Premier appointed Captain André Tardieu to a Cabinet post. Until this appointment Briand was regarded as the only probable successor to Clémenceau. Tardieu was looked upon as a mere possibility. The latter's entry into the Ministry, however, has greatly improved his chances, and he is now considered as Briand's most dangerous rival.

Italy.

No solution has yet been found for the Fiume problem. Foreign Minister Tittoni's compromise plan proposed that Italy should be given most of Istria, as well as a certain suzerainty over the city of Zara in Dalmatia, with a considerable number of the Dalmatian islands, while Fiume itself and the surrounding territories would be a buffer state under control of the League. The mainland of Dalmatia, except Zara, would go to the Jugo-Slavs. This proposal has been rejected by the American Government as giving Italy a great deal of territory inhabited by enormous Slav majorities. Rumors are current to the effect that new proposals are to be made, the initiative being assigned to France in one report, while another has it that Italy has received from Lloyd George a pledge that a settlement of the Adriatic question, consistent with the honor of Italy and the interests of all the Allies, would be reached. Meanwhile disorders between D'Annunzio's troops and Italian regulars passing through Fiume have been reported, but details are withheld.

The result of the Italian elections, set for the middle of November, are awaited with great interest. The War and the new method of voting have brought about a great change in the class of candidates for the Chamber of Deputies. The electoral reform consists in voting not merely for a candidate representing one constituency, as was the case formerly, but for a list comprising from ten to twenty candidates who have the same aims and political programme. This reform has for object to prevent corruption, which was much easier when only one candidate had to be elected by a relatively limited number of electors. On the other hand, it has had the effect of eliminating from the lists many of the best known Deputies whose terms expire, such as Barzilau, ex-Minister and a delegate to the Peace Conference under Orlando, ex-Premier Sonnino, and others, who are unwilling to have their

names figure in lists of candidates with whom they cannot fully coöperate owing to differences of opinion. The two parties which are expected to make the largest gains are the Socialists and the Popular Party, or Catholics, as they are the only two parties which have constantly had a definite political programme, well organized and widely diffused. The other parties can hardly be called parties, as they are mere followers of a leader and are called after him, as, for example, Giolittiana (followers of Giolitti), followers of Orlando, Salandra, etc.

The Popular Party has a large programme of reforms, among them being wider popular education, energetic measures for the development of agriculture, so that Italy may produce what is necessary for her own consumption, and the entire reorganization of Italian industries to enable the nation to be less dependent upon imports. It also requests that the Government guarantee respect for the Church.

D'Annunzio has issued a proclamation to the citizens of Fiume setting the date of the Italian elections for the election of a Deputy representing Fiume in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. Commander Luigi Rizzo, formerly of the Italian navy and at present commander-in-chief of the D'Annunzio sea forces, is the candidate announced by the D'Annunzio bureau of information.

Hungary.

Conditions in Hungary continue to verge on desperation. In Budapest alone nine hundred thousand persons are out of work; scarcely any money is in circulation except Communist paper, which is practically worthless; clothes and the necessaries of life are almost unprocurable. The small peasant proprietors were alienated by the highhanded methods of the Bela-Kun Soviet régime, whose mismanagement in the cities closed the factories and in the country produced stoppage of the food supply. The capital is without coal and almost without food, pumpkins and watermelons being the only nourishment the great majority of the people can obtain. To these hardships have been added recent heavy snowfalls accompanied by severe cold.

Reports indicate that the suffering is very intense both in Vienna and Budapest because of lack of fuel and food. The situation is made worse in Budapest by the presence of the Rumanian troops, who are reported to be still seizing food-stuffs and supplies of all sorts, regardless of the warnings of the Supreme Council. The Allied Commission in Budapest has been unable to let the hospitals in Hungary have supplies for their patients because of the immediate seizure of these supplies by the Rumanians. Hence

large stocks of medicine and hospital equipment are held in storage in Budapest under an American guard, while Red Cross supplies originally intended for Budapest have been diverted elsewhere en route, to prevent them from falling into Rumanian hands. The people in Budapest are reported to be cutting down the trees in the parks and on the boulevards, and digging out the roots in an effort to get enough fuel.

The political situation also is in turmoil, and latest reports indicate that the Allies have taken energetic measures to bring it to order. Sir George Clerk, the Allied Emissary, has delivered on behalf of the Supreme Council at Paris, it is stated, an ultimatum to Premier Friedrich, whose government succeeded the short régime of Archduke Joseph, who in turn came into power on the downfall of the Soviet established by Bela-Kun. The ultimatum is said to notify Premier Friedrich that he must form a coalition cabinet within forty-eight hours, or must retire from the Premiership. The Supreme Council has taken the position that it is not prepared to negotiate a treaty with the present government of Hungary, holding that it is not properly representative of the nation. Count Albert Apponyi, the Magyar Nationalist leader and former Prime Minister of the Hungarian Kingdom, has accepted the presidency of the peace commission, which will go to Paris when summoned by the Supreme Council to negotiate the Hungarian peace treaty, but there is no indication that the Supreme Council will receive this commission.

Persistent reports for the last several months would seem to indicate that there is a widespread desire throughout Hungary for the restoration of the old monarchial form of government. Various names have been mentioned in this connection, the most frequent being that of the Archduke Francis Joseph Otto, eldest son of former Emperor Charles. The Duke of Connaught and King Ferdinand of Rumania have also been spoken of, the monarchist party having issued a statement saying that, while it is desirous of reëstablishing a kingdom, it does not favor the restoration to the throne of any member of the Hapsburg family. In the doubtful event of Archduke Francis' selection and the still more doubtful sanction of him by the Allies, he would assume the throne under some sort of regency by the State Council, as he has not yet reached his seventh birthday.

November 17th.

With Our Readers.

A LENGTHY and useful essay might just now be written on the forgetfulness and the blindness of the world. The nations apparently are so shaken with radicalism and revolution that they seem in danger of losing their very life. This is, we believe, only apparent: yet the evil is great and far-reaching: certainly serious enough to merit all the thought and action that we, who believe in the continuance of Christian civilization, can put to it.

* * * *

THE Great War brought us, as a people, back to many basic truths we had forgotten or neglected. Strange to say, the world saw again and accepted basic Catholic truth which it had long and often ridiculed and denied. Duty was once more enthroned in its high place. Previously, because duty was duty, it had been robbed of merit. In some perverse way the world had divorced the voluntary from duty, and had claimed, in a fatuous way, that only the former was meritorious and worthy. Lowell had sung the modern fallacy in his *Sir Launfal:* "He gives nothing but worthless gold who gives through a sense of duty." The nation-wide draft changed all this. A man's highest merit was his duty to his country—to serve not where he wished but where his Government found the best use for him—at home or overseas.

The Great War made fasting and mortification even fashionable. It pressed home to men the reality and the necessity of the Catholic truth underlying our eternal redemption by Christ—vicarious sacrifice. The youngest among us, the healthiest, the strongest, the bravest went out to die that we might live.

The world had forgotten: the world was forced once more to remember.

* * * *

THE War has passed. The heights to which we climbed we find too high and too lonely. We would return to the pleasanter valleys below: give over the strain and the tension—and live in peace. But the strain from which we thought ourselves free, has, in some way, possessed the valley also. We cannot escape it. The War still, in effect, endures. We cannot clearly analyze: we are at a loss to define, or to explain, but we find the valley from which we went forth to the hills, a changed place. The world is changed. How far is the change to go? Will the old peace ever reign again?

Does the present change mean practically a social revolution? Prophet indeed would be the man who could answer truthfully and definitely.

Not only do we know a great change has taken place but that mighty forces are battling each other, and upon the successful play of one or the other will depend the immediate future of nations and of civilization. No man may count himself unimportant in the struggle. It is a war into which every man, woman and child is drafted for service by the supreme call of God. No one is exempt. And as the war of physical fighting led the world to recognize its forgetfulness: led it to see the necessity and importance of basic truths, long scorned, may not this even greater war for the very life of Christian civilization lead many to recover ancient truths and renew ancient sacrifices?

* * * *

ONE may easily allow weak imagination to play the rôle of reason. The latter demands knowledge both of principles and of facts, and carries with it the heavy burden of concrete justice. Imagination shifts the burden from self and idly pictures two classes—those who support law and order, and those who do not. Under the former it categorically classifies all who stand for the present economic system: under the latter all who do not. It does not take pains to discriminate, nor to ask itself whether, in making such ill-considered classification, it does an injustice to law and order and to the very economic system which its seeks to maintain and defend.

How many, without regard to principle, stand for the present system because it protects them in their own injustices, their own violation of God's law, and their own evil doing? How many stand for it unintelligently, never seeking to amend its faults and thus strengthen it? Its evils are not only apparent but glaring. Leo XIII. pointed them out many years ago. If time has led the world to forget them, it does not mean the world has corrected them. They are as true and as apropos today as when first written. Leo XIII. spoke to a world which did not and does not recognize nor accept his authority. It is now being forced by other and harsher means to acknowledge his wisdom. Reading it now for the first time, one might readily believe the following introduction was written but yesterday:

"That the spirit of revolutionary change, which has long been disturbing the nations of the world, should have passed beyond the sphere of politics and made its influence felt in the cognate sphere of practical economics is not surprising. The elements of the conflict now raging are unmistakable in the vast expansion of indus-

trial pursuits and the marvelous discoveries of science; in the changed relations between masters and workmen; in the enormous fortunes of some few individuals, and the utter poverty of the masses; in the increased self-reliance and closer mutual combination of the working classes; as also, finally, in the prevailing moral degeneracy. The momentous gravity of the state of things now obtaining fills every mind with painful apprehension; wise men are discussing it; practical men are proposing schemes; popular meetings, legislatures, and rulers of nations are all busied with it—and actually there is no question which has taken a deeper hold on the public mind."

* * * *

THE serious evils and injustices the Encyclical points out still endure, only aggravated by the greater centralization of wealth. It will hardly be said that the world has grown more Christian since the Encyclical was written.

The continuation and increase of those abuses prove, at least, that many who claim to be such, are not the true supporters of law and order and justice. They regard the present system as a means of making all they can get; and, provided they escape successful prosecution by the civil law, they are doing "right." That is the simple canon of modern business. Therefore to group all who stand for modern business and for the entire economic system, without reservation, as defenders of law and order and Christian civilization is ill-advised to say the least.

In similar way many who are opposing present-day evils are not opposed to the present-day economic system. They believe in it but they wish it modified and perfected unto justice. Keenly alive to the growing evils that have fixed themselves upon it as excrescences, they realize that unless the evils are removed the system will be carried under by the weight of its own ills. Often they may be high-tempered, their language may be intemperate and highly colored, but the justice of their plea and the less fortunate ones in whose name they make it, ought to lead us to see their merit more readily. Our souls ought to be equally—and more—sensitive to abuses than theirs: our hands more ready to work for their removal. We are but injuring law and order and justice and the present economic system when we class them all indiscriminately as revolutionists.

* * * *

EXACT knowledge of aim and of motive is the handmaid to justice. And justice, however irksome, will alone promote truth. The radical and the revolutionist would be glad if the conservatives would drive into their camp those who might be

termed the honest liberals. And much of the far-flung radical propaganda has this very thing for its object—to label the defenders of the present system, defenders also of the evils which, in defiance of Catholic principles and Catholic teaching, have attached themselves to it.

In the alignment and the judging of forces there must therefore be the study and the reading that will enable us to know "what we are talking about." Much is heard today of the "parlor Reds," of those who talked more defiantly than they acted: who never dreamed their preachments would be reduced to action: but who now find that their doctrines have been logically interpreted by more practical followers. The ideas, the teachings, the dogmas which their forerunners circulated by the spoken and written word, have brought forth action and been incorporated into social and economic life. Ideas are not barren. The creeds of today are the deeds of tomorrow.

* * * *

THE Catholic Faith is not only a revelation concerning eternal life; it is a philosophy for temporal life. It directs not only the individual, but, through the individual, all human relations and all human society. God has made certain laws for the universe. While He abides with them, still they, as a rule, work their pre-ordained course. Christ our Lord has revealed divine truths and given them to the Church for safe-keeping. The Church gives them to us to carry out, and it is for us to study, to apply, to readjust. It is for us to know their application which is their philosophy. The Church does not inaugurate or create philosophy: it stimulates, protects and safeguards it. It never put into execution the inevitable sequence of the truth, that Christ died for all, namely that all men are equal. Rightly and wisely it allowed men to see and declare the liberty of man; the freedom of the slave; the integrity of the family; the onward march to Christian democracy.

Under her inheritance there rests upon us the need of constant study first of her principles and her teachings, secondly, of the application of them to the life of our day. Human nature may never change: but human life in its infinite readjustments is always changing. It is changing now with kaleidoscopic rapidity. To anticipate and to measure, require watchfulness, knowledge. The great Catholic truths are the magnet which draws in right direction all these forces, tendencies, conditions and impulses. If ideas always precede and guide actions, we may easily see our duty in the premises. We also ought to know and to read: we also ought to speak and cast broadcast our inestimable inheritance—

to combat the idealistic and evil-breeding preachments of parlor Socialists and zealous revolutionists.

The growth of Catholic schools of sociology; of Catholic service schools; the increase of Catholic book and pamphlet literature on the subject are hopeful encouraging signs. Every parish ought to have its reading circle and study club. Every Catholic ought both to support and interest himself in such reading matter. If, in any great measure this were done, would we not send forth into modern society those ideas of Catholic teaching—old yet new—which by their divine strength would not only appeal but captivate and lead to far-reaching Catholic action.

THE advertisements of new books concerning communications with the dead are pitiful evidence of both the need of personal faith in a living God and the lack of it. For the Catholic the Communion of Saints is a living truth. We are all made one in Christ and through Christ with the Father. This is a fact—not to be made so at some future date and after death—but by the power of Christ, here and now. It is the forgetfulness of this fact that has made the world forget God. Man is so poor and God is so generous. The medium in which He gives us life with Him is Christ, His Divine Incarnate Son. By reason of his faith a Catholic knows he lives with God and also with his beloved dead, because they also live with God. The integrity of time and eternity: of this life and the life to come: of his loved and loving ones here and hereafter, is by that Faith preserved and perfected.

* * * *

THE life of God for man is the imitation of Christ. Christ as Man accepted not only the will of God: but He bowed His sacred Head even to the will of man. He came to do the will of the Father Who sent Him. He never sought to anticipate it. In this He gave a supreme example of a supreme truth—that belief in God exacts acceptance of and confidence in His will. To strive to anticipate it: to strive to lift the veil from a future which He has decreed to be dark, is fundamentally to question His right as our Creator and His will as our God. The first of the Ten Commandments is the basis of all the others. Weaken that, and the whole structure of one's obedience is weakened.

* * * *

THE cult of spiritism and spiritualistic séances and all and everything connected with them is an index of the lack of faith in God. They who walk without Him give themselves to everything that in turn gives promise of supplying His absence. Superstitions, charms, taboos multiply: and those who refuse to

accept the magnificent reasonable truths of Christianity give credence to paltry, inconsequential and unreasonable beliefs.

* * * *

THE grave importance of the whole question should lead us not only to watch against, but positively avoid, everything that urges or tempts us to know the future. Little may be thought of fortune-telling. Many who indulge in it call it trivial; they claim not to consider it as serious. It is a pleasant contest of clever guessing. But is it not true that every one of us is more or less affected by what is told us of our future? No question is more interesting to everyone of us. Our souls are open-eared at once when the word is mentioned. Our own fears and ambitions have already made them superlatively sensitive. When prophecy falls upon them we at least have the burden of rejecting it and assuring ourselves we give it no credence. And this burden is ours even though it be but the reading of palms, or of a teacup or an upturned cut at cards. The cultivation of positive faith in God and His providence through all the mazes and tragedies of life is difficult enough. We are not free to handicap it even in the slightest way. We are not free to think ourselves so certain of absolute trust in Him that we can afford to juggle with necromancy.

* * * *

GOD has divine, infinite concern for our souls and our bodies, for our present and our future. To prefer any other means to Him is certainly questioning and endangering that intimate personal trust and love that should bind us to Him. To live up to, to walk with a large-hearted, big-minded human friend taxes every power we have. To live worthy of him, we often feel, is quite beyond our best powers. We can but give him, we say, what we have and this we give gladly.

To walk with God is to walk with Divine Omnipotence. To give Him absolute trust and utmost confidence is the first condition of divine companionship. Then through His divine power He will raise us up to heights that of ourselves we could never attain. It is worth while to let Him work His holy will in us—whatever it may be. And thus our hearts shall possess what it was never possible, in their brightest dreams of the future, to conceive.

IN the September, 1919, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we spoke of the missionary call from the East and how Maryknoll had and would continue to answer it. Father Francis Xavier Ford, a graduate of Maryknoll, speaks of how compelling that call is even in the silence of the night at Yeungkong, China:

"Benedicte, Stellæ Cæli, Domino.—The sky at night is a won-

derful gift of God to us. Especially these cool crisp nights when its blue is deeper and the stars seem close and compel our admiration. It is all so peaceful, so removed from grosser life, God-like in its silent speed and gentle power.

"It is a nightly call to thoughts of the foreign missions. Even to the natural man it brings the questioning thought of what the other half of the world is doing. Even the purse-proud feel small in presence of its majesty. It makes us all so childish in our puny might, and purifies and clarifies our relations with the universe.

"It takes our thoughts from self and selfish seeking, and as though in contrast with its cold spirituality, it warms us to our fellow-man. The twinkling lamps of the hillside homes or city streets are mellowed in our thoughts and we feel grateful for their warmth.

"To the missioner its silent appeal is bewitching. The familiar stars watching over a strange land are links with home. They are His comforting angels—God's eyes that watch with Him, that aid Him in his review of the day's work, that teach him peace, perhaps, when the heat of the day and the drain on his smiles have been trying.

"They reassure Him that the world is God's, though men may not heed Him; they promise by their steady light to praise the Lord and give Him glory while the few worshippers in the heathen night are sleeping."

"IT makes one's heart bleed to read the appeals of the missionaries among the negroes in our South—and to realize how helpless we are to send them more than a mere pittance." So speaks an appeal from the Catholic Mission Board for work among the colored people.

That Board at present pays the salaries of one hundred and forty-nine sisters and of fourteen priests. The salary paid the latter is only $15 per month—so that the "overhead" must be slight indeed. Indeed the entire monthly payroll is only $3,240. Yet the Board has difficulty to meet this. It yearns to be able to extend its efforts, for the need is pitiable. Therefore the appeal goes to the Catholics of America. The office of the Board is One Madison Avenue, New York City.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
The Next Step in Democracy. By R. W. Sellars, Ph. D. $1.50. *Storm in a Teacup.* By E. Phillpotts. *Second Report of the Joint Commission on the Book of Common Prayer Appointed by the General Convention of 1913.* $1.50. *The Wild Swans at Coole.* By W. B. Yeats. $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
A Short History of Rome. By G. Ferrero and C. Barbagallo. $1.90 net. *Voltaire and His Letters.* Translated by S. G. Tallentyre. $3.50 net.

THE FOUR SEAS CO., Boston:
Ibsen in England. By M. A. Franc. $2.00 net. *Poems.* By E. Curran. $1.00 net. *The Soothsayer.* By V. von Heidenstam. $1.25 net. *Séances with Carlyle.* By E. Macleod, A.M. $1.25 net.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:
Tales from the Secret Kingdom. By Ethel M. Gate. $2.00. *The Policeman and the Public.* By A. Woods, A.M. $1.35.

FREDERICK PUSTET & CO., New York:
Præfatio in Missis Defunctorum. Præfationes in Festis et Missis Votivis. S. Joseph, Spousi B.V.M.

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION, New York:
American Marriage Laws in Their Social Aspects. By F. S. Hall and E. W. Brooke.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
The Old Freedom. By Francis Neilson. $1.00.

CLARK & FRITTS, New York:
Old-Fashioned Verses. By Wm. T. Hornaday.

MARSHALL JONES CO., New York:
Walled Towns. By Ralph A. Cram, LL.D. $1.25.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:
Our America. By Waldo Frank. $2.00 net.

THE ABINGDON PRESS, New York:
A History of Latin America. By W. W. Sweet. $3.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
The Homestead. By Z. Humphrey. $1.90 net. *The Betrayers.* By H. Drummond. $1.90 net. *Labor in the Changing World.* By R. M. MacIver.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
Jeremy. By H. Walpole. $1.75 net. *Sunrise From the Hill-Top.* By B. Barmby. *Simonetta.* By E. Lefèvre. $1.50 net.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
The Old Madhouse. By Wm. C. Morgan. $1.90 net.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:
Poems. By J. C. Squire. $1.50 net. *Books in General.* By S. Eagle. $2.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
War in the Garden of Eden. By K. Roosevelt. *American Painting and Its Traditions.* By J. C. Van Dyke. $2.50.

THE PAGE CO., Boston:
Famous Generals of the Great War. By C. H. L. Johnston. $2.00 net. *The Business Career of Peter Flint.* By H. Whitehead. $1.50 net. *Celebrated Spies and Famous Mysteries of the Great War.* By G. Barton. $2.00 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
Health Through Will Power. By J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. $1.50 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., Boston:
Life of Dante Alighieri. By C. A. Dinsmore. $2.50 net. *The Philosophy of Conflict.* By H. Ellis. $2.50.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Boston:
The League of Nations. By Stephen P. Duggan.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia:
Winona's Way. By Margaret Widdemer. $1.35 net.

COMMITTEE ON SPECIAL WAR ACTIVITIES, NATIONAL CATHOLIC WAR COUNCIL, Washington, D. C.:
A Program for Citizenship.

EXTENSION PRESS, Chicago:
The Reformation. By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. $1.25.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., Chicago:
Good Cheer. By Humphrey J. Desmond. 60 cents.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., Indianapolis:
Bolshevism and the United States. By Charles E. Russell. $1.50 net.

KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka:
Twenty-first Bi-ennial Report of the Kansas Board of Agriculture.

BURNS & OATES, London:
Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War. By Rev. W. McDonald, D.D. 9*s.*

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PRESENT WAGES AND PRICES.[1]

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

ONE of the statements in the Social Reconstruction Programme of the National Catholic War Council is that the present level of wages should not be reduced, except in a small number of cases. That statement received considerable criticism at the time the Programme was issued. I do not think it is receiving so much criticism now. The reasons given for that declaration were three. First, that wages have not on the whole increased faster than the cost of living since 1913; second, that the average level of wages now, high as it is, is not above a living wage in the great majority of instances; third, that even if it were true that the majority of workers are getting more than a living wage, there are no good reasons why their remuneration should be reduced.

The first reason given in the Programme is that wages have not increased faster than the cost of living since the beginning of the War. When that was published, there were no statistics of current wages which were at all general. It was known that high wages prevailed in certain industries, such as the shipping industry and other industries having to do with war supplies, but there was no scientific or statistical information available. Recently, however—within the last two weeks—

[1] One of a series of lectures delivered at the Fordham School of Social Service on the Catholic Programme of Social Reconstruction.

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some rather general and fairly representative figures have been published concerning the present level of wages. In the light of these we can judge of the correctness of the statement in the Council's Programme that wages have not increased faster than the cost of living. There are sufficient statistics to form a fair approximation to the truth, and to produce some confidence in the judgment that was pronounced in regard to the rise in wages and the rise in the cost of living.

The Council's Programme stated that the cost of living had risen at least seventy-five per cent since 1913; that is, from 1913 until January or February, 1919. The recent figures given by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics indicate that the rise in the cost of living from 1913 to December, 1918, was about seventy-four per cent; so that the statement in the Council's Programme was not far out of the way. They show, further, that the rise in the cost of living from 1914, just before the War began, to June, 1919, was seventy-five per cent: that is the general average throughout the country. No one pretends, at least in the Bureau of Labor Statistics, that these figures are based on complete knowledge of all the important influences or elements that enter into the cost of living. All that can be claimed is that these are the prices of a sufficiently large number of commodities to be fairly representative of what the cost of living is, and that the figures have been gathered in a sufficient variety of cities and towns in the country to justify putting them down as a general average.

Now as to wages: The National Industrial Conference Board published recently a statement of the weekly increase in wages in eight industries between September, 1914, and March, 1919—about the same period covered by the cost of living statistics. The increase in wages for male workers varied from sixty-two per cent to one hundred and ten per cent, or an average of eighty-five per cent. That is ten per cent more than the increase in the cost of living. The wages of females increased sixty per cent to seventy-five per cent, or an average of sixty-six per cent. It may be interesting to know what industries these were, so that we may have some idea of the importance of these figures as representing the remuneration which prevails among large classes of workers. The industries are metals, cottons, wool, silk, boots and shoes, paper, rubber and chemicals. These are manufacturing industries.

The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics has published the hourly earnings in eleven large industries, four of which are about the same as four of those in the list of the Industrial Conference Board. In these eleven industries, wages increased between 1914 and 1919 from fifty-one per cent to one hundred and fourteen per cent, an average of seventy-five per cent, which was the same as the increase in the cost of living. The Bureau also published the figures for wages in two other industries, namely, anthracite coal and bituminous coal. The increase in wages in the former is only fifty per cent; and the latter only thirty per cent.

Hence the coal miners who are on strike now, and who have been giving the Government considerable trouble because of the strike, have some just claim to an increase in wages. Since 1914 their wages have increased only thirty per cent, and the general cost of living has gone up seventy-five per cent. Probably the cost of living has not risen seventy-five per cent in the regions in which these coal miners live. Rents probably have gone up only slightly with them, and perhaps some other items have not increased anything like seventy-five per cent; but, even after we make all due allowance for these exceptions, we still find the increase in their wages rather meagre as compared with the increase in the cost of living. They have not had an increase in wages since 1917, and we know that the cost of living has increased considerably since that time.

These statistics of increases in wages bear out fairly well the declaration of the Council's Programme that wages have not, on the whole, increased faster than the cost of living between 1914 and 1919. The probability is that there has been a slight excess in the increase in wages over the cost of living, taking the country as a whole, but it is not alarming, and it is not nearly as great as many people think. There have been enormous increases in the remuneration of certain classes; but when we talk about a general rise in wages, we are not talking accurately unless we have the results of a very large and very representative set of figures and investigations.

The second reason which the Council's Programme gives for not reducing wages is that, for the most part, the present level of wages is not in excess of what is required for a reasonable and decent cost of living. In the eight industries described

by the National Industrial Conference Board, the average weekly wage for males last March was $23.37: that is a little less than four dollars per day, and four dollars per day is scarcely a living wage for a family in the cities today; most authorities would say that five dollars are required, and some would make the estimate higher. The average wage for females was $12.23 per week in these eight industries. That, I think, is not an excessive living wage for women in cities now. In Washington a few months ago I helped to fix wages for women in the printing and publishing trades there, to comply with the new minimum wage law. We agreed upon $15.50 per week. That figure was recommended unanimously by the men representing the employers, the girls representing the employees, and the persons representing the general public. A little later, under the same law in the same city, the same kind of a representative group fixed a wage of $16.50 for girls in the mercantile industry. This was considerably higher than any minimum wage fixed by any public body in the United States. I think the next highest is $14.00.

In the twenty-seven large industries covered by the Labor Bureau survey, forty-eight per cent of the males got less than fifty cents per hour, and fifty-six per cent of the females got less than thirty cents per hour at the beginning of 1919. Working for fifty cents an hour for ten hours a day yielded the worker $5.00 per day, which is about a living wage. If he worked only eight hours he would have but $4.00. Thirty cents per hour for a ten-hour day, means $3.00 per day or $18.00 per week. That would be a living wage for women. If they work only eight hours a day, the wage would be $14.40 per week, which is probably a living wage in most cities. Therefore, I conclude that the statement in the Council's Programme, to the effect that the present rates of wages are not, on the whole, above a living level is fairly well substantiated by what statistics we have.

The third reason given for not reducing the present rate of wages is that, even though the present rates of wages are in excess of a living wage, there is no good reason for reducing them. The Programme points out, in the first place, that no Catholic authority maintains that a living wage in every case is a completely just wage. The question of what constitutes a fully just wage is a tremendously difficult one; I do not know of

any one who pretends to have answered it. I do not know how any one would go about forming a set of standards or rules, by which to determine with anything like accuracy, what would be a completely just wage in the case of any group of workers. As a matter of fact, when people talk about certain workers or classes of workers getting exorbitantly or outrageously high wages, all that they have in mind is that these wages are much greater than these persons were accustomed to receive. Of course, that proves nothing. If we took custom as a basis to determine the measure of justice, we never could increase the wages of even the poorest paid and the most sweated classes.

The industrial resources of our country are apparently great enough to give all the workers at least living wages, and quite a considerable portion of them something more. So long as that is the case, so long as we have the resources, there cannot be conclusively demonstrated any reason why the present rate of wages should fall, even though they be more than living wages in the majority of cases. As a matter of fact, the majority are not receiving more than living wages. Even if they were, it is impossible to show that these wages should be reduced as a matter of justice. Moreover, there are some good economic reasons why they should not be reduced.

Generally speaking, the higher the levels of wages are in a country at any given time, the better will be the conditions of business. High wages mean a large demand for goods by the masses, and this in turn means great activity of production. I do not say that this is always true, but merely that we can lay it down as a general proposition that a condition of high wages is better for business than a condition of low wages. Hence, there does not seem to be any reason from the side of either justice or economics why present rates of wages should be lowered, taking them as a whole. Some extraordinarily high wages are being paid in certain occupations, but these will be brought down in time by the force of competition. In some cases, indeed, these exceptionally high wages will continue, for the reason that the occupation is not popular with wage-earners, and will not attract them unless the wages are what we should call extraordinarily high.

Suppose that wages should be reduced considerably: who

is going to benefit thereby? For the most part the benefits will go to some employers, to the least efficient particularly, and to the more comfortable class of the consumers, who are not themselves wage-earners. The wage-earners will lose by the reduction in wages more than they will gain through the fall of prices. Inasmuch as the worker does not consume all that he produces, the gain from lower prices is shared by others, whereas a reduction in wages is borne by himself alone. Measuring in a rough way the comparative claims of the different classes, we are justified in concluding that the wage-earners have a greater claim to be favored in this matter than the comfortable classes of consumers and the least efficient among the employers.

This is a tremendously difficult problem, and it is regrettable that we cannot discuss it at length, in order to give some idea of the task that will confront industrial society for a long time to come, that of trying to adjust fairly the remuneration of the different classes of workers in the community, and trying to weigh adequately the claims of the consumers as against the producers. In relation to any given commodity, the consumers are mainly a different class from the producers, and between the two there is a real antagonism. No one, so far as I know, has discovered any formula which will enable us to say when the producer is exploiting the consumer by getting too much wages, and yet wages come ultimately from the consumer.

Our second problem concerns itself with the reduction of prices. As already pointed out, prices have increased, that is, the general cost of living increased seventy-five per cent between June, 1914, and June, 1919. I might say that there was a further increase from June to September, but since September there has been apparently a slight decline, so that the present range of prices (November, 1919) is probably a little higher than that of June. With regard to this problem of high prices, the Council's Programme says that a general policy of government fixing of prices would probably not be effective, because public opinion is not ready for it, and because Congress is still less inclined to do anything of the sort. We had some government price-fixing during the War in the matter of wheat, fuel, and a few other commodities. So far as it went and for the purpose for which it was instituted it was a fair suc-

cess. Remember I say "for the purpose for which it was instituted." That purpose was to prevent extortionate prices, or notably extortionate prices, on the one hand, and to increase the amount of products on the other. Therefore, the price was put pretty high; it was put high enough to induce people to raise wheat, for example, who would not have done so otherwise. The same rule applied in the case of coal.

People who complained that the price of coal fixed by the fuel administration was out of all proportion to anything that prevailed before, should have remembered that one purpose of this price-fixing was to guarantee to the owners of mines, producing at a high cost, a sufficient reward to induce them to continue operating. The mines, for instance, in West Virginia from which the product has to be hauled to the railroad in wagons, began again to produce, and did produce a good deal because the price was high enough to enable them to make a profit. For the mines with better facilities of production this price meant unusual profits. Yet the price was not fixed as high by the Government as it would have been if the determination of it had been left to competition. The same thing holds good in the case of wheat. We thought the price of wheat was extraordinarily high at $2.20 per bushel, for it was a much greater price than wheat had sold for during the preceding ten years; but it induced farmers to produce wheat who could not afford to do so otherwise: moreover, $2.20 was considerably less than would have prevailed in 1918 and 1919 in the absence of government action.

Nevertheless this remedy would be scarcely effective in times of peace. The persons who produce any article, as wheat, coal, cotton, wool, or anything else, do not produce at the same cost. The question is, according to which of the varying costs is the price to be fixed? It should yield a fair profit to the producer; but to which producer? To the one best situated? In that case, the least efficient producer cannot produce at all. Perhaps it is not a concern of the Government whether many or a few are enabled to continue in business. That is one thing, but it is quite another thing for the Government to come in and say: "We realize that people do not want you to produce any more and we are going to fix the price so that you cannot do business." That would be a serious responsibility for any government to take, and perhaps more than any government

is willing to take. As things are, the Government is not responsible for the high cost to the producer, and if he is driven into bankruptcy that is none of the Government's business; but if the Government fixed the price which drove the high-cost producer into bankruptcy, it would be to some extent responsible. That is the serious responsibility which confronts any government that attempts to fix prices in time of peace. It must make the price so high that everyone can make some profit, the more efficient producers an enormous profit, or fix it so low that only those will be able to continue in business who are most efficient and whose product the country needs, or it must strike some average between the two, in which case some of the high-cost producers will be driven out of business, and the Government will be then responsible. The question might then reasonably be raised whether the Government ought not to compensate the latter for the losses inflicted upon them.

The Federal Government and some of the city governments have been trying the remedy of prosecuting profiteers. With a great blare of trumpets that policy was announced a few months ago, and great hopes were raised that it would succeed in materially reducing the cost of living. It has not materially reduced it as yet; it may have had some slight influence in that direction. It has frightened, somewhat, a great many unscrupulous dealers and producers who were ready to boost prices still further and who had the power to do it. The prosecution by the Department of Justice of profiteers of this kind probably prevented some prices from being as high as they would have been if that had not been done. We cannot, however, expect that this method will reduce prices to any great extent, because the high level of prices, on the whole, is not caused by profiteering.

Another remedy would be greater production. When the world gets down to the business of producing goods again at about the rates at which it produced before the War, we can look for a considerable reduction in the prices of commodities.

The Council's Programme mentions monopolies as one of the causes of high prices of some commodities. The Programme does not recommend any particular means of dealing with monopolies, and I do not know of anyone that has any

confident recommendation for meeting this problem. The consumer is compelled to pay unnecessarily high prices through one combination getting control of a certain commodity or, more frequently, through a number of different combinations or concerns coming to an agreement among themselves as to what the price shall be. That, I say, is more frequent than the other form. It prevails in many lines of retail merchandise. Certain staple groceries are sold at the same price in all the stores of the city. That does not happen by accident. Sometimes all that is necessary to effect an agreement of this kind is to have a central "bureau of information," as it is euphemistically called. From this bureau a man with a telephone at his elbow communicates with each of the stores and gives them the prices quoted for the day, and they act accordingly. That is what a monopoly means: concerted action to fix prices. What can be done about that? I don't know. The remedy of the Government fixing a maximum price is one commonly advocated, but for the reasons I have already given, and for many other reasons, that does not seem to be an adequate remedy.

The Council's Programme suggests that the policy of government competition should receive more attention than it has as yet received. That is a rather radical method, but we may have to come to it. It has been instituted in a small way in some States of the West. In my own State of Minnesota, some thirty years ago, the farmers who were in control of the legislature enacted a law providing that prisoners in the State Penitentiary at Stillwater should be employed making the twine which the farmers use in binding grain at harvest time. The prison-made twine was sold at four cents a pound less than the price of the twine made by the private manufacturers. More recently the State has gone into the business of manufacturing a whole line of harvesting machinery in the State prison. Of course, the effect has been to keep the price of the prison-made machines below what it would have been if farmers were obliged to get them from the private concerns. And the privately manufactured machines are likewise sold at a lower price in Minnesota, owing to the State competition. There seems to be no good reason why that principle should not be extended, if no other method seems adequate to restrain the rapacity practiced by monopolies, and through agree-

ments between firms that ought to be competing with one another.

The Council's Programme recommends as the best remedy for high prices the organization of coöperative stores. That has been found to be a very effective device in England, and a very effective method of benefiting the consumers, especially the poorer classes of consumers, even when the prices are not excessively high. The method is very briefly this: a group of persons in a community get together and organize a consumers' mercantile concern. It is a joint stock company, but every stockholder has one vote and no more than one, no matter how many shares of stock he holds; so that the thing is extremely democratic. The store sells its goods at about the same rates as the privately-owned stores, but the profits from the sales are distributed among the consumers as a dividend on purchases. The consumers who are stockholders get interest on their investment—five per cent I believe is the usual figure in England—but in addition to that they get a dividend on the purchases and out of the profits of the concern; so that the saving which the consumer makes is not in the way of cheaper goods at the time he buys them, but in the way of this rebate or dividend which he gets every three months. That, in substance, is the scheme.

It is a great education in democracy, in saving, in thrift, and a great training in the art of coöperation. It makes for altruism as against selfishness; it gives men self-respect when they find they are, after all, able to do something in the way of managing a business concern, when the truth comes home to them that business ability is not something to be found only in a few human beings, but that there is a certain amount of it in everybody. From this experience they acquire more confidence in themselves, train themselves to take more interest in social affairs as against their own private, selfish affairs. This consumers' coöperation would prepare the workers for the day when they could combine to produce things, as well as to own stores. Many of us believe that the workers will not forever be content to be merely wage-earners. Many of us believe that they should be the owners and managers of the tools which they work, and that the only way of preparing them for this is through these coöperative stores.

The beneficial effects of coöperative stores in reducing

prices could be greatly increased through coöperative marketing associations organized by the farmers. A whole army of unnecessary middlemen could be eliminated if the farmers were organized so that they could sell directly to the consumers. Both classes would be immensely benefited.

In spite of all these remedies, prices will continue to be pretty high, at least they will not recede to their pre-war level, for a good while; for the principal cause of high prices is the increase in the volume of currency in circulation. Prices are high mainly because the purchasing power of the dollar is low. The purchasing power of the dollar is low because we have too much money in circulation for the amount of business that is to be done. Practically all economists are agreed in accepting what is called the quantitative theory of money, which holds that if the quantity of money increases faster than the amount of business to be done, prices must go up, since money is becoming cheaper. Remember that money is not a fixed measure like a yardstick, which always remains three feet in length. Money is subject to the law of supply and demand. For many years the supply of gold has been increasing too rapidly, and during the War we have had inflations of currency and too many substitutes for money. So long as this condition continues the dollar will be cheap, and everything for which it is exchanged will be dear.

A POLISH MYSTIC ON THE NATIONAL RESURRECTION.

BY MONICA M. GARDNER.

"THE better hour is now near, the second spring in our lives, another youth. Poland will give us back; will give us back what we have lost for her—joy, fire, the heart's health."

Thus Zygmunt Krasinski, the Anonymous Poet of Poland, expressed the innermost conviction of his soul, to an intimate friend more than seventy years ago in the darkest moments of his country's history when, rent by persecution, abandoned by Europe to her doom, Poland was, seemingly, the outcast of the nations.

But another calling than that of defeat and dereliction was foretold to her and urged upon her by her great poet-mystics through those terrible years when the Rising of 1830 was being avenged in blood and in the tears of the countless prisoners and exiles of Poland. The nation's death was, in the extravagant language of Zygmunt Krasinski, but as Christ's, the prelude to a glorious resurrection. Her shame was the folly of the cross whose triumph shall blaze forth from horizon to horizon. Her sufferings were the penal fires through which she needs must pass, ere she stand transfigured before the world in a new era of justice, purchased by her purgation and initiated by her restoration to freedom.

We do not propose to dwell upon the complex, tortured personality of the Anonymous Poet who gave his country her most inspired form of national mysticism. That mysticism, itself, is our immediate concern. We will merely indicate certain features of his spiritual biography that explain the nature of his teaching. Out of an abyss of private and patriotic pain, his name unrevealed by reason of the tragedy which ruined his life, he evolved the message to his own people and to the human race that is being verified in so remarkable a manner by present events. When a boy of eighteen Krasinski saw, in 1830, the desperate rising of his nation for liberty. For the rest of his life, till he died at the age of forty-seven, his burning patriotism was confronted with the spectacle of his country

being done to death under the heel of Asiatic revenge. Inevitably, the first fruits of Krasinski's genius, the masterpiece of his early youth, was the drama named, in the bitterness of his soul, the *Undivine Comedy*, in which despair is only redeemed by its final cry of *Galilæe vicisti*. Yet it is significant that this, the only great work of the Anonymous Poet that can be charged with pessimism, is not national, but sociological. The agony of Poland was being enacted before the eyes of her devout son: the moral he derived therefrom was hope, resurrection, love.

In the beginning his outlook was not fully defined. It is true that in *Iridion*, the noble play that follows the *Undivine Comedy*, Krasinski pleads with his compatriots that the hatred of a persecuted nation for her persecutor leads to death, and that love, the only constructive power of the universe, alone can save the conquered. To protect author and reader from the Russian dungeon and Siberia, the purport of the drama was disguised as the conflict between Rome and Hellas. It closes thus, in the Coliseum: "And the sun rose above the ruins of Rome and there was none to tell me where were the traces of my Thought. But I know that it lasts and lives." *Iridion*, however, does not contain the clearly conceived and definite moral of Krasinski's later teaching. It involves one aspect of it, but no system. Krasinski's own soul was still swept by fires of hatred for the oppressors of his country. *Iridion's* vindication of the triumph of love over vengeance, was the poet's well-nigh reluctant surrender to his own higher voices. "Logic, necessity," he writes to a friend, "led the author to this conclusion. What is, is. Not our caprices rule the world, but Divine reason."

For years after the completion of *Iridion*, Krasinski wandered in intolerable spiritual darkness. The problem, ever before his and his nation's eyes, of a hideous injustice perpetrated against a defenceless people with no sign of help from heaven, shook his faith. In the opening lines of his poem *Dawn* he tells how: "At first I trusted that the God of pitying love, after days but few, would send avenging angels from on high, and burst that grave that stands before the world. But the days passed by, passed by the years. In vain dawn struggled with the blind strength of night. Then sank my soul into that chaos of doubt where all light is changed into eternal

night. And from all the cycle of those lived out days one inscription standeth: *There is no hope here.*"

But he never ceased to search for the truth that should save his people and interpret the enigma of God's providence. Through anguish and travail, after he had walked, as he says in *Dawn*, through hell, at last there rose upon his sight the Orient, and the mysteries he had so long wrestled with were made manifest to him. He gazed, with undimmed vision, upon an up-rising, only possible because preceded by pain and death. He saw it with the eyes of a poet, and, as a poet, hymned it in *Dawn*, the song of his spiritual rebirth, and in the more concrete *Psalms of the Future* and *Resurrecturis*. Taking Krasinski's poetry alone, we may regard him as an idealist, a dreamer, as, in fact, a great poet. His prose writings and the many letters in which he bares his soul to his intimate friends, disclose him as a philosopher and thinker who, for all his agony of yearning for some revelation upon the mystery of his country's fate, would accept no solution that did not commend itself, first of all, not to his heart, but to his reason.

What were the facts with which Krasinski was constrained to grapple? His nation had been torn in three, blotted out from the land of the living by what has been well termed one of the greatest crimes of history. Krasinski had been "born in fetters," to quote the famous line of Mickiewicz, referring to himself. His school and college days in Warsaw were passed in an atmosphere seething with hopeless struggles to save the last vestiges of the rights of the Kingdom of Poland that ended in the outbreak of 1830. Then came the years succeeding the downfall of the Rising. The country became a scene of death, parting and desolation. Prisons, mines and convict settlements in Siberia were filled with Poles too numerous to be counted. The religious faith, nationality, language, literature of Poland were treated as a penal offence. The children and youth of Poland were prohibited by law from learning their own history and traditions, forbidden to be brought up as Poles. Only the unbroken power of the national ideal, fostered by the secret teaching of the poets of Poland, could have preserved life in this oppressed people who seemed doomed to perish.

The national and spiritual guides of Poland faced

no abstract difficulties, but matters involving the actual existence of their country. How justify the Divine Providence that left unrectified a crime that cried to heaven for vengeance? Why had Poland been thrust down into the grave? And if she were to be reckoned no more among the living but with the dead, what hope was there for her youth, what object for them in life? They were caught in the bonds of a conquered nation, driven towards temptations to moral corruption that such a situation offers, of which the Russia of Nicholas I. was unsparing. What more salutary incitement against the lethargy of compulsory inaction and despair; against the desperate expedients forced upon the young by poisoned morals than some great national ideal, some assurance of a better future to be secured by individual effort? But where could such be looked for?

Against every external circumstance, against hope itself, Krasinski found the answer. In its simplest form he gave it to his nation in the series of lyrics, *Dawn*. Banned by the Russian censor, *Dawn* was carried clandestinely into Poland, devoured in secret by Polish men and women, and watered with their tears. The prose introduction to this poem summarizes the theory won by its author with his heart's blood, which, at long last, brought peace for himself and hope for his country. The process by which he groped his way thereto is in part worked out in an earlier philosophical prose writing, *The Treatise of the Trinity (Of the Trinity in God and the Trinity in Man: Of the Trinity in Time and Space: Of the Standpoint of Poland among the Slavonic Races)*. It was never finished, and was published, as Krasinski left it, as recently as 1912.

These incomplete, often obscure pages, with their outbursts of passionate patriotism, throw strong light upon the painful quest, by a son of an unhappy country, for the truth that meant life or death to him, because it stood for the life or death of his nation. By its nature this work could only speak to a few. All that was highest and most illuminating in it was wrought into a perfect whole of doctrines that, despite their mystical exaltation, shone clear as noonday, in a poetry that appealed to all. *Dawn* is the idealization of these doctrines, the *Psalm of Faith* their recapitulation, the remaining *Psalms* and *Resurrecturis* their practical application.

The *Treatise of the Trinity and the* preface to *Dawn* afford the best general idea of Krasinski's tenets. We will take first Krasinski's own lucid summary of them in *Dawn*, and afterwards follow the steps by which he built them up in the *Treatise*.

The signs of dissolution that marked the world before Christ's birth, is the argument which opens the introduction to *Dawn*. "In the days of Cæsar preceding the great day of Christ the ancient world had reached the final consequences of its history:" complete religious doubt, ruin and confusion of mind, endless yearning and vain longings for a life not to be found. Then arose Julius Cæsar, "as the angel to whom it was ordained to remove the impediments from before the feet of the approaching God. He led the world to the material unity without which no word of life could be dispersed abroad. He changed the known world into one great, broad highway." Thus the diffusion of Christianity was rendered possible.

"*Discite historiam exemplo moniti!*" Krasinski continues. In the French Revolution he saw the reproduction of the birth throes preceding the Christian era; in Napoleon the spiritual counterpart of the conqueror who had prepared Christ's kingdom. In Krasinski's view, the logic of history and the Divine ordering accounted for Napoleon's career. Napoleon was to introduce the new and transfigured epoch of the human race when the teaching of Christ shall be completed in political relations. "But before that truth shall unfold and fulfill itself," the world must run the same spiritual course as in the expiring days of pagan Rome—that of yearning, restlessness, denial, doubt.

"That anarchy is so fearful that of necessity it tends to cataclysm—that desire so great and hitherto in vain that of necessity it summons the aid of Our Father Who is in Heaven. When did God ever abandon history when history raised its hands to Him? Infinite desire brings with it eternal yearning and infinite grief. From man collectively shall often flow the bloody sweat of agony on the Mount of Olives of history. Were it otherwise there would be no spirit of humanity training itself by its own will. Where would the merit be with which it merits in this time? What is that merit if not its life in history, if not that space of toil divided into the moment of death and of the resurrection of the dead from death? Not to die,

we must be God: to die, man. If the Divine Spirit unites itself with the nature of man the Divine Life breaks asunder the human grave—Christ died and rose from the dead. . . .

"You all know, my brothers, that we were born in the womb of death: and from the cradle your eyes have been used to look upon the livid stains of death on the body of the European world. Hence the eternal grief that gnaws your hearts: hence the incertitude that has become your life. But every end contains in itself the successive beginning: the day of death but precedes the hour of awakening. Consider attentively, and the signs of death shall on a sudden be transformed for you into the signs of resurrection.

"Christ manifested to the peoples the idea of humanity. Before Him, save for the Hebrews, there were no veritable nations, because the aim to which the nations are advancing, to which they gravitate as planets to the sun, was unknown. He promised that there shall be in the world one only fold and shepherd. He bade those who pray to the Father to repeat each day these words, 'Thy Kingdom come;' and with that sigh for two thousand years we have all besought God for the realization of this ideal on earth."

Here Krasinski turns to the question of humanity. A prominent principle in his teaching is the identification of individual morality with political morality. The same laws that govern the conduct of the soul must equally govern that of states. The transfiguration of the political sphere must begin with the abjuration of the sin against the Divine idea that was committed in the dismemberment of a living nation.

"Christ dwelleth in thee, oh, humanity;" thus he expresses a part of this thought later in the *Psalm of Faith*. "He liveth in thy bosom, resides with thee, thy Guest. Thy blood is His, thy body is His body. With thee shall be what did befall to Him. All thy vicissitudes He carried in His flesh. He manifested all thy hopes to thee. Whence art thou born? Of a pure virgin womb, for of God's thought and in God's image. Whither art thou bound? Unto the Father's city. Through what must thou needs pass? Through toil and martyrdom. And when Christ on the summit of Mount Thabor girded Himself with the eternal dawn, seest thou not what that sign to thee fortells? Before thy earthly lot shall be in full accomplished, thou too, humanity, shalt be transfigured."

"Behold, then," he says in the *Treatise of the Trinity*, "as the plant must necessarily pass through the light to grow and become a flower, under the same necessity each man and all collective humanity must pass through the law of Christ and work it out in themselves to gain salvation. Salvation for each man is eternal life, the angelic state in a world higher than the earth of to-day. For humanity it is the Kingdom of God on earth, that is, the estate of the Christianization of civilization. Without that humanity on earth, without passing through that Kingdom here, no earthly spirit will reach eternal life. For what is humanity thus come into Christ's Kingdom? The collective state of all individual men, the proof that they are ripe for the angelic condition. Therefore, each must inexorably pass through Christ. Who from the beginning does not pass through Him, that is, does not work Him out in himself, will not be, as He was, the living law on earth."

Krasinski defines humanity in *Dawn* as: "the collectivity and union of all the potentialities of the human spirit, expressed visibly on this earth by the harmony and love of its members, that is, of 'nationalities.'" As the members of the body, submissive to the will that rules them, make up the individual ego, thus the nations form humanity. Christ's words did not at the outset permeate the political sphere because the transformation of that policy depended on the Christianization of the individual soul.

"But in our days each individual is Christian, and all the relations between them are Christian. Where shall the Christian idea further extend? Obviously in the sphere so far unaffected, so far untransmogrified: and that is the sphere of policy. The world is nigh, not to a great change (for nothing can be changed of Christ's words), but to their great 'transfiguration,' to the deeper comprehension of them, to their higher glorification. The world today understands whither history is drawing near. It knows that history is ruled by Divine wisdom, and that its end is humanity in harmony with the Divine Will, recognizing and fulfilling the law given it by God." The means to this end are the nations. They are the living notes in one great harmony, in the mighty harp of the universe that in the ecstatic vision of his *Dawn* the poet beholds as the instrument upon "whose strings the Spirit wanders, on whose strings the Spirit playeth, in that song alone it resteth."

"Governments are a human, nationalities a Divine creation." If the world in Krasinski's scheme is to model itself after the pattern of Christ and the relations between governments and peoples are to be founded on the morals taught by Christ, then it follows that the destruction of a nation, a member of the humanity which is to constitute Christ's kingdom, is a direct contravention of God's high destinies for the human race.

"He is a child who says that this was a political crime. That crime is a far more heinous one, for it is a religious crime, transgressing beyond human spheres and touching the Divine, because: "to seek to slay sacred nationality, when without it the realization of the idea of humanity on earth cannot proceed, is a violence against Divine truth, against eternal truth, is a sacrilege."

There then unfolds before Krasinski's vision the reason of his nation's fall, the explanation of her long suffering, her sublime calling for the future. In her humanity had been most profoundly outraged: in her the ideal of humanity that was to save the world should be most exalted. Krasinski's whole analogy of the life of man to that of the human race here comes to his aid. Christ died for man. One nation shall die for humanity. Christ, our individual Exemplar and the Exemplar of humanity, rose again. Poland shall rise likewise from the grave, and by and with her resurrection the new epoch of humanity will be heralded to the universe. Without the redressal of such wrong it is obvious there can be no such regeneration of political relations.

It is impossible here to deal in detail with Krasinski's theories on the Trinity. We wish merely to draw attention to certain passages of the *Treatise of the Trinity* as they illustrate the doctrines we have already considered, or affect more directly Krasinski's national mysticism. Krasinski saw the triune not only in God and man, but likewise in history, time, nature and sufferings. From the premise that the first Person of the Blessed Trinity is All Being or All Power, the second Person All Thought or All Knowledge, the Third All Life, All Spirit or All Love, Krasinski divides the history of mankind into three parts, the age of Jehovah, the age of Christ, the age of the Holy Ghost. The first epoch, the ancient world, corresponds to the epoch of being or existence; the second, the

Christian era, to that of thought or knowledge; the third, the future era, to that of love.

"The world of thought is born upon the hitherto existing world of being, but before they both recognize each other, bring their contest to its close, struggle no more against each other, and then unite and flow together into the one world of the spirit, how many ages must pass? How many transformations, tribulations, tempests must befall? How much blood be shed from the body, how much despair from the soul?"

The Holy Ghost, as All Love, is the union between the first and second Persons of the Blessed Trinity. The spirit links being or existence with thought or reason. Thus, the world of the spirit, the third epoch, is the perfection of the two preceding worlds, when there shall be one rule of mutual charity, and hence a Poland, risen glorified from the tomb. According to Krasinski we are in the state of transition between the second and third epoch: "Transition from the epoch of torpid existence to the epoch of the living Spirit on this earth; from a government despotic, deaf, blind, dumb, to God's kingdom in which shall flower the fullness of the harmonious life of humanity." This theory of transition was Krasinski's harbor of refuge in the incomprehensible and wearying perplexities of existence.

From the reciprocal self-impartation of the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, Krasinski deduces that of created beings to each other and that of humanity in general.

"In humanity the social state, the sanctification and uplifting of which is the aim of humanity, is of itself that very reciprocal self-impartation of human spirits. Everywhere and always who gives receives back: who loves grows: who creates something external is in that same moment himself created higher. To impart self to others on earth is in outward seeming to suffer diminution, to lose somewhat of self, even to be utterly destroyed—but this is only a delusion. That destruction is itself destroyed, because in reality only by that means the living spirit grows and immortalizes itself. Christ expressed it in these words: 'He that shall lose his life he alone shall find it.' Surely God imparted Himself to the world, poured Himself into it, and thus continually works—and is anything of God diminished? By the very nature of the spirit the more it creates the more creative does it become. It gains

strength by its every act: by the very fact of what it gives out it grows more powerful: in this is its immortality." Christ "poured Himself into humanity by the most laborious life and most painful death. But then was at once manifested the truth of the law which is the law of life, because before human vision He rose again from the dead and before human vision ascended into heaven."

From such doctrines it is an easy step to Krasinski's view that his nation was called to sacrifice herself for the human race and to acquire immortality by laying down life. There is the same thought in *Dawn*, but expressed in poetry.

Christ by His human life and death first showed the individual soul her way, teaching her the mysteries of her existence and of her eternal future. Krasinski, drawing out his favorite parallel between the unit and collective humanity, insists that humanity must be taught by some given model the same truth of its immortality and of the road thither. We have seen this indicated in the introduction to *Dawn*. Krasinki analyzes it more closely in the *Treatise of the Trinity*.

"The necessity of such exemplars is the eternal law of history. Nothing is there brought about flimsily or easily. All is done little by little, with difficulty, laboriously, and beyond measure gravely and sternly. No abstract thought, no idea unjustified by execution, no theory taken alone can direct the destinies of the world. It must first take flesh, it must become a living example, a doctrine with a beating heart, whence not only ideal principles but crimson life-blood shall shed itself on all. By the sacred labors and sacred passion of Christ, by His transfiguration, resurrection, and ascension, each individual human spirit has been exalted into, if I can thus express it, a member that cannot be cast out from the structure of all creation because, passing through death, it consequently has to fling off that condition of the lowest stages of the spirit and live consciously without end. Behold in these days, when the Christ ordinance is beginning to permeate collective spheres, when it exacts an earthly realization, and when for the same reason history is stepping into the road which is to lead it to the Kingdom of God, there must likewise be found in this earthly world of humanity a member not to be cast out, immovable, the living foundation of the whole future edifice.

Only a nationality can be such: but it is not enough to conceive this by thought, history must prove it by deed."

The Pole's application to his country is self-evident. But Krasinski would have no passive idealism without its relentless exaction of practical deed. He lays down the doctrine of Poland's vocation: it is for the Poles to prove it by action worthy of the national calling. As, notably in his *Psalms of the Future*, the Anonymous Poet again and again inculcates upon his people that the nation's mission of initiating the better epoch of the human universe is dependent on the nation's purity and on the moral worth of each member of the nation—let his countrymen show the world, says he in the *Psalm of Love*, that "to be a Pole is to live nobly and to God." Beginning at the other end, he proves by the history of Poland that her death was preceded by "deed," the deed, the activity, on which Krasinski always lays such emphasis. She defended Christendom for centuries against the Moslem hordes. Her soil ran red with the blood of her Christian knights: and the last act of her independence was the formation of the Constitution of the Third of May that placed her in the van of the liberal reformers of Europe. With the eyes of a prophet and a mystic Krasinski regarded that stage of his nation's history when politically she was no more, the period in which he himself was living, as her second epoch, the epoch of transition between her first and second life.

But how is the resurrection of a nation to be gained? By the rugged road, the *via dolorosa* of painful effort to which Krasinski ever pointed.

"No one without deliberation and strong resolve, without a thousand vacillations, investigations, searchings, painful deceptions, sinkings of the powers of thought and their alternate uprisings, shall reach the self-inebriation of their own Christ-likeness, woken in them by the manifestation of the Son of God. The collective spirit of a nation must pass through precisely the same cycle as individuals if she is to rise from the dead and once more stand in the circle of living creative nations, ruling by political deed: and if added to this she is to become the historical pattern of their earthly immortality, her soul divorced from government must in her death be inebriated with the very Christ-ness of collective spirits, such as hitherto on earth there has not been, and which depends on

the incarnation of the ordinance of Christ in all internal and international forms in the world. Such an incarnation, being the new shedding forth of the spirit of Christ from the narrow bounds in which till now the world has kept it, to all the limits of the world, tends of necessity to the creation of an organization higher, more rational and more holy than that which hitherto existing on earth has everywhere crippled the law of all love, and, by that same, universal nature also."

This then shall be the "day of the Holy Ghost," born in the womb of a nation, "in whose darkness must shine the vision of that day." Then shall Christ's words, from being heeded as words only, be brought into action in every department of human life—political, commercial, social. Passing from the region of prose the Anonymous Poet sings that day for which he yearned as with an exile's longing, in the exultant strains that bring the poem *Dawn* to its close.

"And that new world all rejoicing as a church shall flower to God. The Polish land, the Polish Eden, is desolate no more nor mourning. Nor behind me nor before me is there darkness any more. All is light and all is justice. Clear our purgatorial anguish, and our sorrows and our bondage. Long the terror of our sleep. We believed it. We believed in eternal pain and toil. They were but the sanctuary's entrance, but one step upon the stairway: they were but the night of merit."

Such is the merest summary of Krasinski's teaching. Conceived and elaborated as it was in the midst of his country's tragedy he never beheld it justified by events. Equally he never ceased to believe in its truth, as he believed in his God, to his dying hour.

THE SILVER LINING.

BY JOHN CAVANAUGH, C.S.C.

EVERY cloud, in the proverb, has a silver lining, and it is fair to suppose that the great war cloud that for years lowered over the world, shutting off its sunshine, has its own bright and inspiring side. More beautiful than any courage displayed by men on the battlefield, for example, have been the noble strength and patience of mothers and sisters left at home to suffer the sorrows of fear and constant worry. In the late War, more than ever before, the part borne by women has been duly recognized and no doubt will have its proper appreciation in history. Someone has asked why the world has never erected a monument to the memory of a woman. Of course, the world has erected monuments to women—to the immortal Joan of Arc in France, for example, and at the other end of the scale to that noble Irish woman in New Orleans who spent her life befriending the newsboys of that city. But if it were true that the world had erected no monuments to women, the explanation probably would be that every good man who ever lived was himself a monument to some noble woman who, as mother, sister, wife or sweetheart encouraged him to be his best and to do his best. All the same it is lawful to hope that in the new day of enlarged activities for women they may have their share of the monuments, and that there may yet be lifted up to the clouds a symbol so strong and beautiful and eloquent as to be a fit interpreter of womanly courage and virtue in the War.

We have in mind here, however, another sort of silver lining to the war cloud. Probably no one who has talked with chaplains or soldiers, has failed to express the hope that stories of heroism or piety may be gathered into book form for the edification of posterity and to commemorate the spiritual qualities of the men who made up the fighting forces of America. It is to be hoped that every chaplain will contribute his quota of beautiful incidents to the record, and it is much to be desired, though too much to hope for, that the officers and the

soldiers and sailors themselves, as well as the zealous and efficient men who carried on the work of the Knights of Columbus, may contribute according to their knowledge to the fund of that "storial thynge that toucheth gentlenesse." Perhaps it may be worth while to open the campaign of edification with a few examples.

To begin with, we have the beautiful story of the good chaplain—for the present he shall be nameless—whose piety in death led to several conversions and the end is not yet. He was one of those cheery, wholesome, self-forgetting men who so easily win their way into the hearts of the soldiers. With him courage, which had been instinctive as regards nature, had been refined and strengthened by years of meditation, by the lifelong habit of faith, by heeding all the holy voices and lifting his eyes to all the sacred visions that had come to him in youth and afterwards. The roughest men in the army felt for him the chivalrous admiration that coarse miners in the old days of the Wild West used to feel for a beautiful, innocent girl who happened to flutter by their camp on a sightseeing expedition. But while they worshipped him like a star apart and above them, they had for him all of a child's confidence in its mother. They went to confession to him in the trenches, a few steps from a group of smoking and chatting companions, or they stood at his side, when better arrangments could not be made, with companions touching elbows all around, utterly regardless whether their sacred confidences were overheard or not. Naturally the men loved him in their rough frank way and the officers were his devoted, admiring friends.

Well, one day they carried in this good priest, and the doctors at once recognized that the shrapnel had done its work and he could not live. The oldest of the surgeons, with tears in his eyes, bent over the young chaplain and said:

"Father, you cannot possibly live. Is there anything we can do for you? Is there anything that will make your last moments happier?"

Pale and faint and barely conscious the priest turned his face towards the kindly surgeon and said:

"I *do* wish I could make another visit to the Blessed Sacrament before I die." As it chanced there was not a Catholic in the group and they had only a dim notion of what the noble priest meant by a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. They asked

questions, however, and learned that the nearest chapel was two hundred miles away. Depressed and silent they were about to turn to their work again when a young lieutenant of the aviation service said:

"Doc, if you can bandage up the Father's wounds so that he will live for two hours, I will bring him to the chapel."

And in a few minutes the dying priest was flying through the air almost literally on the wings of love at the rate of one hundred miles an hour to meet his God. The amazing thing is that the priest actually made the journey of two hundred miles through the air, received the holy Viaticum and had his visit with the Royal Host. I never heard what happened to the doctors. Perhaps some reader of this story may be able to tell me, but the young aviator has since become a Catholic and is now arranging for his reception into a religious community. His three sisters, as a result of hearing this story, have also been received into the Church and are now novices in a community of nuns.

Almost as beautiful in its way is the story of poor Pat Conway—that was almost his name—the terrible recidive. He was a recidive only in the sense that he was powerless to resist the temptation to go to confession at every opportunity. His own chaplain was a Protestant clergyman, but Pat managed to see Father Davis of the adjacent regiment every day to get absolution, and sometimes showed more than a willingness to confess oftener than once a day. The result was that the confessor soon began to shun the penitent with as much adroitness as often the penitent shuns the confessor.

The Protestant chaplain in Pat's regiment was a noble fellow with all the beautiful qualities of an ideal chaplain. Among other things this refined and scholarly man was so Christlike in spirit that he never hesitated to run after Father Davis to attend to a dying Catholic boy in the regiment. "But there will be times," he said to the good priest, "when I won't be able to go for you or perhaps can't find you. What shall I do then?" Father Davis told him that the most he could be expected to do under such circumstances would be to suggest pious dispositions to the dying man and perhaps help him to remember the old Catholic prayers. This noble preacher went dutifully to work like a child at its catechism, learning the Our Father without the heretical appendix, the Hail Mary,

the Confiteor, the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition and the Hail Holy Queen. He had them letter perfect in a short time, and more than once he helped a poor Catholic boy to remember the faith and the prayers of his childhood in the Supreme Hour.

Next after Pat's passion for going to confession was his uncontrollable desire to "go over the top," and as nearly always happened in such cases, he went over the top once too often. When the stretcher bearers laid him down to receive first aid, Pat was hovering on the borderland of consciousness with only a short time to live. The poor fellow searched the hospital with his eyes for the priest, and seemed worried when the familiar features did not appear. The Protestant chaplain suggested holy thoughts, however, and helped with the recitation of the prayers. They were all said with unction, but, somehow, Pat was not quite at ease. Something seemed to be lacking even to his poor cloudy brain.

"Father," said he to the minister—remember Pat was half delirious—"Father, say a Latin prayer over, won't you?"

In going over the matter with Father Davis afterwards the minister said:

"It was a dreadful moment, Father. You had taught me English prayers, but never a Latin one, and I am ashamed to say that I knew no Latin prayers whatever. But somewhere from the dim caverns of memory I seemed to recall just two Latin words and bending over the dying boy in sheer desperation I said: *'Dominus vobiscum'* and Pat, who had been an altar boy in his youth, answered *'Et cum spiritu tuo'* and died with the old familiar words actually trembling on his lips."

None of us will doubt but that the good preacher's prayer for Pat was heard in heaven, and surely none of us but will hope that some day Pat's prayer also may be answered, and that so good a man as this noble chaplain—of whom, thank God, there were many in the War—may share Pat's faith and learn all the Latin prayers.

That the War had awakened the slumbering piety in many an easy-going man will, of course, not be doubted, but that does not render less interesting the zeal and ingenuity with which our men, young and old, sought the sacraments in the hour of danger. Father M. J. Walsh, C.S.C., Vice-President of

Notre Dame University, was for a time condemned to suffer the experiences of the school for chaplains at Fortress Monroe before going over to begin his distinguished labors on the fields of France. One morning he was awakened at two o'clock by a vigorous rapping on the window-pane beside his bed—the chaplains there were quartered in little huts. Startled and puzzled, Father Walsh asked:

"What's up?"

"You are for one thing, Father," came the answer, "we've just got to see you."

In a few moments Father Walsh opened the door and admitted two flushed, panting boys, sixteen or seventeen years of age. They had stolen past their own sentries and had run, with hardly a moment's intermission, a journey of fourteen miles to make this midnight confession, and must hurry back the same distance under penalty of severe punishment, make their way once more past the sentries so as to be ready to start, at five o'clock, for the boat that was to take them overseas. Surely, these boys were running in the way of the Commandments. Let us hope they went through the War without misadventure and that, all the rest of their lives, they may be as anxious to confess under easier circumstances.

Of deeds of heroism done by the soldiers themselves there will probably be no end of stories. One hears of men who captured single-handed large numbers of the enemy, and the first impulse is to recall that Irishman who brought a dozen prisoners into camp and who, when asked how he had managed this seemingly impossible feat, replied:

"Be gorra, I surrounded them."

Nevertheless very wonderful feats of personal courage will probably be fully authenticated as regards both contending sides when the smoke of battle is completely blown away.

Three stories of Notre Dame boys are perhaps interesting enough to be recited here. There was Arnold McInerny, with the good nature and kindliness of the giant as well as the bulk, the captain of the football team in his graduation year, and acclaimed by the fans as a heady and nervy player. He ran the usual gamut of the college man suddenly made over into a lieutenant. One day he set out at the head of five soldiers to capture a machine gun that was doing deadly work from a peculiarly favorable point of vantage. One after another the

five men fell stark, though they advanced as cautiously as possible and under the best available cover; and "Big Mack" was alone when he reached the nest of the machine gun. I never learned in detail how he performed the miracle, but he did actually capture the gun, marching the four soldiers operating it before him with their hands held high as he made his way back to our lines. He thought he had completely disarmed them and probably relaxed his caution too much in consequence. One of the prisoners managed to get behind him and, snatching a magazine revolver which he had concealed in his sleeve, he shot McInerny in the back, the bullet passing completely through the body. The wound was obviously fatal and most men would have considered the War over, so far as they were concerned. While staggering under the shock and indeed almost in the very act of falling, McInerny fired four shots in quick succession and the unfortunate men fell in their tracks. It is not perhaps a pretty story to tell, and one wishes that the prisoners might have arrived in safety within the American lines, but they had renewed the War by breaking faith with "Big Mack" and, as a feat of alertness and nerve, his deed is worthy of remembrance.

On the other hand, the story of Lieutenant Harry Kelly, who took the honors in the law school on his graduation a year before, is the record of an American boy who fared badly, but gave an inspiring example of courage in seemingly hopeless circumstances. Kelly and his men were surprised by a cleverly planned and courageously executed night attack by the Germans, involving the front and two flanks of the particular bit of trench in which they were located. It was in the dead of night and the men bounded out of their trench to grapple at close range with the foe. Kelly, in advance of his men, was seriously wounded and fell to the ground unconscious. When he recovered his senses, he heard soldiers talking confusedly near him and believing they were his own men, he made his whereabouts known. They proved to be Germans, however, and he was made prisoner.

An enemy soldier took hold of his right arm, another of his left, a third walked before him with bayonet drawn and two others, carrying gun and bayonet, marched behind him. The darkness was impenetrable and the prisoner limped along with difficulty for he had been shot through the leg. It would

seem that any thought of escape was out of question, but to the prisoner the prospect of capture and detention was less endurable than death. With a sudden swiping motion of the arm he released himself of the soldier on his right side and, at the same time, threw the soldier in front of him out of his path and jerked himself loose from the captor who held his left arm. The darkness now was rather in his favor and he had stumbled along a distance of twelve paces, when one of the enemy soldiers threw a hand grenade with faultless aim. There was a crash and a blinding flash and Kelly fell to the ground again unconscious. He afterwards learned that the miniature battle was renewed over his prostrate body, and his own soldiers succeeded in carrying him back to their trench. He will walk through the world henceforth with an artificial leg as a melancholy souvenir of a deed of decision and courage such as the world loves.

The death of Melville Sullivan makes another kind of story. He was a Virginia boy, the only son of refined and wealthy parents. He had the soft Southern face, the soft Southern manners, the soft Southern voice, and inevitably everybody loved him. With the sure instinct of their tribe the boys called him "Dixie." One day he came to ask me for a letter that would admit him into the aviation service, and I had no idea that I was signing his death warrant when I granted his request. He soon became a brilliant aviator with all the daring of youth and skill and courage.

One day something went wrong with the engine and Dixie fell a thousand feet to the earth. The first to run to his assistance was another Notre Dame boy, Captain Mulcahy, who had known and loved him at school. Dixie was not dead, but attempts to bring him back to consciousness proved useless. Mulcahy took from his pocket a little cross blessed with the indulgence for a happy death, and shouted into Dixie's ears, now closed forever to the sounds of the earth, the words of the Act of Contrition. Dixie never heard them, but he was an innocent soul, and I like to believe that somewhere they were heard and somehow they counted for Dixie.

There must be thousands of beautiful stories of priestly courage and virtue and of lay piety and prowess. They are in some degree a spiritual compensation for the shocking experiences of the world's most dreadful War. They ought not to

be lightly passed over or forgotten or permitted to remain the treasured memories of a little group. While merchants and manufacturers are fighting another war, less bloody but hardly less desperate, to make use of the economic resources opened by the great catastrophe, while great statesmen scramble for the lion's share of the spoils of war and dole out the scraps of liberty to the little nations, the spiritual heritage of a War that touched the heights of heroism, as well as the depths of degradation, ought not to pass completely out of the memory of mankind.

SONG OF GOING.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I WOULD not like to live to be very old
To be stripped cold and bare
Of all my leafage that was green and gold
In the delicious air.

I would not like to live to be left alone,
The children gone away.
And the true love that I have leant upon
No more my staff and stay.

I would not live to stretch my shriveled hands
To an old fire died low,
Minding me of the long lost happy lands
And children long ago.

Let me be gone while I am leafy yet
And while my birds still sing
Lest leafless, birdless, my dull heart forget
That ever it had Spring.

THE EVIL OF POVERTY.

BY VINCENT MCNABB, O.P.

THE problem of poverty has become so overlaid with the dust of modern money-making as to deceive, if that were possible, even the elect. In order to prove this, the motive of the following article, let me quote largely from an article by the well-known and learned Franciscan, Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., of Oxford. In the year book of the Catholic Social Guild for 1915, under the title "Poverty as a National Asset," he writes: "Catholics will remember that poverty is a state consecrated by our Lord Himself; . . . as such it enters into the Christian scheme of life, and to banish it from our midst would be to close an avenue of spiritual perfection to the individual and, ultimately, to the State itself.

"It is, indeed, at all times a proper act of neighborly charity to relieve the poor man in his necessity; it may be at times good to put him altogether beyond the reach of want. But it would be a fatal mistake to close one's eyes to the real moral and spiritual values which poverty holds for no small number of men.

"Much of the energy which is expended in trying to do away with poverty, would be more usefully employed in teaching men the value of a poverty honest in itself and noble in its endeavor. We should get near to the Gospel ideal, if this too had its place in our social ideals and were kept more consistently in the forefront of our programme of social betterment.

"The Catholic Church at least will never wish to do away with poverty absolutely, but will ever maintain amongst its own ideals that of honest and honorable poverty." [1]

If we venture to express an emphatic dissent from the general tendency of these words, it is because the writer of the words, as a Franciscan and as a man of talent, possesses a wide influence, especially on questions so Franciscan as poverty.

Poverty is of two kinds: voluntary and involuntary. It is

[1] *Catholic Social Year Book*, 1915, pp. 75, 76.

regrettable that nowhere in his article does Father Cuthbert make the simple distinction between "Voluntary Poverty" and "involuntary poverty." Voluntary poverty is a dearth of things which a man takes upon himself for a good end. Involuntary poverty is a dearth of things which a man finds upon himself, for the most part by the will of others and for no other end than that of money-making. Voluntary poverty may be, and for the most part is, a virtue. Involuntary poverty, may be, and for the most part is caused by sin. Now this virtue of voluntary poverty is in those who are voluntarily poor; and this sin of involuntary poverty is in the *causes* or *makers* of the involuntary poor. The virtue of the *Poverello* is in the cell of the *Poverello;* the sin of the New York slums is not in the slums but in Fifth Avenue!

Poverty is an evil. It is not always and essentially, though usually and causally, a moral evil; yet by its definition it is always and essentially a physical and an economic evil. To realize that poverty is always and essentially a physical evil, we have but to attempt to define poverty. Let us meditate on this definition of an accredited writer: "Poverty or want is defined as the absence of those things which are necessary, not in a conventional way, but absolutely necessary for the bare upkeep of human life in a state of physical efficiency. For a man to live he needs to be housed, to be clothed sufficiently against the inclemency of the weather, and to have a sufficiency of food to nourish his body. Where all, or any of these, is absent, there is want." [2]

This poverty is such an evil that even we mendicant friars with solemn vows of mendicant poverty, are rarely, if ever, supposed by our rules, to experience it. The decrees of Clement VIII., (1599) which still regulate religious life, contain the following provision: "Let the clothing of the community and the furniture of the cells be bought out of common funds. It should be uniform for the community and the Superiors alike. It should so befit the poverty they have wedded that, although there is no room for what is superfluous, *there should be no lack of what is necessary.*"

The recent *Code of Canon Law* legislates for nuns' dowries in the spirit of this decree of Clement VIII.:

> *Can.* 547. §1.—In monasteries of women the postulant

[2] *Poverty in Cork*, by Rev. A. M. MacSweeney, O.P., M.A. Cork, 1917.

shall bring the dowry demanded by the Constitutions or determined by lawful custom.

§2.—This dowry shall be handed over to the monastery before the taking of the habit; or, at least, its handing over shall be ensured by some act valid in civil law.

§4.—This dowry so prescribed cannot be condoned either wholly or in part, except by an indult of the Holy See, for religious orders with pontifical approval; or except with the leave of the local Ordinary, for religious orders with diocesan approval.

Can. 549. After the first profession of a religious woman, her dowry shall be invested in secure, lawful and fruitful investments . . . Before the death of the religious it is altogether forbidden to spend it in any way whatsoever, even for building a house or for paying a loan.

Can. 550. §1.—The dowries shall be wisely (*caute*) and wholly administered by the Convent where the Mother General or the Mother Provincial usually dwells.

§2.—Local Ordinaries shall be at great pains to preserve these dowries. Especially in their visitations they shall demand an account of them.

All these regulations make it clear that the Church does not expect even the Mendicant Orders to experience that lack of the necessities of life which competent authorities accept as the definition of poverty. Indeed for the time being the Church insists on her religious women having a fixed capital invested to bring in a fixed income. Such a provision may or may not commend itself to Catholics of the twentieth century, but it makes it clear that the Church regards "poverty," that is the lack of necessary things, as an evil.

The present state of poverty in the world is a state of sin—the sin of theft. Whether it is, or is not, a fulfillment of the Beatitude, "Blessed are the poor," it is assuredly a breach of the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." In saying this we must not be taken to deny that poverty is sometimes the sin of the poor person himself. But this admission does not negative the fact that the present state of poverty is the sin of theft; that is the sin whereby some folk have less than they ought because some other folk have more than they ought.

My readers might be excused if they scrupled to accept this seemingly revolutionary doctrine on the word of an individual writer. But they cannot be excused from accepting

it when it is vouched for by the authority of a Pope. In the *Rerum Novarum* Pope Leo XIII. says:

> The condition of the working people is *the* pressing question of the hour. . . . There can be no question whatever that some remedy must be found and found quickly for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and *so unjustly on the vast majority of the working classes.*

According to Pope Leo XIII. the present state of the vast majority of the working classes (that is of the world) is not a blessing of God, or a state of "real moral and spiritual values," but a state of injustice.

> The result of civil change and revolution has been to divide society into two widely different castes.
>
> On the one side there is the party which holds power because it holds wealth; which has in its grasp the whole of labor and trade; which manipulates for its own benefit and its own purpose all the sources of supply; and which is even represented in the Councils of the State itself.
>
> On the other side there is the needy and powerless multitude; broken down and suffering.

Here the Pope develops his thought. Through ill-housing, ill-feeding, and like conditions poverty bears fruit in a high death rate; especially a high infant mortality. The present state of injustice towards the poor is robbery with violence! The ills that we so denounce when they are public, casual and slender in the strikes of the poor, are hidden, permanent and enormous in the present status of the rich.

> Workingmen have been surrendered all isolated and helpless to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition. The mischief has been increased by rapacious usury, which although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless under a different guise, but with like injustice, still practised by covetous and grasping men. To this must be added the custom of working by contract and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that *a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself.*

The present state of poverty, far from being a good thing coming down from the Father of Lights, is a morally evil thing due to such vices as "hard-heartedness, greed, rapacious usury, injustice, covetousness." Moreover this state of poverty is rapidly becoming one of slavery. The State has ceased to be a commonweal or a commonwealth where men are, on the whole, equally free and rich. It is a tyranny wherein there are very many who have too little because there are a very few who have too much.

It is undeniable that some souls have been found to thrive on poverty. But, for the most part, this is voluntary poverty; or to be more accurate, "voluntarily chosen poverty." If the poverty which is not voluntarily chosen but only voluntarily accepted, has resulted in good, this has not sprung from the poverty, which was evil, but from the human will, which was good. No one can understand, or should write, about the social evils unless they understand that a thing or state or act is not good because a will can draw good out of it. Indeed there is nothing so evil that a will cannot draw some good from it. Yet, in spite of the good which a good will can create, evil is evil. The Crucifixion on God's side is the redemption of man; on man's side it is the murder of God. It is, at once, God's best, and man's worst deed.

The Church wishes the present state of poverty to end. Once more we should excuse our readers who scrupled to follow us in this opinion. Once more we beg our readers to realize that this is not the chance opinion of an unauthorized individual; but the authoritative statement of a Pope. In the *Rerum Novarum* Pope Leo says:

> Neither must it be supposed that the solicitude of the Church is so preoccupied with the spiritual concerns of her children as to neglect their temporal and earthly interests.
>
> Her *desire is that the poor should rise above poverty* and wretchedness and should better their condition in life; and for this she makes a strong endeavor.

These are hardly the words of one who thinks that "much of the energy which is expended in trying to do away with poverty, would be more usefully employed in teaching men the value of a poverty honest in itself and noble in its endeavor." [8]

[8] *Catholic Social Year Book*, 1915, pp. 75, 76.

Again Pope Leo XIII. says of the present state of poverty: "*Some remedy must be found and found quickly* for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and so unjustly on the vast majority of the working classes." We do not seek remedies for Divine blessings or for a state of things which holds "real moral and spiritual values." This call of the Pope to destroy poverty is the call of God. "And there shall be no poor nor beggar among you: that the Lord thy God may bless thee" (Deut. xv. 4).

This warlike attitude towards the injustice which is at the root of our present state of poverty is a characteristic of the Church's saints and social workers. Even when their sense of charity is engaged in offering relief or encouragement to the poor, their sense of justice is denouncing or seeking to destroy the roots of poverty. Seldom has this twin sense of charity and justice found fuller or fitter expression than in the words of Frederic Ozanam, founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul: "Let no one say that in treating poverty as a priesthood, we aim at perpetuating it. The same authority which tells us that we shall always have the poor amongst us, also commands us to do all we can that there may cease to be any poor . . . *God did not make the poor.* He sends no human creatures into the chances of this world without providing them with these two sources of riches, which are the source of all others—intelligence and will . . . . Why should we hide from people what they know, and flatter them like bad kings. It is human liberty that makes the poor."[4]

The total destruction of the injustice of involuntary poverty is and must be the Gospel ideal. It is said that this destruction of involuntary poverty can come about only by the birth and growth of voluntary poverty, *Deo gratias.* Such a consummation would be altogether after the great manner of our Redeemer, Whose "self-emptying," or voluntary poverty, is the riches of the world.

To sum up with a practical proposal. We religious, and especially we mendicant friars, should take our own standard of living as the minimum standard for the poor. We should advocate that the poor should have as many cubic feet of house room as we have; should have as much leisure time as we have;

[4] *Life of Frederic Ozanam*, by O'Meara, pp. 229, 324.

should spend as much per unit on clothing as we spend; should have the same standard of food as we have, should have as many opportunities of education, after their manner and by their own choice, as we have; and should have as much guild-coöperation and liberty as we have.

This is a practical and irresistible proposal. If we say that it is not practical, because our standard of comfort is too high for the poor, then we are *not poor*. But if we say we are poor, then the others who are poor should have our standard of comfort. This would not mean Communism, nor yet the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. But it would mean the beginning of that justice which we can oppose only by warring against God.

AFFIRMATION.

BY LAURA SIMMONS.

Oh heart, keep faith with Him! tho' scant and poor
Thy cupboard's meagre spread; lavish the more
Thy love, thy steadfast faith, thy gracious cheer—
Tenfold they shall return, more rare, more dear;
Of such as these the multitudes are fed—
The two small fishes and the barley-bread!

HENRY BORDEAUX AT THE GOAL.

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY, PH.D.

THE election of Henry Bordeaux to the French Academy will meet with approval at home and abroad. He is not only the most popular novelist of France; he is also a patriot, whose War record as captain and major has been crowned by a literary service in writing the glowing pages of *La Vie Héroïque de Guynemer* and *La Chanson de Verdun*. Bordeaux's foreign vogue is equaled only by that of Anatole France and of the three B's: Bourget, Barrès, and Bazin. Like these three, he belongs to the traditionalist group, whose writings have in recent years exerted a marked influence upon French thought. Like them, he cherishes the order, stability, faith, and self-sacrifice which for centuries made France preëminent in Europe. More than any other, he stresses the importance of the family as the basis of society. And since the family thrives best under stable conditions, he advocates decentralization, local autonomy, a return to the soil. Not even Barrès has so concerned himself with the fate of the *déracinés* and *déclassés*. Hence Bordeaux's exaltation of Savoy, his home and the home of St. Francis de Sales and Vaugelas, of Joseph de Maistre and Costa de Beauregard. This province, with its picturesque landscape and honest toilers, has inspired his best work.

Love of his native region Henry Bordeaux received as a heritage. Born, in 1870, at Thonon, on the shore of Lake Geneva, he descended from an illustrious line of magistrates and public officials. His father, an upholder of piety and discipline like Joseph de Maistre, was a lawyer. His portrait appears in *Les Roquevillard*. He served with distinction in the war of 1870, and then became chief magistrate of his town. A follower of Le Play, he inculcated in his children respect for tradition, for the family, and for rural France. Having chosen his father's profession, Henry studied at the Collège Stanislas, receiving his licentiate in law and letters in 1889. But, owing to his journalistic success in connection with the exposition

of that year, he began to look toward literature as his life work. Although admitted to the bar, he practiced only four years.

During this time, and while performing his military service, he continued to read widely in the classic and modern writers, according preference to moralists and sociologists. The writing of verse he soon abandoned because metrics hampered the free expression of his thought; but his talent for vivifying and interpreting a subject after the fashion of Sainte-Beuve he revealed in *Ames Modernes* (1894). Three years later the French Academy, which was to award him various prizes, crowned one of his works. In 1900 he published *Le Pays natal,* his first novel, and by no means his least. Since then he has devoted all his time to letters. His thirty volumes consist of fiction, criticism, and essays. Though ranking high as a critic, he owes his fame chiefly to his novels, the best of which are *Le Pays natal, La Peur de vivre, Les Roquevillard,* and *Les Yeux qui s'ouvrent.* All attest their author's conviction that the mission of art is social and moral.

Le Pays natal, the story of a *"déraciné qui reprend racine,"* is an appeal for provincial autonomy and return to the soil. Bordeaux, as a disciple of Taine and Le Play, depicts, like Barrès and Bazin, the evils of excessive centralization and its concomitant desertion of the country for the cities. Lucien Halande, after wasting his best years in Paris, returns to his estate in Savoy, striving to restore the former vigor of this region. "My natural life was here . . . Yes, I have broken the solid chain that my family had wrought, link by link, from generation to generation!" he exclaims. As his interest in local affairs revives, he comes to realize his obligation to the past and his civic responsibilities. The decadence of provincial life and the malign influence of universal suffrage lead him to conclude that in our democracy everything must be reshaped. So he marries a neighbor of the old stock, and prepares to set about his task. This novel, in its serious purpose and its fine sensibility, strikes the keynote of Bordeaux's social creed.

Somewhat similar is *La Peur de vivre,* which condemns the civic and moral cowardice of those individualists who avoid the burdens and sacrifices of life, adopting the motto, *"Avant tout il faut assurer sa tranquillité."* Such are the

Dulaurens and the Orlandis, egotists living only for self-gratification. How different are Bordeaux's contrasting characters! Indeed, people more worthy of esteem than the Guiberts are not to be found in the French novel. Truly Cornellian, they put honor and family above wealth, and, at their country's summons, accept cheerfully every obligation. No girl but would like to be Paule Guibert, the faithful guardian of the fireside. No youth but would wish to be her brother Marcel, the officer who in the Sahara gives his life for France. Most admirable of all is the heroine, their widowed mother. Much as she loves her six children, Madame Guibert does not hesitate to offer up "the last flower from her deserted garden" when duty calls.

La Peur de vivre, "beau comme un cri de jeunesse," is Henry Bordeaux's masterpiece, the hymn of his manhood to what is worthiest in the human heart. Into this favorite work, with its scene laid at Le Maupas, his country estate, he has put most of himself. He has written nothing fresher and purer, nothing in which young hearts are more ardently animated by ambition to consecrate themselves to noble ideals.

Characteristic, also, if less beautiful, is *Les Roquevillard,* which treats of family solidarity. Like Balzac, Comte, Le Play, and Bourget, Bordeaux believes that the family, not the individual, is the social unit. Accordingly, each individual should remember that his own reprehensible conduct may make all his relatives suffer. Thus Maurice Rouquevillard, a young lawyer, in eloping with a married woman, causes the death of his mother and brother, spoils his sister's marriage, and compels his father to sell their ancestral estate to redeem the family honor, a heritage which for centuries has been without stain. Yet, to this sacrifice the father consents without hesitation, since "the dispossessed family may regain the domain. It is not the patrimony that makes the family; it is the succession of generations which creates and maintains the patrimony." The fine mystic chapter in which M. Roquevillard, alone amidst the giant trees of his estate, invokes the assistance of his ancestors, is Bordeaux's most imaginative creation. Nowhere else is his philosophy of life so condensed as in the conclusion, where we read: "There is no lofty individual destiny. There is no grandeur except in service. One

serves his family, his country, God, art, science, an ideal. Shame be unto him who serves only himself. Man's honor consists in accepting his subordination."

In the more polished *Les Yeux qui s'ouvrent*, Bordeaux attacks individualism from another point of view, concluding that "the object of marriage is not the happiness of the contracting parties, but rather the creation of a new family: it is the child." If, therefore, a couple have children, they should not dissolve their union for personal considerations. That is why the author condemns his heroine, Elisabeth Derize, who would insist upon divorcing her unfaithful husband, Albert. It is her indifference to his historical studies that has been chiefly to blame for his infidelity. Yet, even though Elisabeth's grievances were more serious, the novelist, because of the two children involved, would disapprove of their divorce. The "link," he declares, makes marriage indissoluble. Fortunately, Elisabeth comes to realize that a woman should judge her husband's conduct as a whole rather than by one act; and, thanks to the efforts of Albert's mother—a woman not unlike Madame Guibert—she succeeds in saving her threatened home. After *La Peur de vivre*, this is Bordeaux's most popular novel.

Some critics would class with these four volumes five others: *Le Lac Noir*, dealing with sorcery and judicial manners; *La Robe de laine*, contrasting the pure life of a Christian woman and the frivolity of the world; *La Neige sur les pas*, describing an architect's indulgence toward his unfaithful wife, for the sake of their child; *La Croisée des chemins*, exalting duty above pleasure; and *La Maison*, personifying the family in epic fashion. All five are books of uplift by a moralist striving to regenerate society. Worthy to be ranked immediately after them are three volumes of short stories and ten volumes of criticism, the first of which alone—*Ames Modernes*, written at the age of twenty-three—reveals admiration of Ibsen and the individualists.

Bordeaux has contributed to numerous reviews, including the *Atlantic Monthly*. He can express in a few phrases the salient thought of a work or the outstanding traits of an author. The three volumes of his *Vie au Théâtre* show him to be, also, a penetrating dramatic critic given to broad generalization and to sympathetic appreciation, one inclined, therefore, to dwell

upon beauties rather than faults. His impeccable prose is sober and natural, free from argot and neologisms.

In the delineation of character Bordeaux excels. No contemporary French writer has painted a finer gallery of portraits. These characters are so strongly individualized that they differentiate novels which treat similar themes. His respectable women are refreshingly numerous, and Bordeaux's popularity arises in part from the fact that, rejecting the cynical distortions of "naturalism" and the unhealthy innovations of Parisian literature, he chooses what is sane and elevating. Everywhere he adjusts art to social doctrine. He is too much of a moralist to be neutral. He glories in his native soil and in those who till it. Having observed the careless, iconoclastic, wealth-worshipping society of today, he prefers the faith, order, and authority of ancient France.

He would combat the individualism of his contemporaries, and demonstrate the social importance of the family and the essential laws of its development. Like Brunetière, he seems to say to his compatriots: "If we have suffered from a malady for the past hundred years, it is from the inability to escape from ourselves, to subordinate ourselves to considerations, exigencies, and interests that are supreme. It is from this that we are suffering; and unless we take care, it is from this that we shall die."

THE FIRST SNOW.

BY E. J. O'TOOLE.

LAZILY they fell, and leisurely, the great white flakes. Timidly, as if they were intruders that hoped to steal in, unnoticed, with the gray dusk and grayer twilight. True, they were only precursors: tomorrow's first sun slants would run their veils to tears. Yet the crowds hurrying on the streets smiled their welcome and pushed and scurried with a holiday enthusiasm, for the first snow is always an occasion. Tired old human nature likes the first of anything.

From a window five stories up, in the Dyner Building on the corner of Main and Tenth Streets, a girl stood, quite motionless, her round face all but touching the wide window-pane, watching, without focus, the huge flakes drifting carelessly down, down, down to the blurred yellow lights that had just stuttered out into the half dark of the street below. A long, red pencil was caught lightly between two rows of teeth, white as the snow that was blanketing the stone sill. Behind her, the office was empty. A typewriter on the desk extension just balanced a loose page that tipped perilously from the roll. A shaded electric glossed the papers on the desk. The light faltered and fell, as it climbed the shadows of the high room.

As she watched, Peggy was thinking of other first snows. She could remember them all, from the one when she was six—seventeen first snows since then—when her grandmother had bundled her up and let her stand on the great front porch, where the flakes blew in and kissed her face and were gone; when she was ten, her mother's soul had gone out of its tired body, on the first white morning of that year. Yet even more vividly could she recall the last two.

The first of these was just such a day as this, and at just this hour, five in the evening. The wet, heavy flakes were blinding, and the little old man ahead of her was finding the snow and the crowds too powerful a combination. So she watched, and finally asked if she might help him. Unlike old people, his pride was untouched, and the little gray eyes were

piteously glad when she let him put his arm through hers and change his cane to his other hand. But age had breasted too many a storm before this one, and presently she was forced to stop with him in the shelter of a corner store.

Then, he came. Jimmy, big and ruddy, smiling with all the joy of a boy at the first snow. He knew the old man, in fact boarded next door to where he lived, so, because it was on her way, they both helped him the short distance left to go. Through the tantalizing flakes, the tall, young man on the left stole glances across the battered hat of the little old man, at the girl who took her strange job in so happy a manner. The lad's heart pounded at the sound of her voice, and he wished a thousand times within those two, short blocks that the old man, who was doing so nobly now between them, lived at the end of the car line.

That was the first snow two years ago. And Peggy, who knew so few in the city, and Jimmy, who knew fewer, came that night to know each other; and if subsequent snows that winter, and showers that summer were allowed to witness, both were lucky. For they went these blocks, and some few added, every day together and there was no old man between them.

Then came the first snow a year ago. Peggy started a little. It was at this hour, too. In fact, all first snows, if she remembered well, came at dusk. How Jimmy had come bouncing into this same office when he had found the "boss" was gone. Noisy and jumping about, like a big kid. Peggy had called him that. Indeed, he was more that than any other thing to her—a big, overgrown boy. They did not go home, either of them, for supper that night. They went to a place on Main Street—all white, with wide windows—where they could watch the snow still falling past the lights, along the curbstone. "Gee whiz, I love the first snow, Peg." He said it a hundred times, if he said it once. Then they had tramped, care free and slowly, for an hour, arm in arm, looking in shop windows just beginning to hint at Christmas sales. Then they went in to a movie, and when they came out the snow had stopped falling.

It was dirty, heavy, sticky snow along the streets in March when Jimmy said good-bye to her at the station. He had wanted them to see Father Dunnigan and be married before he went, but Peggy had insisted, no. His last words were:

"Cheer up, Peg, I'll be back before the snow flies, and we'll keep first-snow night again."

But now, Peggy stood and stood, watching it tumble and slide—these fairy ships, that loafed into port—and Jimmy was thousands of miles away. She was wondering if snow came as early in France. Whenever it came, he would kiss the first flake on his sleeve. She knew that.

The clang of cars, and horn shrieks came dully up the canyon of stone from Main Street, where the flood of a day's work was loosening itself, as per schedule. Peggy turned and pulled the last toppling leaf to safety and put them in the drawer. There was just the semblance of a sob as she locked it.

In the elevator on the way to the street, Mr. Ferguson, the bald-headed bachelor from Kernan's, remarked on the weather and offered her a ride home in his Winton. But she begged off, with the excuse of several errands. For she did have errands.

Out in the street the crowd was a five-thirty Main Street crowd. The only difference was that everyone smiled at everyone else, save stout ladies, who tried to squeeze through with open umbrellas, where they could scarcely have gone with umbrellas closed. Peggy went on briskly; to all those passing, simply a girl hurrying home from a day in an office. So does the world pass by—for how the world would pause were it to see the visions that go down the cities' streets, in young hearts that dare dream, and old hearts that remember.

In fancy Jimmy was towering heads taller just beside her, whispering his funny talk that needed no answer, while he steered her through the jam and across dangerous tracks. True happiness needs no realities. She was humming, as she came to a restaurant—white and with wide windows. They wouldn't miss her at Mrs. Delaney's, where she boarded. If Jimmy were here, she would not go home for supper.

Purposely, she chose a table for two. Had she dared she would have ordered two portions of everything. A huge, red-faced man stared at her from the next table. She whispered to Jimmy. No, that was foolish. If Jimmy were really there, the man would not dare to stare at her. She was totally unconscious of those who came and went up the narrow aisles. Jimmy was telling her all about France and the "boches." She looked at her watch. "Come on, Peg, let's get out in the snow." She could have sworn she heard him say it.

It was still early, so she returned slowly to Main Street, looking at the brightly lighted windows: displays of wonderful landscapes and colorings; furniture, flag-draped; cozy looking furs, on models that looked beautifully frozen; at jewelry windows, with their rings—all kinds—and diamonds sparkling.

A little before seven, she went up the stone steps of St. John's to make a visit, and Jimmy was still with her. They had often done that, made their visits together. The spirit of the first snow was even here. It came in and left wet, unsolved patterns on the linoleum of the aisles, clung to the shoulders and veils of those who passed or knelt near her.

"The first snow, and he hasn't come." That was no way to pray. Peggy checked herself. "Please, dear Lord, take care of him, and bring him back. And . . . and if . . . make me strong."

In the vestibule, she saw the "Roll of Honor," as she turned to take the holy water. Jimmy's name must be there. She would look. An old woman, short, with hair just turning, came and stood beside her.

"You have some one, gone—eh?" The voice was very interested.

"Yes." Peggy turned and blushed.

"A brother?"

"No—not a brother." Peggy could not make out the features well in the shadows. The light was so fixed it showed only on the list of names.

"I had one." The older woman went on talking, it seemed to Peggy, more at the lighted list than to her.

"A son?" Peggy ventured.

"Yes . . . he was killed." The little whisper neither rose nor fell.

"Is his name there?" Peggy moved a little closer to the narrow shoulders.

"No—he doesn't live here. I don't either, that is, I didn't."

There was a long pause. Each kept looking at the names, though neither was reading.

"I got word today." The old lady went on.

Peggy started. Apparently, the other did not notice.

"This afternoon." The whisper was still, even lifeless. "On the two o'clock mail. They don't write much, do they?

Just killed in action. But then they have so many to notify."

"I'm awfully sorry." Peggy touched the mother's arm ever so lightly.

"I know, dear. You see I had to tell someone. I've been telling Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, most of the afternoon. You see—but, maybe, you are in a hurry.

"Oh, no." Peggy encouraged. "I've had my supper."

"Well then, let's walk outside. Denny loved the snow. Denny was his name, you know."

An awful something seized Peggy—loved the snow, echoed in her brain. She stood breathless.

"Now, maybe dear, you don't care to hear about it."

"But, I do," Peggy objected. "Come," and taking the woman's arm, they went down the steps to the street. It was still snowing.

"You see, Denny and I lived up North, and I had his father's insurance, so Denny was finishing school. When the War came his whole class went, and I knew, though he never told me, how he wanted to go. So I told him Donald, that's my other son who is married and lives here, wrote and asked me to come to stay with him. He did, you know, but I felt he never thought I'd accept. You see, his wife isn't very friendly to me. I'm a little too old-fashioned, I imagine. And Denny said it would be only a year, at the most, so I cried by myself, when he was around, and kept telling him to go."

"You encouraged him," Peggy interrupted, "and all the time you needed him so."

"Well, that's the best I could do, dear. Women must do that, you know. Mothers, anyway. Make men of our boys, though we always want—in fact, always do keep them just that in our hearts. That is the hardest part of the work that God gives us to do."

"But he was all you had, really."

"Yes," the voice was a little tired, as if she chafed at self-defence, "but I wasn't all he had. He had his life and his future, and he used to say: 'When it's over, if I didn't go, the fellows wouldn't understand.' You see, when he wouldn't have me, he'd always have what I gave him, or he'd regret what I kept from him."

There was silence then, as they went slowly on. In fact,

Peggy couldn't think what to answer, and she feared too long a speech, for her throat was strangely tight. She was glad, now, she hadn't tried to keep Jimmy from going.

"You live far?" Peggy ventured. "Maybe, you had better take a car here." They were at the corner of Main Street again.

"Why, I'm in no hurry home," the old woman said, almost playfully. "Donald's in Washington, on business, and his wife will probably be out, and it's awfully lonesome, always . . . It will be tonight. Can't we . . ." She looked square about into the face of the girl at her side. "A movie—I like them, and it's warm and dry, and there's music."

Going in, Peggy marveled anew at her venture. How Jimmy would like it when she told him how strangely her first snow night was spent!

Once in their seats, they were both silent. Peggy waited for the other to begin but she sat very still, nearly rigid, and Peggy, watching from the corner of her eyes, knew the old lady saw nothing that was on the screen. Only when the War pictures came did she slip her hand over to touch Peggy's.

Peggy, too, found her thoughts wandering from the picture and the long captions. She was tempted to kiss the hand that lay so still upon her own. Here was courage such as she had never dreamed of. How could that Denny, who lay beneath some hastily sodded mound in France, have ever hoped to come back, who inherited such a mother's valor. The bravest do not often return.

When they came out the snow had stopped, though it lay sparkling in the yellow lights, in a few tiny places where none had stepped. The wide walks and pavements were a slushy brown. The old lady refused Peggy's offer to go home on the car with her. She protested she was no invalid. And Peggy, who watched her climbing on the high rear steps, wondered why she had thought of her all the evening as an old woman. Peggy waved her hand and turned to walk home. Jimmy had lived out this way, and she knew every stone and house.

It was early still, so Peggy did not hurry. She had so many things to think of. The farther from Main Street she went, the huger became the blocks of untrodden and untarnishing snow. She looked up, for the stars were out in full splendor, and wondered if the stars and snow brought such dreams and strange happenings to people in France.

Up the front steps to Mrs. Delaney's she went, almost dragging her feet. She was loath to step back to realities, to stuffy halls and close, small bedrooms, to sputtering gas, after the exaltation of the night.

Two flights up she went. Tired in body, yet her mind jumping and hopping, and rapidly turning over and over all the little things the old—there's old again—lady had said. As she put the key in the lock, her foot scraped against a letter that had been all but shoved under her door. It frightened her. She had not thought of a letter. Jimmy was the only one in all the world she ever heard from.

Quickly she unlocked the door, and picked the letter up. Fumbling, she knocked over several things on the stand before she found a match, and let the gas flare up with a great pop. She tore the envelope. With one glove still on she read, then read again, then turned the slip of paper. Somehow, she got her glove and hat and coat and rubbers off. Somehow, she found the envelope and slip again, and, somehow, she began to understand just what it meant—that one little line from the War Office in Washington, ". . . that James J. Courtney, 1410 Oak Street . . . was killed in action November 1, 1918."

When he was going, Jimmy had said: "You're the only one in the world, Peg, so you'll get my medals when they come."

Peggy went to the stand, opened her purse, and took out her rosary. It was one of pearl that Jimmy had given her the Christmas before. Like a dream it seemed—all she was doing. She might have been beside his mound in France, for all her senses told her of the room and the things about her. Over to the bed she went, with vague visions of a tall, red-cheeked boy in khaki; of a woman, whose thin lips were suddenly caught at the corners; of soft snow falling all about her. Quickly, she knelt and buried her head in her hands. The tick, tick of the clock might have been the clanging of cathedral bells, for all she heard or heeded. For a long time the white pearls were still. It was only after a sob that they began to unwind themselves over the slender fingers that cupped her face.

THE CHESTERBELLOC.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

III.

The Politicians.

MR. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON has said of his brother Cecil that he was born a fighter and that he argued from his cradle. What was true of the very brave and able man who bore so honorable a part in the political debates of the Chesterbelloc, is equally true of the other Chesterton and of Belloc. Temperamentally they are controversialists incapable of letting slip any opportunity for preaching their doctrines. Hard and frequent blows have been struck by them, and the extreme pugnacity of their nature has fortunately been provided with a hundred outlets by a world whose trend makes rapidly for the very things they hate with a special fury. Other men have observed the trend and have disliked it; the Chesterbelloc has maintained that capacity for indignation which results in violent protest and violent action.

When first the voices of the young writers on the *Speaker* were heard they were full of angry argument. Today, fifteen years later, the editorials of the *New Witness* are as trenchant as were ever the columns of the paper of those patriots who denounced the infamy of the Boer War. There is, however, this difference. Time, though it has not weakened the early wrath, has solidified it with a philosophy. The men who resisted the attack upon the South African Republic have seen an attack being made upon the English *res publica*. Danger is needed to make a nation conscious of itself and danger has awakened the dogma of democracy. A state indeed may be so far gone in decay that the increasing power of the rich is only viewed by the people with stupid acquiescence; normally it stirs up the sleeping sense of popular liberty. Modern society is in a phase of transition, but for the mass of the people the changes are so effectively masked by Parliament and the press

as to be almost imperceptible, though in reality they are swift and far-reaching. The Chesterbelloc has clearly marked the changes and their consequences; it has warned the world as to what is being attempted and, in order to counteract that attempt, has restated the doctrine of democracy.

Sociologists have discovered a word that saves the necessity for thinking; that word is progress. A partial understanding of the biological theory of evolution has comforted men with the notion that things of themselves are certain to get better. To this Mr. Chesterton has made the obvious answer that if things of their own nature are certain to get better one might as well not interfere with them; the reformer may go to bed and get up in the millennium. The reformers *have* done so—continuing, however, to talk vaguely in their sleep of progress and eugenics and labor compounds. Unfortunately they are likely, upon getting up, to find themselves in hell. For "progress," as the Chesterbelloc is never tired of pointing out, is only a metaphor for walking down a road—very probably the wrong road.

Things of themselves do not tend to get better; they tend to get worse. The aim of the reformer consequently should be to resist evolution, which he can do in no other way than by revolution. But he must have a creed. He must make up his mind as to what he wants to preserve before he begins to destroy. Every good revolutionist is a good conservative. The French Revolution was, as Mr. Belloc says, advocated as a reversion to the normal, to some primal right of man which had been lost and which has to be recovered. In Mr. Chesterton's political writings there constantly occurs the figure of the white post taken by him as a symbol of the world. If you want to keep your white post (he says) you must repaint it; if it is to be the old white post you must make it the new white post. At the end of the eighteenth century in France the revolutionists built their arguments upon the implied contract which was the cement of society; in the beginning of the twentieth century in Russia the anarchists wish to uproot the foundations upon which society rests. There is much breaking and there may be more; but there will be no building. The Bolshevists have burnt the plan, as the Fabian Society has lost the map, and while one group of men run about Russia tearing down walls in a blind fury, another set wander about

England, with as blind a futility, trying to make up their minds what to do.

The Chesterbelloc, on the other hand, is able to tell you exactly what it wants and what it does not want and why. At a time when democracy is forever in the mouths of politicians, but never in their hearts, the Chesterbelloc has kept it alive in the brain. Subtle doubts of equality have been expressed by the philosophers on the ground, apparently, that some men are fat and others are thin, some men tall and others short, some men clever and others dull, some men (it has come to this) are rich and others poor. The dogma of democracy, as given in practically the identical words by the two Chestertons and by Belloc, is that the things common to all men are infinitely more important than the things peculiar to some. Like most of the great transcendental doctrines, they will admit, this is incapable of proof, except by the results which follow its acceptance or rejection—the energy, honor and happiness of the society which accepts it; the lethargy, dishonor and misery of the society which neglects it.

The sterility of most modern political and economic experiments arises first from their philosophical bewilderment, and secondly because of an ignorance and contempt for history on the part of politicians and economists; for if they knew the history of Christian civilization they would understand Christian people. Mr. Belloc is always insisting that the historian must know the Catholic Church. He should be a Catholic; at least he should be acquainted with the Catholic position. Without such knowledge he will have no key to Europe or to these civilizations which have sprung from Europe. To grasp the meaning of Christendom he must first grasp the meaning of Christianity. Yet many contemporary intellectuals, finding that the Faith does not appeal to them (rarely have they knowledge of what the Faith is) put the consideration of it away with contempt. Consequently they either entirely misread or find it convenient to ignore history. One really talented man has actually made a proposition that educated folk should only pay attention to the newest things. The fads of the present (we learn) are of more importance than the great religions of the past, and so far from students studying the classic writers, they should not dream of wasting their time upon any book more than ten years old. There is at first

sight the appearance of daring about such an idea; it is as attractive as the brilliant folly of youth, and bears its savor of adventure. In fact, however, it turns out under examination to be only the old game of begging the question. The modernists find it somewhat simpler to ignore the facts than to give up the habit of making theories. If the world will not fit, they will pretend that it does not exist. On this fear of the past Mr. Chesterton has written in *What's Wrong With the World:*

> The last few decades have been marked by a special cultivation of the romance of the future. We seem to have made up our minds to misunderstanding what has happened; and we turn, with a sort of relief, to stating what will happen —which is (apparently) much easier. The modern man no longer preserves the memoirs of his great-grandfather; but he is engaged in writing a detailed and authoritative biography of his great-grandson. Instead of trembling before the spectres of the dead, we shudder abjectly under the shadow of the babe unborn. This spirit is apparent everywhere, even to the creation of a form of futurist romance . . . The old story, we know, was supposed to begin: "Late on a winter's evening two horsemen might have been seen—." The new story has to begin: "Late on a winter's evening two aviators will be seen—." The movement is not without the elements of charm; there is something spirited, if eccentric, in the type of so many people fighting over again the fights that have not yet happened; of people still glowing with the memory of tomorrow morning . . .
>
> But when full allowance has been made for this harmless element of poetry and petty human perversity in the thing, I shall not hesitate to maintain here that this cult of the future is not only a weakness but a cowardice of the age . . .
>
> The upshot of this modern attitude is really this: that men invent new ideals because they dare not attempt old ideals. They look forward with enthusiasm, because they are afraid to look back.
>
> Now in history there is no revolution that is not a restoration. Among the many things that leave one doubtful about the modern habit of fixing eyes on the future, none is stronger than this: that all the men in history who have really done anything with the future have had their eyes fixed upon the past.

The Chesterbelloc is often accused, by those who have not troubled to read its work, of drawing a stained-glass picture of such a mediævalism as never existed, and then inviting modern men to conform themselves to it. As a matter of fact the Chesterbelloc (or what practically amounts to the whole Chesterbelloc as historian, Belloc himself), is if anything perhaps a little less than just to the Middle Ages. He acknowledges the attractiveness of the ideal almost attained in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but not only declares that that ideal was gradually decaying in the fourteenth century, but had lost most of its vitality in the fifteenth. The reason, he thinks, was that the Middle Ages came to their perfection too suddenly to last; that they had not sufficient root to support their load of loveliness for long, and were compelled to make way for the more vigorous Latin growth of the Renaissance.

We have been used for some time past to the Teutonic theory of civilization. It was supported by many of the historians and by nearly all the dons at the universities. All that is hardy and honorable in the English character, we were constantly informed, came from the rude virility and sterling simplicity of our Germanic blood, so that at last an obscure Sinn Fein poet came to believe it enough to make the execrable couplet:

> Saxon and Teuton
> They grew the same root on.

The Chesterbelloc, however, has consistently met this loose assertion of the academics with a flat denial. It seems that the whole of our civilization derives from Rome. As Mr. Chesterton puts it in his history, "The important thing about France and England is not that they have Roman remains. They are Roman remains." We are only too inclined to view the past falsely foreshortened by distance and to pass lightly and unattentively past a period full of important organic change. The Roman occupation of Britain, for instance, is generally thought of as a brief episode of no permanent consequence. Mr. Chesterton reminds us that England was directly Roman for fully four hundred years; longer than she has been Protestant and very much longer than she has been industrial. So far from the Teutons being the makers of England they were the people that nearly destroyed it. Our civilization was

Roman until the Barbarian came, and when those great waves from the Baltic had passed, it remained Roman. Even in blood the English are probably far more Gaelic than Teutonic, for at each invasion little more than a slight infiltration came into the original stock. As for the law, the religion, the architecture, the literature of England, these were re-latinized and the country was made once again a part of Europe. From the south came philosophy and arms and arts, for the new Rome carried on for centuries the work it had inherited from the old.

A deep knowledge of history informs the politics of the Chesterbelloc, and in its proposed reforms it can point to the experience and example of a happier age. This knowledge, moreover, is very far from being bookish. Mr. Belloc can write dully when he is trying to be particularly lucid, but he is never dull as an historian; on the contrary, he is then extraordinarily vivid.

This is due to the historian's concern with actualities, his insatiable thirst for first-hand evidence and personal observation. No other such writer has studied geography so closely or found in it so frequently the clue to an enigma.

G. K. Chesterton and his brother, Cecil, though they have been unable to give the close study to history that Belloc has given, have done useful and even brilliant work in it. G. K. C.'s *Short History of England* does not attempt more than a general outline, but as a critical guide to the ordinary reader it is invaluable. Its light is not the light of day but rather of the lightning that suddenly illuminates a landscape and that often, because of its sudden clarity, reveals more than the sun is able to show with its steady shining. Cecil Chesterton in his *Nell Gwynn* and more especially in his last book, *The History of the United States*, has a greater command than his brother of the professional manner. His native lucidity made him an admirable interpreter of facts; and an appreciation of the relative importance of details with a capacity to coördinate them is of infinitely greater value to the world at present than a plodding patience in research.

Mr. Belloc in one of his essays, collected in *First and Last*, said that "upon the right reading of history the right use of citizenship in England will today depend." The politics of the Chesterbelloc, now to be considered, are founded upon the

reading of history which I have attempted to summarize and, being deep in the experience of the past, can offer much to the needs of the present, for the Chesterbelloc proposes not merely a poetic revival of mediævalism, but a practical revival of Christendom.

The Faith, being a vital spiritual force, resulted in certain secular consequences. The framework of the Christian state, its body of laws and to a great extent its methods were imposed by Roman arms. But a new spirit re-created society destroying by degrees, and with the strange new doctrine of the equality of men, the slavery which had seemed normal to the older civilization. The slave slowly turned into the serf and the serf into the free peasant-proprietor; there was no sudden upheaval but only a gradual decay of the Servile Institution. Working parallel with the economic transition was a political transition which at last grew conscious of itself as democracy. Men having come to believe themselves equal in the eyes of God, began to insist that they were equal in the eyes of the law. They went further and demanded the right to make their own laws. Government no longer could be exercised with the passive consent of the governed, but only with their active approval. Democracy, that is government according to the general will, was in the air.

Unfortunately it remained in the air and never came fully into operation. In England the struggle which had been going on between the barons and the crown, ended at last in the king's head falling beneath the axe, and his son's return as the paid servant of the new aristocracy. The Parliament which had overthrown the monarchy had also overthrown the democracy, and the English people learned the bitter lesson of the rapacity of the rich.

Parliamentarianism has long been thought of as the same thing as democracy. It may be argued that it is the most convenient means of achieving democracy, but even at its best it can be considered as only the democratic machinery. As it exists in the modern world, however, "Representative government" does not represent anybody except the governing class. The general desires of the people are not ascertained and the will of the people is not carried out. The country is indeed invited to vote, on the respective merits of this or that team of parliamentarians and their policies, but it is not con-

sulted about the policies, and its choice is limited to one of two teams picked from the same governing class.

By the very necessities of its own nature Parliament tends to become an oligarchy. At first it was a close aristocratic body, but during the memory of living men birth has come to count less and mere wealth more in its system. The old political families still count and have a prescriptive right to places within the governing body, but the new political families are the real power. The honest, narrow English squires could hardly be called democratic though they sat in the English Parliament; they did not represent the English people, but they represented something English. They are passing—and their successors are not democrats. These also, though they sometimes but not always sit in Parliament, are not representative. They are not even English. The governing class is governed in its turn by a group of cosmopolitan financiers.

The evil of plutocratic government has, in our time, come to a head in England. In the State it is corrupt and in society it is oppressive. It is this evil that the Chesterbelloc has singled out for attack.

To expose the present condition of politics Hilaire Belloc founded in 1911, soon after he had left Parliament, the paper known as the *Eye Witness* and which was later, under the successive editorships of Cecil and Gilbert Chesterton, named the *New Witness*. The two main objects of the paper are to attack political corruption and to resist the establishment of the servile state.

The consideration of the thesis that capitalism is becoming increasingly unstable, and must, unless property be again widely distributed, result in the reëstablishment of slavery, will have to be postponed until a little later in this article. I must first deal with the attack made by the Chesterbelloc upon the party system. It was made in three ways: by Mr. Belloc in Parliament; by lectures and articles out of Parliament; and by means of satirical political novels. The thesis was fully stated with all Mr. Belloc's intimate knowledge and Cecil Chesterton's lucid logic in *The Party System*. To a great extent that book is already out of date; there is no longer an official opposition; the Front Benches are not forced to the expedient of collusion in private and collision in public. Yet the book retains a high value and interest.

Sham criticism of the present Government is still engineered and is always followed by a sham withdrawal, but the old solemn and formal farce of opposition has, for at least a little, while, disappeared. Money still plays its part and has indeed more power than it ever possessed. Honors are more than ever bought and sold, and policies dictated by the rich. Even the clean sweep of the old gang announced when the last Prime Minister fell, has not been carried out, for Churchill and Chamberlain are of too old a gang to be broken. But the governing class no longer employs the subterfuge of splitting itself in two parties in the way Cecil Chesterton (I think I can detect his hand in the following passage) described in *The Party System:*

> But, it may be asked, is there anything wrong in men differing in politics yet remaining on friendly terms in private life? Is there any reason why a man should not marry a woman because her family belongs to the political party opposed to his? Not the least in the world. Such things would naturally happen in the most real and earnest political conflict. But they would happen as exceptions; there would be perhaps one or two such cases in every generation. When we find such things not exceptional, but universal, we may safely say that we are not considering a certain number of examples of personal sympathy or attraction over-riding political differences, but a general system of government by a small, friendly, and closely inter-related clique. We are not surprised at Romeo loving Juliet, though he is a Montague and she a Capulet. But if we found in addition that Lady Capulet was by birth a Montague, that Mercutio was at once the nephew of a Capulet and the brother-in-law of a Montague, that Count Paris was related on his father's side to one house and on his mother's side to the other, that Tybalt was Romeo's uncle's stepson, and that the Friar who married Romeo and Juliet was Juliet's uncle and Romeo's first cousin once removed, we should probably conclude that the feud between the two houses was being kept up mainly for the dramatic entertainment of the people of Verona.

The ground of *The Party System* is covered also by the series of satirical political novels which appeared in rapid sequence from Mr. Belloc. *Emanuel Burden,* the first and best of these books, is already a recognized classic of sustained

irony. Following on its account of how an honest, but somewhat stupid English merchant, was trapped and at last broken by a financier engaged in exploiting the riches of a malarial African district, we hear of another English merchant, more stupid than Mr. Burden, and just a shade less honest, who, having through sheer luck accumulated a fortune, is pushed, much to his bewilderment into politics, and finally is honored with a title because of his contributions to the party funds. Mr. Barnett, the Jew financier of *Emanuel Burden*, appears again in *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election* as the Duke of Batterseas, and has a finger in the pie of the novels which followed that book.

In *Pongo and the Bull* he effects the downfall of the Government, despite the desperate attempt of the leader of the opposition to keep the Government in office by means of an elaborate piece of stage management. Had Pongo not been chased by the bull he would have entered the chamber of the House of Commons at the Prime Minister's cue, "the leader of the opposition is morally guilty of assassination." But an accident ruined collusion and precipitated the General Election which the Front Benches were seeking to avoid.

A Change in the Cabinet is simply an amusing study in nepotism, where a half-wit whose wife has lost her enormous allowance from the American millionaire, her father, receives a place in the Cabinet and five thousand pounds a year, plus expenses to save him from (comparative) starvation. The thing is put more briefly in one of the *Cautionary Tales for Children.*

Nepotism, so entertainingly described in these verses for children, though having something corrupt about it, is obviously much less positively evil than that direct and indirect giving and taking of bribes which is the secret sore of English politics. Yet both nepotism, for which a kind of defence can be made out, and the indefensible practice of bribery, are after all only symptomatic. They are consequences of a disease, not the disease itself. *That* is nothing less than a plutocracy which works through an oligarchy under the appearance—the *camouflage,* O blessed word! of democracy. It endangers the State, because the interests of finance are international, and patriotism is an exploitable commodity. It endangers the home, the unit of the State; because the rich, with a contempt peculiarly

modern for the poor, are destroying in turn one after another of the private liberties of the people. It endangers society, the organization of the State; because the means of wealth are concentrated into the hands of a few who are able to establish a domination over the lives of the many who have become dispossessed.

In 1912 appeared Mr. Belloc's book, *The Servile State,* whose thesis was that capitalism, as an economic system, growing increasingly unstable, is striving to establish itself in stable equilibrium, and that the stability would be nothing else than a reversion to the servile institution, in which, under possibly some new name, the mass of men would be compelled by law to work for the profit of a limited number of masters. The argument was not that such a consummation is inevitable; but that the trend of society was towards it. Mr. Belloc confined himself to definition and to abstract discussion, as of a mathematical problem, of his theory. He did not say that slavery was wrong, but merely considered whether a revival of it were probable. He declared that Socialism led to the establishment of the Servile State by being deflected from its objective in its impact upon capitalism; and "that the Capitalist State breeds a Collectivist Theory which *in action produces* something utterly different from Collectivism: to wit, the Servile State."

To counteract both Capitalism and Collectivism, the Chesterbelloc has preached the reëstablishment of a system of widely distributed property, such as was general in England before the Reformation, and is still general over the greater portion of Europe. In it, men would own their own bodies, their own land, and their own tools and, having economic independence, could be free.

When Leo XIII. issued his encyclical letter, *Rerum novarum,* he declared the pressing question of the moment to be the condition of the working classes; and today, the importance of sound economics is so overwhelming that, with the War over, nothing else is of much consequence. The yoke laid by the rich upon the necks of the masses of the population weighs heavier than in the great Pontiff's day—for even if there is a show of improving the lot of the workers in its material aspect, if modern social reform supports the granting of greater comfort and security to the laboring classes, it ac-

companies its benefits with an increased control over the lives of men. It means to destroy destitution and freedom at one blow. The more discerning of the Socialists have already begun to doubt the wisdom of strikes whose sole object is the obtaining of higher wages, preferring the gaining of a higher status to the illusory bulk of a pay-envelope. Yet, in all the welter of controversy, with collectivists, syndicalists and bolshevists shouting against one another, very few economists are demanding the independence and dignity which would return with a society where private ownership would be normal. Still, there are many hopeful signs of a new spirit and the guild idea, tacked on to a modified form of Socialism, is gaining ground. The more ground it gains, however, the more Socialism loses, so that it is significant that Mr. Orage has found it convenient to rename his proposals, "National Guilds" instead of "Guild Socialism."

Only recently has the world begun to know anything of the mediæval industrial organization. We were allowed to read that the religious houses were suppressed because they were avaricious, but never that they were suppressed because the king and his servants were greedy for gold. About the guilds, however, there was an unanimity of silence. As Mr. G. K. Chesterton remarks in his *Short History of England:*

> The boy and girl reading the stock simplified histories of the schools practically never heard of such a thing as a burgher, until he appears in a shirt with a noose around his neck.

When the mere fact of the existence of the craft guilds was suppressed, it was still less likely that a word would be said as to how they were destroyed and why. The fratricidal murder of the Protector Somerset cannot be altogether condoned by a Protestant country, but while admitted, it is set off (like Henry's matrimonial adventures) to the debit side of a ledger where Protestanism stands as an enormous credit balance. There is, however, a debit never posted in full to the account, the enclosure of the common lands, and another debit not posted at all, the destruction of the guilds. G. K. Chesterton makes the point in a characteristic passage of his history:

> The Mediæval Trade Unions were struck down, their

> buildings broken into by the soldiery, and their funds seized by the new nobility. And this simple incident takes all its common meaning out of the assertion (in itself plausible enough) that the Guilds, like everything else at that time, were probably not at their best. Proportion is the only practical thing; and it may be true that Cæsar was not feeling well on the morning of the Ides of March. But simply to say that the Guilds declined, is about as true as saying that Cæsar quietly died from purely natural causes at the foot of the statue of Pompey.

The doctrine of liberty, preached not as an intellectual abstraction, but as a practical part of work-a-day life explains the pugnacious attitude of the Chesterbelloc which to many people seems to be mere wantonness. If the Chestertons and Belloc have exposed politicians, it is not because they take a malicious delight in scandal for its own sake, but because they desire the honor of their country and the liberty of their fellow-countrymen.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

O THOU great priest of all the nations, thou
Whose immemorial chanting shakes the sky!
The suns of ages on thy reverend brow
Linger, in glorious life, immortally.

I come again to hear, eternal tone
Of immolated waters, where the leap
Of thy vast splendor makes perpetual moan
And lifts unwearied litanies from the deep.
And lo!
I find thy priestly waters clad in snow,
And where thy choral rapids used to sweep
Surpliced in hills of frost, like acolytes, they sleep.

All rubrical, in white,
Hills, waves and trees are vestured deep with light
As for high splendors of some solemn feast.
The mighty altar of thy hills, aglow
With ceremonial show,
Twinkles with mimic suns; thy tapers bright
Astound the reverent sight,
And wistful, sedulous clouds of swirling mist
Have never ceased
To hang the shivering trees, by sunbeams kissed,
With wonderful bright robes and baldachins of fleece.

O the vast arc of that white altar, glowing
With crystal columns of thy frozen streams,
Gigantic pillars, halted in their flowing,
Lucent with lightenings of marmoreal gleams,
Their flutings vaster than old Egypt's glory,
Chiseled to fretted arabesques of frost,—
In the white windings of that splendor hoary
The wildered sunbeams wander and are lost.

Ah, bleak and beautiful, and clear
With more than earthly glitterings of delight,
Thine ice-built altar here
Quivers with marvels of celestial light,
Kissed
With wild and tremulous mist,
And streaming clouds of glory from its height.

Around, in robes of state,
The reverential forests stand,
With their deep, paradisal fruitings hoar.
Obsequious they wait
While, chanting low, the waters deck them more,
Strewing their crystal splendors on the land,
Weaving the woods with many a strange device
With snowy bands and crackling stays of ice,
Until amazing glories flash and flow
Where the white forests glow,
And all the common world is covered under
With hills of splendor and with vales of wonder!

The vaporous incense of thy restless wave
Is whirled in clouds of glory, freezing far,
On every jutting crag the restless play
Of thy swift, eager water piles away
A heap of gelid foam. The furious war
Of freezing torrents, teased to flinging spray,
Hath left thy stones as lovely as a star.
Where the pale stretches of thine ice fields are,
Hark, the trapped surges impotently rave,
Roar furious, prisoned in their icy cave.

And still
The steadfast waters keep their constant will
On pouring towards the brink of their desire.
The sacrificial torrent whelmed and lost
In wonderful, deep frost,
Leaps onward with its immemorial fire.
With all its ancient joy and all its fear
The liquid litany of the waves I hear,
And echo through the white, impassive walls
The solemn verberations of the falls.

No fetters of imperious cold
This sacrificial surge can stay
From the wild winter's freezing hold
The eager torrent leaps away,
And through the far-flung ice resistless poured
The ever valiant wave, to win its way,
Shakes the white lightenings of its silver sword!

SHAKESPEARE AND THE ART OF MUSIC.

BY F. J. KELLY, MUS. D.

If Music and Sweet Poetry agree
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great, 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
—*Passionate Pilgrim.*

WITH these words, Shakespeare sings of the intimate relationship between music and poetry. No other dramatic poet has exhibited in his works such great admiration of music and such technical knowledge as did Shakespeare. Of all his dramatic works, but five are without allusions to music. He therefore is a very valuable addition to the history of music, as his characters discuss the object of music, philosophy of music and also the practice of the art.

There is a very intimate association between Shakespeare and music, for he lived at a time in which much vitality was exhibited in musical circles. The voice of music was abroad. Every aspect of life was accompanied by appropriate strains. Across the wooded hills, on the village common, in mansion and cottage, a real love of the art revealed itself in divers manners. It would be difficult to determine the great influence that music exerted in the life of Shakespeare. Shakespeare's excursions in the musical province are a direct outcome of a great joy in its charms. He is always happy when speaking on music and its place in life. To him it is something real. It is the human side of it that attracts him. It is evident that to him, the art of sound was full of fascination. And whether his reference is humorous or full of enthusiasm, he speaks with the voice of one who knows and understands. The number and diversities of Shakespeare's allusions to music in its many forms proves an active interest in it. A clever man can write eloquently about it, without being particularly sensitive to its influence, but that by Shakespeare

it was regarded seriously, must be obvious to the careful student of his works.

In sketching out a programme of Shakespearean music, certain familiar things are plainly indicated. We have Mendelssohn's fairy music to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, epitome of all that is best in his work. Then there are Berlioz's dramatic symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, Tschaikowsky's symphonic poem, *Hamlet*, and the incident music written by Arthur Sullivan to the *Tempest* and *Merchant of Venice*. Besides there are the following overtures: Beethoven's *Coriolanus*, Weber's *Oberon* and Berlioz's *King Lear*. We conclude the list with Richard Strauss' symphonic poem *Macbeth*, and the Shakespearean preludes: Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, Gade's *Hamlet*, and Schumann's *Julius Cæsar*. Of all musicians, Berlioz is the most interesting in connection with Shakespeare, whom he is better qualified to interpret than any other.

Shakespeare's influence with the master of masters of the art of music, Beethoven, was very marked. He was well acquainted with the poet's works, and read him with avidity in German. Looking into his immortal music, we have his own authority for connecting Shakespeare's name with two magnificent sonatas. When asked to explain the hidden meaning of Sonata Op. 31 No. 2 in D minor and Op. 57 in F minor, the composer replied: "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." In the overture *Coriolanus*, Beethoven derived his matter mainly from Shakespeare. Wagner has analyzed the constituents of this overture, showing how the themes relate to incidents in the life of the Roman. The force and dignity of the opening, stand for the inflexible will and haughty bearing of the hero; while the second subject, of a tender and pleading character, one can hardly be wrong in associating with the tearful entreaties of the Roman matrons which woke the filial piety of Coriolanus and led to the tragedy of his death.

The influence of Shakespeare upon music is naturally connected with the settings of the songs which are innumerable. Of contemporary and very early settings, there appear to be very few. However, towards the end of the seventeenth century, examples are more numerous. In 1678, Purcell produced his "Overture" and "Incidental Music," both characteristic and beautiful, to the masque in Shadwell's version of

Timon. In 1690, the same Shadwell, having adapted *The Tempest,* Purcell contributed music to it; two pieces, "Come unto these yellow sands," and "Full fathom five," being especially admirable. Later on he wrote the gossamer-like fairy music for the adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* We have also fine settings of the songs in *As You Like It, Twelfth Night, The Merchant of Venice, The Tempest,* and the dirge in *Romeo and Juliet.* The lyric "It was a lover and his lass," has been set sixteen or seventeen times and others nearly as often. Some of the sonnets, passages out of *Venus and Adonis* and *The Passionate Pilgrim* and non-lyrical extracts from different plays have been given a musical dress.

In Shakespeare's Plays we find folk music and song, but no sacred music of the "Te Deum" or "Sanctus" kind, for there was no call for it in the subjects he treated. Yet in *Henry VIII.,* in the death scene of Queen Catharine, we have "sad and solemn music." He also made use of instrumental music. In his *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act IV., Scene 3, solemn and strange music is heard. None of such music has been preserved. It may have been only a few chords or snatches of melody, yet it was a second stage of instrumental music. Shakespeare must have known the Mystery Plays. Certainly the trained musician who idly turns the poet's leaves to see what musical allusions he makes, is astounded at his intimate knowledge of music, that art which so many of the poets rave about with so little understanding. Shakespeare knew what he was talking about, and could move at ease among musical technics.

Had we no other sources of information as to the intimate connection of music with the life of the time, we should find it reflected in Shakespeare's Plays, not only by the frequent introduction of songs sung by the characters, which, be it noted, are always relevant to the action, but by the introduction of professional musicians, such figures in those days, and by the proneness of the characters to point their moral, or adorn their philosophy with apt musical similes. The historical plays have fewer musical allusions than either the tragedies or the comedies. Shakespeare stands out among all the Elizabethans, for his appreciation of the divine art, a sort of appreciation, which in its perception of music in all its then known forms and phases, we might term democratic. It is never quite safe, however, to count upon a dramatist's acting

consistently with the dogmas of his characters; a man may smile and be a villain; so in Shakespeare's world at least a man may be musical and be a villain, for the most detestable of all his characters gives expression to his sinister motives in metaphors drawn from music:

> O, you are well-tuned now.
> But I'll set down the pegs that make this music.

The most often quoted passage about music in Shakespeare is the one about "the man that hath no music in himself," and he is declared as "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." A careful reading of the second scene of Act I. of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, will surprise the reader with more musical allusions than are found in any other single Shakespearean scene, unless it be in *Twelfth Night*. One of the most playful touches in Shakespeare in connection with music, is the picturing of the musician looking for compliments in *As You Like It:* "Shall we clap into it roundly without hawking or spitting, or saying 'we are hoarse,' which are the only prologues to a bad voice?" In *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II., Scene 3, Balthazar, the musician, strives with might and main to win a compliment from Dom Pedro, but only gets: "Thou singest well enough for a shift."

Shakespeare's muse presents wonderful specimens of the strength and music of our language, as well as facility and felicity of construction; and this power of transferring the inmost truth of things into musical verse makes him, as Emerson says, "the highest type of the poet." In addition to the extreme beauty and melody of his versification, "the golden cadence of poesy," and breathing the highest passionate eloquence, the reader's attention is called to the striking parallelisms and analogies in phrase and metaphor throughout all his plays and poems. Yet he seldom repeats himself or plays upon but one string. The same thought and image is conveyed by a happy alternation of phrase, combining both euphony and melody with harmony of thought and feeling.

MUSICAL ECHO.

> How dost thou like this tune?
> It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where love is throned.
>
> —*Twelfth Night*, II. 4.

ECHO—MUSIC OF THE HOUNDS.

We will fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV. 1.

CHIME OF BELLS.

Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV. 1.

MUSIC A CHARMING AWAKENING FROM SLEEP.

Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound.
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Aside from the choice of musical sounding words, which abound in Shakespeare's works, we find the musical phenomenon of alliteration, a device which can rise to heights of great beauty in the hands of a master. The simplest form of this kind of verbal music in Shakespeare, is the alliterative epithet, "pale primrose," "fierce fire," "midnight mushrooms," "reeling ripe," "curled clouds," "mischiefs manifold," "ebbing Neptune," etc. Such epithets abound throughout his plays. Then we have lines like, "I will not struggle, I will stand stone still." Shakespeare did not deliberately invent involved combinations of this sort; he was more like Mozart, with an inward spring of music forever bubbling up and out, lisping in numbers, because the numbers came, and adorning his verse with sound patterns of which he was, at most, half conscious but which have formed themselves in a very musical mind. Music with him was a natural and powerful means of expression; he uses it to carry his purpose a little further than the spoken word will take it.

Shakespeare's allusions to musical instruments are far too numerous for detailed mention; he draws glibly from all of them. The viol da gamboys, a baritone stringed instrument, is connected inseparably with a gentleman's liberal education in *Twelfth Night;* the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife in the masques, is held up to ridicule by Shylock; the lute is pilloried over Hortensio's head by the Shrew; and even the various kinds of bag-pipes which seem all equally sour, are differentiated; the "Lincolnshire bag-pipes" in *Henry IV.;* the

"woollen bagpipes" in the *Merchant of Venice*, and so on. He refers to the Virginals, a precursor of our pianoforte, and delights us with a most perfect metaphor in *Winter's Tale*, drawn from the method of playing them, which required quite a different "touch" from the modern piano: "Still Virginalling upon his palm."

Shakespeare most frequently mentions the lute, an instrument entirely different in its construction from the lyre. He speaks of it four times as often as the other common instruments of the home, and, in fact, it was "popular" in Tudor days, just as the pianoforte is popular now, or as the harp was in our grandmother's time.

> Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute string, and now governed by stops.
>
> —*Much Ado About Nothing*, III. 2.

> And there I stood amazed for a while
> As on a pillory, looking through the lute.
>
> —*Taming of the Shrew*, II. 1.

> *Bap.* Why then, thou canst not break her to the lute?
> *Hor.* Why no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
>
> —*Taming of the Shrew*, II. 1.

It is supposed that Shakespeare wrote his inimitable works without much thought of their permanence, still less of their eternal value, and probably the idea that the lyrics contained in them would be handled by a series of great composers, never occurred to him. Can one not imagine a flush of pride on the well-known features, were it possible to make known to him, that scarcely a single musician of all future ages left his lyrics untouched? As the unrivaled worth of Shakespeare's plays sank into the minds of men, so composers of all nationalities hastened to avail themselves of his words. To evolve adequate musical settings of Shakespeare, appears to be as great an obsession, as the desire to write fugues in the name of Bach. Shakespeare, not only occupies the highest pedestal of literary fame, but claims universal approbation for the art he inspired.

REVIVAL OF FRENCH CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTIVITY.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

IN France and abroad I have often met with derisive criticism directed particularly towards Catholics. "You do not know how to organize," they would say, or: "Form yourselves into a political party." Formerly they would add: "Be a Centre!" pointing to the too famous German *Centrum*. For diverse reasons the formation of such a political Centre was impossible, but the Catholics of France have organized intellectual and social centres to which I wish to direct the attention of the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

As a Frenchman living abroad I was much interested in attending the recent reunions, during the month of August, which were known as "*La Semaine Sociale de Metz.*" This social week was made possible, because among Catholics, clergy and laity alike, there is more ardent good-will than ever, and more personal generosity towards the cause of the Church and the people. Notwithstanding the harrowing years we have lived through, human beings consumed with avarice and an insatiable thirst for sensual pleasure unfortunately still exist. But, in contrast to this pitiable type, often completely swept away by excessive luxury and corruption, there is an increasing number of souls of the élite who strive to stem the tide of physical and moral evils brought about by the War.

Never before have vocations been so numerous in the congregations of men. I could instance Parisian novitiates not a few, whose aspirants count many already in their forties, formerly occupying brilliant positions in the world. Responding to the divine call, their one desire is to serve God and their neighbor.

With this multiplicity of vocations to the priesthood and religious life so noticeable in France today, in all walks and stages of life, we remark another pleasing evidence: the activity and prudent assurance with which French Catholics assert themselves in the social field. The problems to be solved were never more numerous or complex, more delicate or more criti-

cal. Our bishops have sought to indicate where the solution may be found, or at least the principles for their solution. Several have published pastorals recalling to mind the instructions of the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, and applying them to the present contingency.

The letter of his Eminence Cardinal Maurin, Archbishop of Lyons, relative to the workingmen's associations, and professional organizations, created the greatest stir.

That, in the social field, the French Episcopate is quite capable of demonstrating how fearlessly the Church voices justice, was evidenced in a recent event. On the thirteenth of last October, Monseigneur Germain, Archbishop of Toulouse, having learned that the conciliatory committee between the directors of the city banks and their clerks on strike, could not effect an adjustment because the directors refused the arbitration allowed under the law of 1892, called a meeting of the bank directors and two delegates of the Association of Catholic Clerks. At this meeting the Archbishop urged that the actions of the Association were strictly in accord with the principles of Catholic sociology exposed in his recent pastoral[1] on social order. He asserted that, in conscience, the directors could not disallow the arbitration claimed by the strikers. But, again the directors, alleging formal orders from their Paris management, refused to arbitrate. During a general meeting of the strikers, the propositions of the Archbishop were made known and met with warm applause. The members of the labor union begged their comrades of the Catholic Association to convey to the Archbishop their sincere gratitude. This is a typical instance of the existing spirit of Catholic circles in France.

But one may ask—are these organizations, these social works numerous and in accord with this leadership? To answer this question fully would require many pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The discussion must necessarily be limited.

To consider first Catholic intellectual activity in France, we will enumerate the Catholic universities, and the many flourishing religious establishments of secondary education for young men and young women. The universities

[1] See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, "With Our Readers," vol. cix., p. 709, for a summary of this pastoral.

rank as follows: Paris, Lille, Lyons, Toulouse and Angers. They are frequented by large numbers of students. Of recent years they have enjoyed the advantages of keen interest in new ideas and great simplicity in methods. This does not mean yielding to doctrinal innovations, but showing in other lines a proper initiative, and a real desire to meet actual necessities. We must confine ourselves here to two examples of this spirit. Six years ago the Catholic Institute of Paris opened to ambitious persons a course in higher commercial studies, particularly for those desirous of pursuing a commercial, financial or industrial career. Besides this, at Angers the Catholic University maintains a school of agriculture and a school of commerce. It expects to extend its activities to a school of arts and crafts under the direction of religious already established in Nantes.

It would be a grave error to think there are no ardent Catholics among the faculties of the colleges and State universities. On the contrary they are numerous and active. Many have grouped themselves in an original manner, as the authors and publishers of a periodical known as the *Bulletin of Catholic University Professors.* The subscribers to their *Bulletin* form a veritable family. It was started in 1911 by a noted professor, Joseph Lotte, who shortly after his conversion set out to become an apostle.

In the month of July, 1914, in spite of difficulties, the *Bulletin* had about six hundred members and decided on a thoroughly Catholic mode of procedure. But the War suspended the *Bulletin,* its editor being mobilized. Before the close of 1914 the apostolate of Lotte was crowned by the supreme sacrifice. Nevertheless the apostolate flourished. Lotte's enterprise was not forgotten, and in 1917 it was resumed at Lyons by a small group of professors who maintained its initial Christian spirit. Today it has more than doubled its subscribers. We could cite further many endeavors which unite Catholics belonging to the liberal professions. Among them let us mention the "Social Union of Catholic Engineers." This union meets under the leadership of an association legally constituted, of hundreds of engineers, graduates of various schools, without counting a large number of student engineers welcomed as guests and participating in many of the advantages of the association. The members are recruited among

Catholic engineers exclusively. Their aim is to promote their professional and moral interests, and to work along Catholic social lines; their motto is: "To serve God, to serve each other, to serve others." This general purpose is explicitly realized by fraternal feeling among its members, by reforms of special interest to the profession, by founding or maintaining economic institutions and bureaus of information. Its members, imbued with the desire of exercising their profession in a truly Catholic manner, give much time in their periodic reunions to practical religious instruction, without neglecting technical and social questions.

Another instance of the revival of Catholic activity in France was the great success of *La Semaine Sociale de Metz,* during the first week of August this past year. Our readers are no doubt familiar with this activity when, for a period of eight days, a group of important present-day problems are discussed in lectures given by cleric or lay specialists. The inspiration is essentially Catholic. The doctrine discussed and applied to the different topics is that of the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum.*

La Semaine Sociale was inaugurated at Lyons in 1904 and has been held from that time until the orders for general mobilization were issued on Sunday, August 2, 1914. Monday, August 3d, was the appointed time for the opening of the *Semaine* at Bésançon, but the reunions were necessarily adjourned until victory was assured. Their recent revival in reconquered Lorraine, under the patronage of the new Bishop of Metz, Monseigneur Pelt, was interesting and significant. A large Catholic audience, not alone from Alsace-Lorraine but from all quarters of France, participated, as also a number of foreigners, coming particularly from Belgium and Luxembourg.

Before the War, French example was gradually being followed in a number of countries: Belgium, Holland, Wales, Spain, Poland, Switzerland, Canada, Uruguay and Argentine Republic had their *Semaine Sociale.* Undoubtedly these countries will also resume this interrupted work.

Other general works along moral and social lines, for religious and intellectual activity, could be mentioned, but we shall limit ourselves to pointing out a few of the most recent and efficacious. The aim of this rapid review is to see what has

been done in the line of professional organization for the benefit of the masses.

First, we must realize that prior to the War, there were no so-called workingmen's Christian unions of any importance. But today—and this is another good symptom of Catholic activity—they are establishing themselves particularly in Paris, opening registry offices, labor bureaus, and departments of legal advice. One can only hope these associations will prosper and develop. For those employed in commerce and industry, there is the larger Parisian Union, founded in 1887 by seventeen young clerks, old pupils of the Friars, and members of a pious confraternity, placed under the patronage of St. Benedict Labré. It numbers already about nine thousand members, grouped in seventy-five sections throughout the environs of Paris, and affiliated with similar unions in other important cities. This association is professional in outline and constitution and distinctly Catholic in spirit and personnel. It is one of the models in France of Christian unionism. Its primary aim is the mutual benefit of its members, effected through the registry office, the legal council, a coöperative society, a loan office and a coöperative restaurant. For a more detailed study of the workings and remarkable results of these several institutions, we must refer those of our readers who are especially interested to one of our books, *Activités Sociales*.[2]

The Paris union of clerks extends its activity to night schools, banking courses, conferences, a library and a monthly bulletin. Religion is the actuating spirit of the organization. In the corporation of Parisian clerks, this union plays an important part, and during the recent strike of the banks' personnel, its attitude had to be reckoned with.

When we turn to the women's associations we find again the most powerful in Paris. On September 14, 1902, eighteen teachers, fifteen clerks and as many working girls formed the very first Catholic Women's Professional Association. This was the nucleus of what is known today as, *L'Union des syndicats*[3] *féminins* or because of the street on which their central

[2] *Activités Sociales*, by Max Turmann, LL.D, Paris: Lecoffre-Gabalda. Chapter on "Examples of Unionism," p. 43 *et seq.*

[3] It must be clearly understood that the French word *Syndicat* used here as a union, an organization, association or federation has no connection with the term syndicalism, nor the unworthy socialistic movement which syndicalism usually expresses.—[Editor C. W.]

office is located, *Les Syndicats féminins de l'Abbaye.* It is composed of eight associations—teachers, commercial and industrial clerks, clothing operatives, stenographers and typewriters, servants, nurses, matrons, housekeepers and factory workers, numbering fifteen thousand members, divided into fifty sections in the environs of Paris.

The entirely Catholic associations are united for the purpose of furthering their professional and economic interests, and thereby obtaining mutual benefits for members. They have study clubs, and information bureaus, registry offices, night schools, recreation centres, a coöperative society, an infirmary, and club, housekeeping courses, a dispensary, lodging houses, and restaurants reserved exclusively for women. One can see how far-reaching are the services of this organization.

And these are not the only Catholic Women's Associations. Others flourish in the provinces, especially in the southeast, affiliated with the central Parisian group of the Rue de Sèze. The best proof of the social and religious importance of these Catholic groups[4] is, that during the past months in a number of French territorial points, the revolutionary Socialists have fought them on every side, but the Catholic associations were inflexible. Much could be added concerning the myriad groups of young people, from the "Association of Catholic Youth in France" to innumerable study clubs, societies, and gymnasiums scattered through city and country parishes. The patriotic courage displayed during the War by the victims who fell before the enemy proved the value of the moral formation achieved by these Christian organizations.

Today with their outline reconstructed the reunions have revived with new ardor. In this brief summary we have merely stated facts, which we believe will convince our American friends that, more than ever, the Catholics of France despite the difficulties and perilous times which have decimated their ranks, are full of energy and hope for the future.

[4] For a detailed list and brief sketch of all the Catholic Works of France, we refer the reader to a pamphlet by François Veuillot, entitled *Les Œuvres Catholiques de France.* Paris: Bloud et Gay.

THE DOCTRINE OF SIGNATURES.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

LONG ago, before chemistry proper was dreamed of and before medicine became a science, men were always seeking for remedies and cure-alls. Now all the sciences have had their origin in superstition, and medicine no less than her sisters. In the light of twentieth-century knowledge, many of these old remedies seem very silly; yet they served one purpose, at least: if they were not cures, the experiments gradually led to the scientific rules which now govern the practice of medicine.

The early simplers had one very peculiar method of testing their cures, and that was by the "doctrine of signatures."

In an early work on *The Art of Simpling*, William Coles says: "Yet the mercy of God which is over all His works, maketh Grasse to grow upon the mountains and herbes for the use of men, and hath not only stamped upon them a distinct forme, but also given them particular signatures, whereby a man may read, even in legible characters, the use of them." So, in the days of folklore medicine, when superstition had much to do with beliefs and practices, a resemblance between the external characters of a disease and those of some physical agent was supposed to indicate that the agent should be employed in the treatment of the disease. Thus, a red cloth was plainly the cure for scarlet fever, because it so agreed with the red, blotched skin of the sufferer; and notwithstanding its discomfort, a close swathing in scarlet flannel was the remedy in such cases. The same rule held good in the case of herbs.

Our hepatica, or liver-leaf, owes both its Latin and its English names to the shape of its leaves, and because of its appearance it was once thought to be "a sovereign remedy against the heat and inflammation of the liver." And, owing to a black pupil-like spot in its corolla, the eyebright, or euphrasy, was plainly, as revealed in its "legible characters," created for use in eye-troubles.

. . . in physic by some signature
Nature herself doth point us out a cure:
The Liverwort is by industrious art
Known physical and sovereign for that part
Which it resembles; and so we apply
The Eyebright by the like unto the eye."
—*William Brown*, in *Britannia's Pastorals.*

Then purged with eyphrasy and rue
His visual orbs, for he had much to see.
—*Milton.*

The lungwort *(Pulmonaria officinalis)* has white-spotted leaves which were fancied to resemble a diseased lung, and in this way the plant, which possesses demulcent properties, came to be used in diseases of that organ. A lichen *(Sticta pulmonaria)* has a flat, expanded, somewhat lung-shaped thallus, and so has also been used for such a remedy. Because the lungwort leaf could, by a stretch of the imagination, be made to look exactly like a dewlap, it was at one time a very popular remedy for the pneumonia of bullocks, one of its names being bullock's-lungwort.

The granulated roots of the white meadow saxifrage, resembling small stones, were supposed to indicate its efficacy in the cure of calculus complaints, hence the name "saxifrage," or "stone-breaker." The hard seeds of the gromwell were also used in cases of stone; it was formerly known as lythewale, or stoneswitch. Spleenwort, from the shape of the leaf, suggested its name and its uses; it is believed in some rural districts of the old world that swine, when affected with the spleen, will resort to this plant, and, according to Coles, the ass does likewise, for he tells us that: "If the asse be oppressed with melancholy, he eates of the herbe asplemon or mill-waste, and eases himself of the swelling of the spleen." The pilewort has a tuberous root long thought, from its appearance, to be an efficacious remedy for this trouble.

The walnut was regarded as clearly good for mental cases from its bearing the signature of the whole head; the outward green cortex answering to the pericranium, the harder shell within representing the skull, and the shape and convolutions of the kernel implying the covering and matter of the brain. Hence, the outside shell was considered good for wounds of the head, whilst the bark of the tree was re-

garded as a sovereign remedy for the ringworm, by the same sign. Its leaves, too, when bruised and moistened with vinegar, were used for earache, perhaps because the ears appear to grow from the head much as leaves from a branch. For scrofulous glands, the knotty tubers attached to the kernel-wort have been considered highly efficacious. Our Lady's-Thistle, from its numerous prickles, was much recommended for stitches in the side. Nettle-tea is still a common remedy with many of the old-world peasantry for the nettle-rash, while the scabious, from its scaly pappus, led to its use in scabies, or even leprosy. The leaves of the wood-sorrel were believed to preserve the heart from many diseases, from their being "broad at the ends, cut in the middle, and sharp towards the stalk." Similarly the heart-trefoil was so called, and used, because "not only is the leaf triangular like the heart of a man, but also because each leaf contains the perfect image of a heart, and that in its proper color, a flesh color."

Self-heal, or prunella, is called carpenter's herb, on account of its corolla being shaped like a bill-hook, hence its use for wounds of all kinds. St.-John's-wort, with its leaves marked with blood-like spots, which appear, according to tradition, on the anniversary of his decollation, is still "the wonderful herb" that cures all sorts of wounds. Herb-robert, from the beautiful red hue assumed by the fading foliage, was supposed to be "a stauncher of blood," while as a preventative against hemorrhage of every kind red roses have long been a favorite remedy in Germany. The water-soldier, from its sword-shaped leaves, was reckoned among the applications for relieving gun-shot wounds. Solomon's Seal was also long believed to be of use as a wound-dressing. Gerarde, describing it, tells us how "the root of Solomon's Seal stamped, while it is fresh and green, and applied, taketh away in one night or two at the most, any bruise, black or blue spots, gotten by falls, or women's wilfulness in stumbling upon their hasty husband's fists." The specific name of the tutsan *(Hypericum Androsæmum)* derived from the two Greek words signifying *man* and *blood,* refer to the dark red juice which exudes from the capsules when bruised; it was once applied to external wounds, and hence it was called "balm of the warrior's wound," or "all-heal." Gerarde says: "The leaves laid upon broken skins and scabbed legs heal them, and many other hurts and

griefs, whereof it took its name *'toute-saine'* of healing all things."

Quaking-grass and aspen were both powerful ague-remedies, as would be inferred; the purple marshwort was an excellent remedy against the purples; the yellow bark of the barberry, when taken as a decoction in ale or white wine, was said to be highly useful in cases of the jaundice, hence in some parts of the Old World the plant is known as "jaundice-berry." An apple mixed with saffron was also recommended for the jaundice, while rhubarb, we are told, by the doctrine of signatures, was the "life, soul, heart, and treacle of the liver." As the woody scales on the cones of pine-trees resemble fore-teeth, so pine-leaves boiled in vinegar were used as a toothache medicine.

In the case of the rattlesnake weed *(Hiracium venosum)* again crops out the old doctrine of signatures, for undoubtedly its remedial virtue has been attributed to the plant solely on account of the fancied resemblance between its leaves and the markings of the rattlesnake. The rattlesnake plantain has also been reputed as an infallible cure for both hydrophobia and snake-bites; it is said that the Indians had such faith in its medicinal value that they would allow a snake to drive its fangs into them for a small sum, if they had these leaves on hand to apply to the wound. The snake-cane is a tropical American palm having a ringed, snake-like stem; its juice is used by the natives as a cure for snake-bites, as is also the snake-wood, an East Indian vine.

In accordance with this doctrine, it was once generally believed that the seeds of ferns were of an invisible sort, and thus it came that the possessor of fern-seed could become invisible. In Ben Jonson's *New Inn* this belief is noticed:

> I had
> No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
> No fern-seed in my pocket.

And again, in First Part, *King Henry IV.*

> *Gadshill:* We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.
>
> *Chamberlain:* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible. II. 2.

The weak, trailing, knotted stems of the knotgrass was looked upon with superstition; an infusion of it was supposed to have the effect of stopping the growth of an animal. For this reason it was called, as by Shakespeare, "hindering knotgrass." Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Coxcomb* mention the legend:

> We want a boy extremely for this function,
> Kept under for a year with milk and knot-grass.

Pliny pointed out the folly of the magicians in using the catanance, or blue succory, for love-potions, on account of its "shrinking in drying into the shape of the claws of a dead kite," and so holding the patient fast. The horse-shoe vetch, from the shape of its legumes, and the moonwort, from the crescent-shaped segments of its fronds, were believed to have power to unshoe horses treading upon them, hence the former's name of "unshoe-the-horse." The hound's-tongue has been reputed to have the magical property of preventing dogs barking at a person, if laid beneath the feet. Of the valerian Topsell informs us: "The root of the herb valerian (commonly called Phu) is very like to the eye of a cat, and wheresoever it groweth, if cats come thereunto, they instantly dig it up for the love thereof, as I myself have seen in mine own garden, for it smelleth moreover like a cat."

Such is the curious old folk-lore doctrine of signatures, which in olden times was regarded with so much favor, and was for a very long time recognized without any questioning as worthy of men's acceptation. Among the blessings we owe to science, is a deliverance from many of these nauseous prescriptions so popular with the old herbalists.

> Grandmother's gathering boneset today:
> In the garret she'll dry and hang it away.
> Next winter I'll "need" some boneset tea—
> I wish she wouldn't think always of me!
>
> —*Edith M. Thomas.*

THE LOYALIST.[1]

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER I.

LEASE continued, Peggy. You were telling me who were there and what they wore. Oh, dear! I am so sorry mother would not give me leave to go. Was it all too gay?"

"It was wonderful!" was the deliberate reply. "We might have danced till now had not Washington planned that sudden attack. We had to leave then—that was early this morning—and I have been abed since."

It was now well into the evening and the two girls had been seated for the longest time, it seemed, on the small sofa which flanked the east wall of the parlor. The dusk, which had begun to grow thick and fast when Marjorie had come to visit Peggy, was now quite absorbed into darkness; still the girls had not lighted the candles, choosing to remain in the dark until the story of the wonderful experience of the preceding day had been entirely related.

The grand pageant and mock tournament, the celebrated Mischienza, arranged in honor of General Howe, who had resigned his office as Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's forces in America to return to England, there to defend himself against his enemies in person, as General Burgoyne was now doing from his seat in Parliament, was an event long to be remembered both for the

[1] Historical facts constitute the background of this story. Its hero and its heroine are, of course, fictitious; but the deportment of General Arnold, the Shippen family, the several military and civic personages throughout the story is described, for the most part, accurately and in conformity with the sober truths of history. Pains have been taken to depict the various historical episodes which enter into the story, such as the attempted formation of the Regiment of Roman Catholic Volunteers, the court-martial of Major General Arnold, the Military Mass on the occasion of the anniversary of American Independence, with as much fidelity to truth as possible. The anti-Catholic sentences, employed in the reprimand of Captain Meagher, are anarchronisms; they are identical, however, with utterances made in the later life of Benedict Arnold. The influence of Peggy Shippen upon her husband is vouched for by eminent authority.

Due appreciation and sincere gratitude must be expressed to those authors from whom immense quantities of information have been taken,—to John Gilmary Shea in his *History of the Catholic Church in the United States;* to Martin I. J. Griffin's *Catholics and the American Revolution;* to F. J. Stimson's excellent work, *Memoirs of Benedict Arnold;* to John Fiske's *American Revolution,* and to the many other works which have been freely consulted.

extravagance of its display, and the peculiar prominence afforded the foremost families of the city, particularly the Shippens.

Edward Shippen was a gentleman of rank, of character, of fortune, a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in the city of Philadelphia, whose ancestor, of the same name, had been mayor of the city nigh an hundred years before. He belonged to the society of Friends, or Quakers, and while he took no active interest on either side during the years of the war, still he was generally regarded as one of the sympathizers of the Crown. Because of the social eminence which the family enjoyed, and the brilliance and genial hospitality which distinguished their affairs, the Shippens were considered the undisputed leaders of the social set of Philadelphia. The three lovely Misses Shippen were the belles of the more aristocratic class. They were toasted frequently by the gay English officers during the days of the British occupation of the city when their father's house was often the rendezvous of the titled celebrities of the day.

"And was your Captain there, too?" continued Marjorie, referring, of course, to Captain Monstresor, the engineer of the undertaking, an erstwhile admirer of Mistress Peggy.

"You must know, my dear, that he arranged the spectacle. I saw little of him until the dance. In truth, he seemed more popular than General Howe, himself."

Marjorie sat up.

"Tell me! Did the tournament begin the programme?"

"No!" replied Peggy. "The military procession of boats and barges with Lords Howe and Rawdon and General Howe and General Clinton opened the event in the late morning, sailing up the river to the Wharton House, the scene of the tournament." Marjorie nodded. "The noise of the guns was deafening. When the flotilla arrived at Walnut Grove, which was lined with troops and bedecked brilliantly with flags and bunting, the pageant opened."

"Where were you in the meantime?" asked Marjorie, careful to lose no details.

"We were seated in the pavilions—seven ladies in each—clothed in Turkish garments; each wearing in her turban the favor with which to reward the victorious knights."

"And who was your knight?"

"The Honorable Captain Cathcart," quickly replied Peggy, her eyes beaming with a smile of evident satisfaction and proud joy.

"Lord Cathcart, whom I met here?"

"The same," answered Peggy. "He was the leader of the 'Knights of the Blended Rose.' "

"What an odd name!" Marjorie exclaimed.

"I know it. They were named after their device. They were dressed in white and red silk, mounted on gray horses and attended by esquires. They were preceded by a herald who bore their device, two roses intertwined above the motto 'We droop when separated.' My knight rode at the head, attended by two British officers, and his two esquires, the one bearing his lance, the other his shield emblazoned with his device—Cupid astride a lion—over the motto 'Surrounded by love.'"

"You little Tory," interrupted Marjorie. "I shall tell General Washington that you are disloyal and have lent your sympathies with a British officer."

"I care little. The Yankees have little refinement—"

"Don't you dare say that," snapped Marjorie, her whole being animated with sudden anger. "It is untrue and you know it. They are patriots and—"

"Forgive me, dear," murmured Peggy, laying her hand on the arm of her provoked friend. "I said that only in jest. I shan't continue if you are vexed."

There was silence.

"Please! I am not angry," Marjorie pleaded. "Do continue."

"I forget my story now. What did I tell? There was so much that I am confused."

"The Knights of the Rose!" suggested Marjorie.

"Oh yes! Well this body of knights made the circuit of the square and then saluted their ladies. On a sudden, a herald advanced with a flourish of trumpets and announced that the ladies of the Blended Rose excelled in wit, beauty, grace, charm and accomplishments those of the whole world and challenged a denial by deeds of arms. Whereupon a counter sound of trumpets was heard from afar and another herald galloped before a body of knights in black and orange silk with the device—a wreath of flowers surrounding a burning heart—over the motto 'Love and Glory.' These were the Knights of the Burning Mountain, who arrived on the scene to dispute the claim of the Knights of the Blended Rose."

"It must have been gorgeous!" exclaimed Marjorie, clasping her hands together before her.

"Indeed it was. Well, after several preliminaries, the encounter took place, the knights receiving their lances together with their shields from their esquires, whereupon they saluted and encountered at full speed, shivering their spears against the shield of their adversaries. They next encountered and discharged

their pistols and then fought with swords. Again the two chiefs of the warring factions, Captain Cathcart of the Blended Rose and Captain Watson of the Burning Mountain, met in mid field to try the force of their arms as champions of their respective parties. They parried and thrust with true knightly valor until Major Grayson, as marshal of the field, intervened at the critical moment, declaring the ladies of both parties to be fully satisfied with the proofs of love and the feats of valor shown by their knights, and thereby commanded the combatants to desist. This ended the tournament."

"How wonderful!" sighed Marjorie. "I would I had been present. And your knight was the hero?"

"Of course," replied Peggy with a smile. "I am sure that he would have worsted Captain Watson, had not the Major stepped in. But the banquet was splendid."

"And Captain Cathcart!" reminded Marjorie, with a slight manifestation of instinctive envy.

"Why! He attended me, of course," was the proud response. "Each knight escorted his lady through the triumphal arches erected in honor of the Generals who were present, along the long avenue lined on both sides with the troops and the colors of the army. At the third arch, which was dedicated to General Howe and which bore aloft on its top a huge flying figure of Fame, we entered the great hall. Here refreshments were served and the dancing began, and continued until midnight, when it ceased that we might throw open the windows to witness the wonderful display of fireworks and rockets. And then the supper!—"

"Gorgeous, of course!" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Gorgeous, indeed!" Peggy repeated—"a great room, with fifty or more pier glasses, drapped with green silk and hundreds of varieties of flowers of as many hues and shades. An hundred branches of lights, thousands of tapers, four hundred and thirty covers, and there must have been more than twelve hundred dishes. The attendants were twenty-four black slaves garbed Oriental fashion with silver collars and bracelets. And then we danced and danced until dawn, when we were interrupted by the sound of distant cannon."

"And then your knights were called to real war," remarked Marjorie.

"For the moment all thought this to be part of the programme, the signal for another great spectacle. Suddenly everything broke into confusion. The officers rushed to their commands. The rest of us betook ourselves as best we could. We came home and went to bed, tired in every bone. Mother is sorry

that I attended, for she thought it too gay. But I would not have lost it for the world."

And perhaps her mother was right. For Peggy was but eighteen, the youngest of the Shippen family. The other girls were somewhat older, yet the three were considered the most beautiful débutantes of the city, the youngest, if in anything, the more renowned for grace and manner. Her face was of sufficient plumpness to give it charm, delicate in contour, rich with the freshness of the bloom of youthful years. Her carriage denoted breeding and dignity, sweetened by a magnetism of personality and a vivacity of manner, that drew to her, in love and admiration, all who came within her influence. Still her attitude was more prepossessing than permanent.

Like her father, she was a Quaker in many of her observances, to which creed she steadfastly adhered with a rigorous determination. She so frequently manifested her political sympathies, often intensified by irrational and passionate utterances, that her father was led to observe that she was more a Tory at heart than General Howe, himself.

Her companion, Marjorie Allison, was about her own age, but as intensely patriotic as she was loyal. Her parents had always lived in Philadelphia, as their parents had before them, coming originally from the mother country to which they were now opposed in martial strife. The thrill of patriotism for the cause of the infant Republic, which throbbed violently within her breast, had been inspired to enthusiasm more by intense antipathy for the Church of England than for the English Government. This antipathy was kept alive and invigorated by the doleful memory of the privations and adversities endured by her ancestors from the agents of this same Government because of their Catholic worship and their heroic efforts to follow their religious convictions.

The sympathies of the Allisons were undivided; they were notorious Whigs, ardent champions of the rights which the new Government so strongly asserted, and which they had pledged themselves stoutly to defend; ardent champions of the eternal principles on which the new Republic was built. The psychology of the Allisons' allegiance was no different from that of innumerable other families. Usually, strange to relate, society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, is just as constantly looking backward with tender regrets. But here were no regrets. Religious persecution leaves no tender memories in its trail. Dissatisfaction with the past is never rendered more memorable than by the fanatic attempt to separate the soul from God.

Marjorie and Peggy had been friends from girlhood. They understood each other very well. Each knew and appreciated the other's peculiarities, her virtues and her foibles, her political propensities and religious convictions. They never discussed their differences as to the manner of religious worship. They avoided a clash out of respect for each other's convictions. Not so, however, in matters relating to the form of government. Marjorie was a Whig, an ardent champion of the rights of the Colonists, while her more aristocratic friend was Tory in her sentiments, moderate, it is true, but nevertheless, at times, inclined to be extreme. Notwithstanding these differences, their friendship had been constant and they had always shared their joys and sorrows alike.

The days of the British occupation of the city had been glorious ones for Peggy and her sisters. The love of display and finery characteristic of them, was satiated by the brilliance and the gayety of the winter season when titled British officers were fêted and entertained extravagantly. None outshone the Shippens in the magnificence of their entertainments. Their house was ever open in hospitality, and more than once it was whispered about that their resources had reached the point of exhaustion.

At these functions Marjorie found herself a welcome guest. For Peggy took care that her little friend was never overlooked, even if on one occasion a pang of regret sent her to bed with copious tears when the favor for the evening had been bestowed upon her fair guest. Marjorie, however, maintained a mature composure and a marked reserve, as was her wont, throughout it all, and Peggy again reassured herself that her misgivings were without foundation. Marjorie disliked the titled gentry. They were, without exception, hostile to the faith she so steadfastly professed. She bore with them merely for the pleasure she derived from the côterie made brilliant by their participation.

So the winter passed, giving way to lovely spring, whose gentle zephyrs dispelled the cold, the ice and the snow that had sent the British into the ball-rooms for protection, the while they afflicted and distressed the patriots at Valley Forge. With the advent of favorable weather, operations began anew; the hopes and the courage of the Colonists were now exalted to the highest pitch. The disasters of Long Island and Fort Washington had been offset by the victory at Saratoga. While the British had taken and held the important cities of New York and Philadelphia, as well as the town of Newport, still they had lost an army and had conquered nothing but the ground on which they were encamped.

Now, the beginning of the fourth period of the war the joyful news was heralded, far and wide, that the Government of France had formally acknowledged the independence of the United States and that help was on the way to assist the Colonists in their struggle. At the same time Lord North's conciliatory measures in Parliament gave indication to the patriots that the British Government was weakening. The joy of the Whigs knew no bounds, and Marjorie was beside herself as she related the glad tidings over and over again. The fourth epoch of the war augured well for the success of the cause.

In all the Colonies there was, at this stage of the war, no city more important than Philadelphia. Whatever there was of wealth, of comfort, of social refinement, of culture and of courtly manners was centred here. Even the houses were more imposing than elsewhere throughout the country. They were usually well constructed of stone or brick with either thatched or slated roofs. They were supplied with barns bursting with the opulence of the fields. The countryside round about presented a fattened appearance. Its furrows swelled with the impulses of life and of nurture; its fields teemed with fruitage, were bedecked with foliage, and ornamented with well-kept trees and clipped gardens. Indeed, no place in the Colonies presented a more striking picture of affluence and of comfort.

Nor was it without its gentry, cultured and dignified. Its inhabitants were composed for the most part of members of old Quaker families and others faithful to the Church of England and devoted to the political principles of the mother country—the proud possessors of wealth and the exemplars of the most dignified deportment. Already its fair sex were renowned abroad, as well as at home, for their "beauty, grace and intelligence." They moved with all the gayety and charm of court ladies. The wealth and luxury of a capital city were there; for even in the infancy of the Republic, Philadelphia had attained a distinction, unique and preëminent. What more natural, then, than that their allegiance should be divided; the so-called fashionable set adhering to the Crown; the common townsfolk, the majority of whom were refugees from an obnoxious autocracy, zealously espousing the Colonists' cause; and the middle class, comprised of those families holding a more or less neutral position in the war, and willing to preserve their estates and possessions, remaining undecided, and so maintaining good offices with both sides throughout the strife.

The British army took possession of the city, after its victorious encounter on the Brandywine, on the twenty-sixth of

September, 1777. Sir William Howe selected for his headquarters the finest house in the city, the mansion which was once the home of Governor Richard Penn, grandson of William Penn. Here General Howe and his staff of officers passed a gay winter much more interested in the amusements, the gayeties, the dissipations carried on in this old Quaker city than in their efforts to capture the army of General Washington.

The infatuate populace, indifferent to the progress of the Revolution, unaffected for the most part by the righteousness of the cause of the Colonists, became enamoured of the brilliance, the fashion and display of the English nobility. They cordially welcomed General Howe and his young officers, electing them the leaders and favorites in all the social gayeties and amusements of the season. Such was the luxury and dissipation of the British in the city, at dinner parties, cock-fights, amateur theatrical performances, that Dr. Franklin was led to remark in Paris that General Howe had not taken Philadelphia as much as Philadelphia had taken General Howe.

The general plan of campaign for the year 1777 did not include the capture of Philadelphia. Howe had been ordered to march from New York, which city he had taken the preceding August, to the vicinity of Albany. There he was to join forces with the army from Canada under General Burgoyne, that was to penetrate northern New York. Why he elected to march against Philadelphia, and be obliged to retrace his steps in order to reach Burgoyne, was unknown at the time. The total collapse of Burgoyne's expedition at Saratoga and the menace of the American Army under General Washington obliged him to alter his plan and to remain in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and make the city his headquarters for the winter.

In the meantime, General Washington's army, which had been continually harrassing him, went into winter quarters in close proximity, at Valley Forge, a bare twenty miles distant, northwest of the city. Here the little army of the Colonists menaced the position of the British while enduring, with heroic fortitude, the severities of the winter season. Shoeless and shivering, the soldiers were quartered in cold, rudely constructed huts, overcoated in torn blankets, with stuffed straw in their boots for want of stockings. Their food was scarce as their clothing and, at one time, more than two thousand men were reported unfit for duty because barefoot and otherwise naked. Many a night the men were compelled to remain seated by the fire for want of blankets. And, day by day, the supply of fuel diminished, and the neighborhood became more destitute of trees and timber.

The morale of the troops seemed to feed on misfortune; but their hopes and courage were suddenly intensified when the news of the alliance with France reverberated throughout the camp to the booming of cannon and the shouts of the whole army. There was no respite, however. While the enemy was living in luxury and comfort in the gay city, the Continentals under the patience of Washington, and the military genius of Von Steuben, were being rounded into a toughened and well-drilled fighting machine, strong in organization and bold in spirit, a worthy match for the rapid and accurate movements for which the better equipped British army was becoming famous.

That Sir William Howe found it easier to loiter in Philadelphia than to play a strategic game against Washington in the depths of an American winter, was due none the less to the want of decision which characterized all of his actions than to the stupid mismanagement with which the campaign of 1777 was directed. The British had gained the two most important American cities, New York and Philadelphia, but the entire American army was still in the field. The acquisition of territory was of no military importance, while the forces of the enemy remained intact and well organized. Moreover, Burgoyne was left to his fate and at Saratoga an army was lost.

Nor was any advantage to be derived from the possession of the American capital. Washington's position at Valley Forge had held the British in check all winter. And whatever of work the Congress was required to do, could as well be done at York as at Philadelphia. As a basis for military operation the city was without value, for it was difficult to defend and hard to supply with foodstuffs. But it was rich, extravagant, fashionable, a "place of crucifying expenses," and its fine houses, good pavements, and regular arrangement of streets, impressed Howe as the most fitting place for the British army to establish winter quarters. And so they sat down for the winter.

"We shall never forget the splendor of it all; it was wonderful!" exclaimed Peggy with a deep sigh.

"A farewell party!" said Marjorie. "Undoubtedly the gallant Britishers outdid themselves. Howe leaves soon, does he not?"

"Yes. Next week."

"Which means that the period of entertaining is about to come to an end."

"I suppose. But wasn't the winter glorious! I shall never forget it."

A smile covered her face, dotting her cheeks with two tiny

dimples. She held her hands together over her knees while she sat quite motionless, her eyes looking out into the darkness of the room. Presently she bethought herself.

"Let us light the tapers!" she announced, jumping up from the sofa.

"It is late," Marjorie remarked, as she, too, prepared to arise. "I must leave for home."

"Stay! It is still early. Soon we shall be obliged to settle into quietude. Dark days are before us."

"Why!" Marjorie exclaimed. "I should think that the future augurs well. I do wish the soldiers would evacuate the city."

"When General Howe leaves, all may as well leave with him."

"When does he leave?" impatiently asked her true American friend.

"Next week, I understand. The great Mischienza, you know, was arranged in his honor as a farewell celebration."

"General Clinton, I presume, will succeed. He seems the most logical choice."

"Yes. He already has been appointed to the supreme command."

"I hope he decides to evacuate."

"I do not know. Perhaps," was the sole response.

But it already had been decided. Upon the departure of General Howe, instructions were forwarded from the ministry to Sir Henry Clinton, the new Commander-in-chief, to evacuate the city at once. The imminent arrival of the French fleet, together with the increasing menace of the Continental Army at Valley Forge, constituted a grave peril to the isolated army of the British. Hence it was determined that the capital city must be abandoned.

Clinton intended to transfer his army to New York by water in order that the bulk of his forces might be concentrated for the spring campaign. On account of the vast number of Tories who, apprehensive of their personal effects, had begged to be transferred with him, he was obliged to forego his original intention of sailing by water in favor of a march overland. Accordingly on the morning of June 18, 1778, the rear-guard of the British marched out of the city, and on that same afternoon the American advance entered and took possession with Major-General Benedict Arnold, the hero of Saratoga, as Military Governor.

The joy of the Whig populace knew no bounds. No longer would the shadows of dark despair and abandoned hope hang like a pall over the capital city. No longer would the stately

residences of the Tory element be thrown open for the diversion and the junket of the titled gentry. No more would the soldiery of an hostile army loiter about the street corners or while away the hours at the Taverns or at the Coffee Houses. The Congress was about to return. The city would again become the political, as well as the civic, centre of American affairs. The people would be ruled by a governor of their own accord and sympathy. Philadelphia was to enter into its own.

CHAPTER II.

"It won't do, I tell you. And the sooner he realizes this the more satisfactory will it become for all concerned."

"Sh-h-h," answered Mrs. Allison in a seemingly heedless manner. She was seated by the side window in her old rocker, intent only on her three needles and the ball of black yarn. "Judge not, that you may not be judged!" she reminded him.

"He is too imprudent. Only today he contemptuously dismissed the Colonel and the secretary; later he requested them to dine with him. We don't like it, I tell you."

As a matter of fact, there was no more stanch defender or constant advocate of the cause of the Colonists than Matthew Allison himself; and when the proclamation of the new Military Governor ordering the closing of the shops and the suspension of business in general until the question of ownership was established, had been issued, he was among the first of the citizens to comply with it. True, his sole source of income had been temporarily suspended. But what matter? It meant order and prevented the wares from falling into the hands of the enemy. His small shop had enabled him, with his wife and daughter, to eke out a comfortable existence. Their cozy home, while unmistakably plain and unadorned with the finer appointments indicative of comfort and opulence, nevertheless was not without charm and cheeriness. It was delightful in its simplicity and neatness.

Allison had welcomed the entry of General Arnold into the city as a hero coming into his own, but he was not slow in perceiving that the temperament of the man rendered him an unhappy choice for the performance of the onerous duties, which the successful administration of the office required. Readily and with genuine satisfaction did he yield to the initial mandate of the Governor; but when the scent of luxury from this same Governor's house, the finest mansion in the city and the identical one lately occupied by the British commander, was diffused

throughout the city, causing murmurs of criticism and dissension. Matthew Allison forgot for the moment his oath of fealty and gave expression to pain and dissatisfaction.

"Why allow yourself to be disturbed at his manner of living?" asked his wife, picking up the conversation at the point where he had left it.

"And you and I and the vast majority of us sacrificing our all. Why they tell me that his quarters abound in luxury to a degree never excelled by Howe himself."

"Well!" was the simple reply.

"And that the Massachusetts Regiment has been appointed his guard of honor; and that two armed soldiers have been stationed at the doorposts." He spoke with evident passion, the ardor of which pervaded his entire being.

"And yet I daresay you would be the first to disapprove of the other extreme," admonished Mrs. Allison in her soft and gentle way. "Under martial law you know, there must be no relaxation of discipline, notwithstanding the fact that the Americans once more control the city."

"Laxity or no laxity, it is extravagant for him to be housed in the finest mansion in the city with a retinue of servants and attendants only excelled by Sir William Howe; to be surrounded by a military guard of selective choice; to maintain a coach and four with footmen and servants, all equipped with livery of the most exclusive design; to live in the greatest splendor, notwithstanding the avowed republican simplicity of the country as well as the distressed condition of our affairs and finances. Who is paying for this extravagance? We, of course. We are being taxed and supertaxed for this profligate waste, while our shops are closed to all future trade. These are not alone my opinions; they are the expressions of the men about town. This was the sole topic of conversation today at the Coffee House."

For where else would the news of the day be found if not on the street corners or at the Coffee House. This latter institution, like its London prototype, was the chief organ through which the public opinion of the metropolis continually asserted itself. Its convenience lay in its adaptability for the making of appointments at any hour of the day, or for the passing of an evening socially for a very small charge. It had its characters who became as famous as the institution itself, its orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, its medical men who might be consulted on any malady merely for the asking, its poets and humorists who in winter occupied the chair of learning nearest the stove and in summer held the choice places on the balcony,

and who discoursed fables and politics with renewed embellishment upon the advent of every newcomer. The atmosphere always reeked with the fumes of tobacco. Nowhere else was smoking more constant than at the Coffee House. And why any one would leave his own home and fireside to sit amid such eternal fog, was a mystery to every good housewife. But every man of the upper or the middle class went daily to the Coffee House to learn and discuss the news of the day.

"I suppose Jim Cadwalader waxed warm today on the subject and gave you inspiration for your ideas," submitted Mrs. Allison. "Why do you not suspend your judgment for a while until you learn more about the Governor—at any rate give him the benefit of a doubt until you have some facts," continued she with that gentleness and meekness so characteristic of her.

"Facts!" said he, "I am telling you that these are facts. The Colonel saw this, I tell you, for he dined with him. And I want to tell you this," he announced, pointing towards her, "he hates the Catholics and is strongly opposed to any alliance with a Catholic country."

"Never mind, my dear. We cannot suffer for that."

"I know, but it may concern us sooner or later. Our fathers endured severe tortures at the hands of a bigoted Government, and if the new Republic gives promise of such unhappy tidings, we may as well leave the earth."

"I would not take any undue alarm," quietly answered Mrs. Allison as her deft fingers sped on with her knitting. "General Washington is broad-minded enough to appreciate our loyalty and our spirit of self-sacrifice. And besides the new French Alliance will prevent any of the intolerance which made itself manifest in the person of King George. With a Catholic ally, the Government cannot very well denounce the Catholics, as you will discover by the repeal of several laws which have rendered life more or less obnoxious in some of the Colonies. And I think, too, that we have given more than our share to the cause. With so much to our credit, no public official, whatever his natural inclination, can afford to visit his bigotry on us. I would not worry about General Arnold. He will not molest us, I am sure."

"I don't think that he pleases me anyway."

"And why?" she paused to ask. "Because he maintains too expensive a livery, or has surrounded himself by too many attendants?"

"No. I dislike the man. I do not like his traits."

"It is unkind of you to say that. Who enjoys a greater reputation for skill or bravery or personal courage than he? What

would have become of Gates, or our army, or the French Alliance were he not at Saratoga, and there too without a command, you must remember."

"I know all that, but he is too blunt, too headstrong, too proud, too—"

Marjorie's figure at the door interrupted him.

Although Mistress Allison was not twenty, she maintained the composure of a married woman, sedate and reserved like the matrons of this period. Her dress was neat and well chosen, a chintz cotton gown, of a very pretty blue stamp, blue silk quilt and a spotted figured apron. The vivacity of her manner and the winsomeness of her behavior were prepossessing, and she was beautiful to look upon: her complexion as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, of a still deeper crimson. Her small oval face was surmounted by a wealth of dark brown hair, craped up with two rolls on each side and topped with a small cap of beautiful gauze and rich lace—a style most becoming to a girl of her age. Health, activity, decision were written full upon her, whether in the small foot which planted itself on the ground, firm but flexible, or in the poise of her body, agile or lofty.

She was the only child of Mr. Allison and a much admired member of the city's middle class. It was said, and with some truth, that the inhabitants of Philadelphia were rated according to their fortunes. The first class was known as the carriage folk, who proclaimed, almost without exception, their pretended descent from the ancient English families by their coats of arms imprinted upon their carriage doors. The second class was composed of the merchants, lawyers, and business men of the city; and the third class were those who exercised the mechanical arts. These felt their social inferiority and never hoped for any association with the upper classes. The Allisons were of the middle rank, and were looked upon as its most respected members.

Plain, simple living folk, they made no pretence to display. Neither did they affect aristocracy. Their manner of living was as comfortable as their modest means would allow. It was a common habit for the people of this class to indulge in luxury far beyond their resources and no small amount of this love of ostentation was attributed to the daughters of the families. In this regard Marjorie offended not in the least. Whether helping her father in the shop during the busy hours, or presiding at the Coffee House, or helping her mother with the affairs of the household, she was equally at home. Neither the brilliance of the social function, nor the pleasures of the dance aroused unusual desires

in her. Indeed, she seldom participated in such entertainments, unless on the invitation and in company with the Shippen family with whom she was on the most intimate terms of friendship. The gay winter season of the British occupation of the city produced no change in her manner or attire. The dazzling spectacle of the Mischienza found her secluded in her home, more from her own desire than from her pretended deference to the wishes of her mother.

Her happiness was in her home life. This was the centre of her affection, the object of her tenderest solicitude. Here she busied herself daily, either in the care of the house, and the preparation of the meals, which were by no means sumptuous owing to the scarcity of all foodstuffs, or at the wheel where she made shirtings and the sheetings for the army. A touch of her hand here and there, to this chair, slightly out of place, to this cup or to that plate in the china-chest, to the miniature on the wall, leaning slightly to one side, or the whisk of her sweeping-brush through the silver-sand on the floor, transformed a disorderly spot into one of neatness and taste. It was here that she spent her days, enduring their unvarying monotony, with sweet and unbroken contentment.

As she hurriedly entered the house, she arrested the attention of her father and put a period to the conversation.

"Oh father, have you heard?"

"What news now, child!"

"Washington has engaged the British."

"And how fared?"

"They were compelled to withdraw."

"Thank God."

"Where, Marjorie, did you come by this good news?" inquired the mother.

"At the State House. A courier arrived from Monmouth with the tidings," answered Marjorie, still nervous to narrate the story, and forgetting to remove her hat.

"When did this happen?" asked her father, impatiently.

"It seems that General Washington started in pursuit of Clinton as soon as he had evacuated the city. He had decided that an attack must be made as soon as possible. When the British reached Allentown, they found the American army gaining the front and so they turned towards Monmouth. Near the Court House the British were outflanked and the Americans gained the superior ground and so the battle was won. Then General Lee ordered a retreat."

"A retreat?" exploded Mr. Allison. "What for?"

"I do not know, but that was the report. Lee retreated when Washington arrived on the scene," continued Marjorie.

"And then?"

"He rallied the troops to another front and began the attack anew, driving the British back a considerable distance. Nightfall ended the battle, and when day broke, Clinton had withdrawn.

"And Lee ordered a retreat!" exclaimed Mr. Allison. "A d—— poltroon!"

"All say the same. The crowd was furious upon hearing the message, although some thought it too incredible. The joy of the victory, however, made them forget the disgraceful part."

"My faith in him has never faltered," quietly observed Mrs. Allison, as she prepared to resume the knitting from which she had ceased on the sudden entry of Marjorie.

"And his pretended friends must now croak forth his praises," rejoined her husband.

"There were shouts and cheers," continued Marjorie, "as the news was being announced. Each newcomer would add another detail to the story, with beaming delight. All said that the retreat from the city and the defeat of the British augured a speedy termination of the war. The country is wholly united again under General Washington."

"And what will become of Lee?" asked the father.

"The traitor!" snapped Marjorie. "They ought to court-martial him. The crowd greeted his name with hisses when the details began to impress themselves upon them. I daresay, he has few friends in the city tonight, except perhaps among the Tories. He is a disgrace to the uniform he wears."

"Undoubtedly, the losses were heavy."

"No one seemed to know. The minor details of the engagement are still unknown. They will come later. The consoling feature is that the enemy were compelled to withdraw, which would indicate that they were worsted. The remnants, I suppose, will concentrate at New York. There will occur the next great battle."

"God grant that it will soon be over," exclaimed Mrs. Allison.

"And now, daughter, have you more news?" asked her father.

"Oh yes! General Arnold is going to give a ball at the City Tavern on the Fourth of July to the officers of the French army. It will be under the auspices of the American officers of Washington's command and in honor of the loyal ladies who had withheld from the Mischienza. And I have been invited to attend," proudly announced the girl.

"I should think that we have had enough of social life here during the past winter," quietly announced the father.

"Well," replied Marjorie, "this affair is to exclude all who participate in the English army festivities. Only Americans will be present."

"How did you come by this report?" asked her mother.

"Peggy Shippen. I stopped there for a short time. They told me of the proposed invitation and that I was included."

"How came they by the news?"

"I suppose General Arnold told them."

"Is he acquainted with them? I wonder—"

"Yes. They were presented to him, and he has already honored them with his visit."

"I don't like this," said Mr. Allison, "and you can be assured that there will be little restriction as to the company who will comprise this assemblage. The Governor will take sides with the wealthy, be their sympathies what they may. Well, if he establish the precedent, I dare say none will be so determined as to oppose him. Do you wish to go, daughter?"

"I think I might enjoy it. The French soldiers are so gallant, I might find much pleasure there."

"Very well, you shall attend," said her father.

And so it was decided that Marjorie would be present at the Governor's Ball. As custom did not require mothers to accompany daughters to such functions, but allowed them to go unattended, Mrs. Allison preferred to remain at home. To what splendor and gayety the affair would lend itself was a matter of much speculation. This was the Governor's first event, and no one was aware of his prowess on the ball-room floor.

Once the list of invitations had become public, it was understood quite generally that no distinction was made between those that had, and those that had not, attended the Mischienza. Whether the number would be surprisingly small, or whether the affair would fail of success without the Mischienza ladies, could not be foretold. Indeed such speculations were idle, since no discrimination had been made. There were a number of young French officers in the town and one or two of General Washington's aides had remained, because of the pressure of immediate business after the British evacuation. These, of course, would attend. All the other available young men belonged to the families who had held a more or less neutral position in the war, and who had not offered their services to the patriots nor yielded allegiance to the foe. As these neutrals were among the most prominent people of the city, their presence would, of course, be altogether desirable.

Marjorie was invited through the efforts of Peggy Shippen, who had proposed her name to His Excellency on the occasion of his visit to her house. She would be included in their party and would be assigned a partner befitting her company. Because of the prominence of the Shippens, it was thought that the gallant young French officers would be assigned to them. Marjorie rejoiced at this, although the Shippen girls evinced no such sentiment. Whether it was because the French alliance was distasteful to them or because their Tory leanings took precedence, they preferred other guests for partners. But as the matter was to be decided by lot, their likings were not consulted.

Ere long the city was agog with speculation respecting the coming ball. The battle of Monmouth was accorded a second place. The disdain of the middle class, who had been embittered against such demonstrations by the profligacy displayed during the days of the British occupation, soon began to make itself felt. That it was the first official or formal function of the new Republic mattered little. A precedent was about to be established. There was to be a continuation of the shameful extravagance which they had been compelled to witness during the winter and which they feared they would be forced to maintain for another protracted period. Living was high, extremely high, and the value of the paper currency had depreciated to almost nothing. Indeed it was said that a certain barber in the town had papered his entire shop with the bills and that a dog had been led up and down the streets, smeared with tar, and adorned cap-a-pie with paper money. To feed and clothe the army was expense enough without being compelled to pay for the splendors of a military ball. Small wonder that the coming event aroused no ordinary speculation.

Nevertheless preparations went on with growing vigor and magnificence, and not the least interested was Marjorie. The event was now awaited with painful anxiety. Even the war for a moment was relegated to a place of minor import.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE OLD MADHOUSE. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.

Mr. De Morgan died leaving the last chapter of *The Old Madhouse* unwritten. The novel was completed by his wife from the notes of the author and in accordance with his expressed intentions. It is the familiar triangle-motive, with a beautiful and designing woman at the apex and two intimate friends at the base, one of whom, the husband, is too loyal and honorable to be suspicious; the other, temperamental, susceptible, and just loyal enough to have scruples and misgivings. A half dozen other well-drawn characters help to keep the story going with the aid of an interesting dog and cat. We do not include the clerical uncle of the temperamental chap; and yet he overshadows the whole story and almost redeems it from conventionalism of plot. He appears in the first chapter, an admirably written chapter, dispensing avuncular wisdom over his cup of tea to his widowed sister-in-law. Just as the reader settles down to accept him for thirty-four chapters he pulls out his watch and sees it is time to be going. Then we got the surprise of our life. As a chapter-ending the following is most excellent: "She expected to see the old boy again shortly. . ... But she was mistaken, for she never saw him again."

An ending like this for a first chapter is almost sufficient by itself to float any triangle plot with streamers flying. One's curiosity about triangles may be jaded, but it is not often that a staid old gentleman of regular and conservative habits, with not an enemy in the world, bids his sister-in-law a casual good-bye of an afternoon and proceeds to drop into sheer nothingness to the mystification of all Scotland Yard. It is true he appears again at odd times, and in a manner that is, unfortunately, odd also and unpleasantly reminiscent of the cheap trickery of séances and their "materializations." A concession perhaps to a contemporary wave of something very much like a species of vulgarism. It lets down the artistic ambition of the present story several notches.

The late Mr. De Morgan seemed to have every qualification of a great master of fiction. Keen observation, mellow and sparkling humor, wide and varied experience, a retentive memory, the artist's enjoyment and appreciation of men and things, energy, industry, and an ingenious style—what more does a novelist need

in the way of equipment? It was enough to win for him a large public whom he taught to look towards him for pleasure of an intellectual and refined sort. And yet he fails to mingle on equal terms with the great Victorians with whom he consciously challenged comparison. With all his endowments and accomplishments he remains a mere journeyman—a very splendid kind of journeyman, if you wish—in comparison with Thackeray or Dickens. Owing to some spiritual narrowness he could not mount a platform opening on the wide world. His atmosphere is the stuffy atmosphere of an air-tight suburban parlor. He has a scientist's eye for details, but is deficient in the artist's power of making his details the eye-pieces of universal experience. The individuality, which imparts the stamp of originality on a product, has in his case more of the character of oddity than of genius.

But it is hard to deny him genius. Here is a man who was the inventor of a bicycle, a smoke-consuming grate, the "most effective sieve in existence," and the famous De Morgan tiles. After amassing a fortune by means of these ingenious contrivances he turned his hand to the production of novels at the age of sixty-four! When he died in 1917 he had written eight novels; and, although they were of a length we now find appalling—containing some 250,000 words each—yet employing no sensational or melodramatic methods, they rode among the best-sellers like merchantmen among light pleasure craft. If this is not genius what a wonderful thing genius must be!

THE DAY'S BURDEN AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. By T. M. Kettle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

This is a revised and much amplified edition of a memorable book of essays entitled *The Day's Burden: Studies Literary and Political* which the late "Tom" Kettle, the brilliant young ex-parliamentarian and university professor, published in Dublin in 1910. Since those days much water has flown beneath the bridges; the whole world has been plunged in the valley of the shadow of darkness, and poor Tom Kettle himself has fallen victim to a German bullet upon the field of honor.

It is heartbreaking to read these essays again and to know that the hand that penned them will never write another line. They have all the inimitable charm that blossomed in his lightest effort; for Kettle was a writer of extraordinary charm no less than wisdom, and of all the Irishmen of his hour his outlook was the widest and finest. His was a profoundly Catholic spirit, Catholic in the fullest and richest significance of the word. And so it was fashionable in Dublin, for a time, to compare him with

Belloc and Chesterton; indeed the present reviewer has often heard Kettle described as "the Irish Chesterton." It begins to emerge more and more clearly, however, that Tom Kettle's stature was in reality several cubits higher than that of either of those extremely versatile English publicists. "G. K. C.," powerful as is his critical pen, could no more rise to the heights of Kettle's essay, *The Fatigue of Anatole France,* than he could write that superb Shakespearean paper on *A New Way of Misunderstanding Hamlet.* After the deep bourdon-note of humanity sounded in *November First: The Day of All the Dead,* Belloc's most solemn utterance is but a splendid shout. There can be no doubt that what Kettle has written will abide. He wrote incomparable philosophical essays, and brief political treatises—like *The Open Secret of Ireland*—the delightful verbal swordplay of which concealed from many a profound, almost uncanny, insight into the problems under consideration. He was the only English-writing artist of recent years who could produce convincing and authentic satirical poetry; he is sure of his place in letters if only as a distinguished exponent of satire. (William Watson's best efforts in this direction, for example, are poor and flaccid beside Kettle's.) What lyrical poetry has lost in his death may be realized from his Sonnet to his little daughter, Betty, written in the field, before Guillemont, Somme. He fulfilled in his own life that most palmary condition of great poetic creation—he was himself "a pattern of the best and honorablest things." Most noble, most magnanimous he was, and a very great Irishman as well. May God rest his soul!

CHRISTIAN ETHICS: A TEXT-BOOK OF RIGHT LIVING. By J. E. Ross, C.S.P., Ph.D. New York: The Devin Adair Co. $2.50.

Christian Ethics satisfies exactly the need long felt by teachers whose duty is, not to mete out the thorough treatment of a moral theology professor to his class of seminarians, but to give a popular though systematic and satisfying grasp of the correct principles of human conduct which should constitute an integral, yea an essential, of the higher education of our young men and young women destined even for secular pursuits. Dr. Ross is one of the many Paulist Fathers assigned to a work of vital importance for the welfare of Catholicity among our professional laymen, namely the work of keeping Catholic students of secular universities in constant touch with the principles and practices of their Holy Faith. He is specially fitted for composing such a work, for experience is the best teacher. His experience as lecturer on ethics to the Newman Club of the University of Texas has

taught him how to present to the student mind moral principles with condensed clarity, and to vitalize those principles by application to the burning questions, social and economic, national and international, that possess the minds of all men at the present hour. Here in four hundred and sixty pages are condensed the principles of right reason and Christian revelation which must govern all individual and social activities of man, and which, if heeded and properly applied, would solve the problems that puzzle the cunning of crafty statesmen who are doomed to failure because they ignore the Creator and His moral law—the indispensable foundation on which must be builded the welfare of mankind.

The synopsis at the opening and the bibliography at the close of each chapter, and the complete index and bibliography at the end of the book are excellent features. *Christian Ethics* deserves popular patronage as a text-book in academies, colleges and all higher institutions of learning.

SECOND REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMISSION ON THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER APPOINTED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF 1913. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America appointed at its session in 1913 a Commission of seven Bishops, seven Presbyters, and seven laymen to consider the revision and enrichment of the Book of Common Prayer. The First Report of the Commission was received by the General Convention of 1916, and further consideration of the matter was deferred till the recent Convention in Detroit. The *Second Report*, a substantial volume of three hundred pages, was prepared primarily for the use of the Delegates who would act upon certain sections of it. Its publication gives opportunity for the study of certain tendencies in the Episcopal Church which are of great interest to Catholics. The Detroit Convention considered the first part of the Report, but passed on the more important portions to the next Triennial, to meet in Portland, Oregon, in 1922.

This *Report* epitomizes in an interesting and quasi-official manner, the development of the Oxford Movement in the Episcopal Church since the last revision of the Prayer Book in 1892. It seems to show that on the whole the tendency in the Episcopal Church is towards enrichment of liturgical forms along definitely Catholic lines. And this is the more interesting in view of the fact that the list of twenty-one Commissioners consists, with but

possibly three or four exceptions, of names which are not usually reckoned as among the High Church party. Nevertheless, it is quite evident that the *Report looks* towards an "advanced" ritual (in the strict sense of the word). A definite effort is made to legalize certain forms which have, for some time, been widely used without authorization. The Calendar is enriched by the introduction of fifty-three "Black Letter Saints' Days," among which it is a bit startling to find the festivals of two Popes, and the "Canonization" of "The Martyrs of China, 1900."

Exception was taken to parts of the *Report* by Delegates at Detroit, notably Ambassador Page, who claimed that the Commission had exceeded its enabling act in reporting propositions involving "the Faith and Doctrine of the Church," among which were such matters as "Prayers for the Dead" and "Reservation of the Sacrament." For the *Report* recommends four Prayers containing direct petitions for the Departed, and a proper Collect, Epistle and Gospel for use in the Celebration of the Holy Communion at funerals. Provision is also made, by rubric, for a restricted Reservation of the Communion, for the Anointing of the Sick, and the enrichment of the Communion Office itself by the authorization of new Proper Prefaces, the *Benedictus qui venit,* the *Agnus Dei,* and the *Pater Noster,* with its introduction substantially as in the Missal. There is also, in the Appendix, a bolderized Compline Office, as well as short services of Prayer and Thanksgiving suitable for Guild meetings, and reminiscent of the rejected suggestions of 1892.

All this would seem to indicate that the Episcopal Church is progressing in at least a High Church direction, were it not for the constant evidences of that effort after "comprehensiveness" which, in this *Report* at least, results in compromise. The opposition developed at Detroit towards the only important changes in the Prayer Book thus far brought under discussion, leads one to wonder if perhaps the Commissioners may not have put more into their report than may be expected ultimately to find its way into the revised Services of the Episcopal Church.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS. Translated by Thomas Okey. Illustrated by Eugene Burnand. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $15.00.

One of the most beautiful books of the year is this edition *de luxe* of Thomas Okey's English rendering of *I Fioretti di S. Francesco,* with thirty exquisite drawings in color by Eugene Burnand. "For his studio M. Burnand has chosen Assisi, St. Damian, the sweet Umbrian vales and hills; he has placed his

models in a natural setting, under the light and color of the magical Umbrian sun, in a land of which St. Francis was the poetical and mystical emanation." The result is eminently satisfying.

The value of the volume is further enhanced by an appendix taken from a Spanish manuscript and appearing here for the first time in English.

This noteworthy addition to Franciscana, is a masterpiece of typographical art. A volume with an appeal for every book-lover, and most especially those who know and love the *Poverello* and Assisi.

The American edition is limited to five hundred copies.

POEMS—FIRST SERIES. By J. C. Squire. New York: A. A. Knopf. $1.50.

For several years past Mr. Jack Collings Squire has impressed his critics as the ablest of living parodists in verse, but few people have realized that Mr. Squire was all the time a serious, original poet. Definite recognition of him in the latter capacity probably came when he printed *The Lily of Malud,* one of the three finest poems collected here. The present series contains what the author wishes to preserve of his four volumes of "serious" poetry. One of the things Mr. Squire desires to intimate by his choice of a sub-title for this volume is that "under Providence other (and, let us hope, superior) collections will follow it."

There is much in these pages that is very beautifully conceived and wrought. "August Moon," for example,—an exquisite nocturne, full of tranquil music: the long poem "Rivers," which is as lovely an evocation of the spirit of the "noble great rivers" of the world as is Masefield's "Ships" of the glory of the seas' standard-bearers. Since there is room to quote in full only one of the briefer poems, it shall be the splendidly dramatic "Sonnet" on page 102:

> There was an Indian, who had known no change,
> Who strayed content along a sunlit beach
> Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
> Commingled noise; looked up; and gasped for speech.
> For in the bay, where nothing was before,
> Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,
> With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,
> And fluttering coloured signs and clambering crews.
>
> And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
> His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
> His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
> And stared and saw and did not understand,
> Columbus' doom-burdened caravels
> Slant to the shore and all their seamen land.

THE CRIME. By Dr. Richard Grelling. New York: George H. Doran Co. Vols. III. and IV. $2.50 net, each.

In two large volumes Dr. Richard Grelling, who startled the world with *I Accuse!* continues, like a relentless prosecutor, to pile up evidence against a criminal many times proved guilty of the most terrible crime in history—the instigation of the World War.

Dr. Grelling, in the third volume, as additional proof of *The Crime* comments in greatest detail on the speech of Chancellor Von Bethmann Hollweg delivered on December 9, 1915, wherein it is clearly shown that the German mind was filled to excess with plans for the forceful annexation in the East and West and the linking of Belgium and Poland as well as the Russian Baltic Provinces to the German Empire. His speech of April 5, 1916, is likewise dissected with the same results. With the evidence all in, the author quotes the words of the Kaiser, "Before God and history my conscience is clear. I did not want the war."

The fourth volume is somewhat in the nature of addenda. It takes up the so-called Belgian state papers of 1905 to 1914, published by Germany to show that the war against her was one in which she was merely the defender against aggressors who would destroy her. After examining them at great length the author gives his conclusions that they were tenaciously compiled and full of lacunæ.

The four volumes of *The Crime* form a monumental work that will long remain a standard reference for the students of the future. They treat this subject in a minute and complete manner and are masterly in their logic and comprehensive detail.

MARY THE MOTHER: HER LIFE AND CATHOLIC DEVOTION TO HER. By Blanche Mary Kelly, Litt.D. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. $1.00.

"For the first time in many centuries no one dare speak ill of the Mother of God," writes the Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., in his very expressive foreword to Miss Kelly's latest book Even to those attached to other and older books that link them in love with the Queen of Heaven, this latest biography will surely be a volume of rare charm.

It is no facile task to write down the facts in the life of the Mother of God. The gospel story is so incomparably written that one may well hesitate to do again what has been once for all accomplished. And if one cannot bring to the task a poetic insight and a poetic utterance, one should hesitate forever. Happily the author of *The Valley of Vision* has the gift of poetry,

and her new book can be counted as a labor that is an achievement. She tells the years of Mary's life with a simplicity becoming to great things, and makes the old familiar story fresh and fascinating with the gladness and the glamour of romance.

Fully as interesting is the second part of the book, which treats of the subject of Catholic devotion to Mary. It takes up the matters of Mary's titles, her feast days, the prayers and hymns composed in her honor, the shrines erected to her glory, and the paintings and works of sculpture which adorn them. The chapter entitled "Shrines and Pilgrimages" is one of the most valuable in the volume. It gives a detailed account of the most important churches built in honor of the Blessed Virgin throughout the world from the early churches in Jerusalem to the last-built temple of today. There is a wealth of erudition gathered in this part of the work, and it should be welcome to all who desire to have in a small volume many things which they are often eager to know.

OUT TO WIN. By Joseph P. Conroy, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

Father Conroy says of St. Ignatius: "He loved boys truly with an understanding of their earliest needs, with a sympathy for their inmost nature, an appreciation of their individual differences, and an ability to adapt himself to every single boy."

We think Father Conroy has made these qualities his own. He knows boys and in this series of talks with them he is so natural and entertaining that one reads him with interest from beginning to end. He is concerned with the character development of the boy between the ages of fifteen and twenty, that period in which the boy is "waking up to his rights." Though intensely serious, Father Conroy writes with much humor. He speaks the boy's vocabulary, oftentimes inelegant but always emphatic.

To those, also, who have the care and training of young boys we earnestly recommend this little volume as thoughtful reading.

POEMS, WITH FABLES IN PROSE. Two volumes. By Herbert Trench. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.00 per set.

Although he was thirty-six years old before, in 1901, he published his first book of poetry, *Deirdre Wedded,* Mr. Herbert Trench undeniably ranks today in company with Robert Bridges, W. B. Yeats, Thomas Hardy, A. E. Housman, and Alice Meynell, as one of the half-dozen most distinguished contemporary prac-

titioners of the art of English poetry. Of course there are other singers of unquestionable merit and significance. There is Laurence Binyon whose *Sirmione* and *Death of Adam* are poems of which modern literature may well be proud. There is that poet of strangely uncertain inspiration, yet indubitable genius,—John Masefield. And there are also the curiously crude and metaphysically involved, yet powerful work of Lascelles Abercrombie, and the achievement of Walter de la Mare, a craftsman of narrow range but flawless execution. One may be fairly certain, though, that what Herbert Trench has created will withstand oblivion with a finer steadfastness than almost any poetry written in this generation.

For he is that extremely rare thing among contemporary poets: a scholar and philosophical thinker no less than a poet. He has been—and not absurdly—spoken of in the same breath with Coleridge. Indeed one able critic has discovered in his genius "a mingling of adventurous romanticism, intuitive mysticism, and reasoned philosophy, comparable, *magno intervallo*, to the endowment of Coleridge." That gift of *ecstasy*, however, which makes of *The Ancient Mariner* the most magical piece of verse in the language, Trench is far from possessing. Neither has he the final felicity of diction,—*donum paene divinum*—which is characteristic of the author of Christabel. His verse abounds in roughnesses; more than once he is willfully negligent of that first duty of the poet, *labor limæ*. But he has written no poem that is without vigor, swiftness, and radiance. He is unsurpassed by any living poet as a painter of external nature. He produces slowly, and so six years elapsed before he published his second book, *New Poems* (1907), which contained "Apollo and The Seaman," perhaps the noblest poem Mr. Trench has so far written. Here the allegory is one of a moving and beautiful simplicity, and nowhere in all his writing is his gift for imaginative phrasing so splendidly discoverable. Through this poem there blows a wind that has traversed the seas of the world; a salt and cleansing and healing air. *Lyrics and Narrative Poems*, which appeared four years later is not so much a new book as a re-ordering of earlier verse. "On Romney Marsh at Sunrise," one of the best things in this volume, is written out of a finely true emotion.

These two volumes contain everything Herbert Trench has written up to the present time, together with some interesting *Fables in Prose*. This is his first Collected Edition, and the publishers have clad noble poetry worthily. Some day book-lovers will search for this beautiful edition as today they seek the early volumes of Swinburne and Morris. Mr. Trench's quality is classi-

cal and permanent. He belongs to English literature, and if people knew what they were about, he would, like Matthew Arnold, be honored as a classic in his life time. But we are a perverse generation.

THE MODERN COMEDY. By O. R. Howard Thomson. Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.25.

There is nothing very modern, nor at all comic, in the title poem of this little book. But there is a good deal of modernity, and of experimentation in many moods, "occasional" and otherwise, in its various lyrics of love and war, of science and faith, of nature and art—and Williamsport!

When the story of recent American poetry comes to be written, more than a word of gratitude should go to publishers who, like the Cornhill Company, have been so persistent and generous in their publication of contemporary verse. They give to the young poet what the "little theatre" offers to the young dramatist—a chance to be heard. And while the hearing means much eventual sifting of the chaff from the wheat, it is a brave adventure. And once, perhaps, in a year or in a decade, it is justified by the discovery of some beauty which shall live—and which might so easily have been lost.

IRELAND'S FAIRY LORE. By Rev. Michael Mahon. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co. $2.00 net.

Father Mahon's book should be of double service. It is written entertainingly, and it presents in an easy fashion not likely to scare off the unerudite, one of the most fascinating fields open to scholars at the present day. It is unfortunately true, so far as America is concerned, that even now, after the Irish Renaissance has done its work, the folk and fairy lore of Ireland is known to a comparatively few research workers and poetic enthusiasts. Yet these old legends have a beauty which is marked and unique even among the beautiful major mythologies of the world. They deserve a wide currency, and any attempt to give them their rightful place in the imaginative heritage of humanity is deserving of success.

BLUE SMOKE. By Karle Wilson Baker. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Sometimes a poet will define his (or her) quality for the reader in a line or two, and this Mrs. Baker has obligingly done for us in a couple of verses in the poem "Gossamer," where she describes her poetry as

A cobweb, fine and frail and fair,
That trembles in the passing air.

Her poetry is, moreover, wistful, graceful, delicate, feminine —fanciful rather than imaginative.

BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Solomon Eagle. New York: A. A. Knopf. $2.00.

For the last six years there has appeared, week by week, in *The New Statesman* of London, over the pen-name of "Solomon Eagle," a causerie on books and on things in general. A selection of some fifty-odd of these papers has now found an American publisher in Mr. Alfred Knopf. Solomon Eagle's weekly-page is undeniably the finest thing of its kind in contemporary literary journalism. This nimble writer has at indefatigable command a wide-ranging knowledge of letters, old and new, an impeccable taste, a rare gift of humor, and an inexhaustible flow of high spirits. He treats of The Beauties of Badness, and of Moving a Library, of Shakespeare's Women and Mr. George Moore and The Cattle of the Boyne; he tells how Mrs. Barclay Sees It Through; expatiates on £5 Misspent; and propounds the momentous question, Was Cromwell an Alligator? The selection is delightful, though—carper that one is!—one misses the famous commentary upon a certain American newspaper's interview with Mr. Alfred Noyes, the superb badinage at the expense of a certain New York publisher's announcement, and the excruciatingly funny excursus on War Poetry. But the imaginary biography our causeur contributed to the American *Who's Who:* the engaging excoriation of that "polyphoisboisterous" critic, Archibald Henderson: the lines addressed to the importunate Tennessee librarian—these are here, and they are all perfect. And, in more serious vein, no sounder criticism than Solomon Eagle's has yet been uttered on Herrick, Stephen Phillips, and Henry James—to take three papers at random.

This man's gift is not far removed from genius.

ADDRESSES IN AMERICA, 1919. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

This volume consists of seven addresses given by John Galsworthy before American audiences in the course of his visit here last spring. His Lowell Centenary lecture and his speech to the League of Political Education are included in the number.

We hear a great deal these days of the union of hearts and hands which should now subsist between "American and Briton"

—to borrow the title of the second of these addresses—and it is doubtless desirable that Americans should understand the mental processes and appreciate the culture of enlightened Englishmen. The truth is, however, that Mr. Galsworthy has never written less felicitously, less convincingly, than he has done here. If in these pages there is a single original or striking thought, we have failed utterly to find it. *The Atlantic Monthly*, the publishers of these lectures tell us, declares that "we must listen to Mr. Galsworthy. If the future of the world depends upon understanding between men and nations, we have reason to be thankful for his peculiar gift of sympathetic insight; he lives always in the House of the Interpreter." This is one result of being in a state of extreme pro-Entente exhilaration!

STUDIES IN THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

Symons himself once wrote, in a brilliant little preface to the *Biographia Literaria*, "while there is a great mass of valuable criticism done by critics who were only critics, the most valuable criticism of all, the only quite essential criticism, has been done by creative writers, for the most part poets." The man who penned these words has no superior and hardly an equal among living English critics; he is also, at his best, an extremely fine poet. His criticism, like Pater's, is quickened mediation; and he has all the delicate penetration, the luminous insight of his master.

The present volume consists of more than a dozen essays on plays of Shakespeare, and on the dramatic work of certain of Shakespeare's contemporaries. Adequately to display the quality of this absorbing book there is unfortunately no space here; one can merely tabulate. To our mind the most valuable of the Shakespearean studies are those on *Antony and Cleopatra* and on *Romeo and Juliet*, this latter surely, after Dowden's famous essay, the most beautiful of all interpretations of the play. (The opening sentence may serve to indicate the rare treat in store for him who reads further: "The play of Romeo and Juliet is like a piece of music, and it is the music which all true lovers have heard in the air since they began listening to one another's voices.") It is safe to predict that this work, like the author's earlier *Studies in Prose and Verse*, will take and keep a high and special place among the most significant achievements in criticism of modern English letters. All the essays were originally contributed to periodicals. They have now received a thorough revision at the hands of the author.

WAR IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN. By Kermit Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.60 net.

Just as refreshing as its title, this book brings a breath of those strange, far-off places that are so old as to be ever new. After reading so many volumes treating of the War in France and Belgium, it is a rare delight to be transported to the land of the Tigris and the Euphrates, back again to the storied ruins of Babylon and Bagdad.

The author, the illustrious son of a versatile father, knows the value of the places he fought in and has presented them in all their glory. He writes in a style that is richly entertaining and marked with the free, easy swing that so characterized his father's writings. Indeed, there is much of the father in the writings of the son, and all who loved the tang of outdoors that is to be found in the elder Roosevelt's books will find much here to gratify them. If this work be taken merely as a promise, and it is decidedly more than that, it is a portent of great things to follow. The book in itself is very worth while.

A HISTORY OF LATIN AMERICA. By William Warren Sweet. New York: The Abingdon Press. $3.00 net.

This book covers briefly for students and those general readers who are interested in Latin countries the past history and present conditions of Spanish America. Each chapter concludes with a bibliography full of suggestions for those who would do further reading, thus making a valuable and interesting handbook, and giving a connected history of events.

The author feels that the Spaniards were no worse than the English in their treatment of the savages. There were many marriages from the beginning between Spaniards and natives, so that today there are the following proportions of the people of Latin America belonging to the half-breed or mestizo race: Mexico, fifty per cent; Peru, thirty per cent; Bolivia, from thirty to forty per cent; Venezuela, seventy per cent; Chile, sixty per cent. There are many who consider the mestizo as the coming race in Latin America, especially in the western regions, and the development of many of the States seems to depend largely on the development of this mixture of the white and Indian people. So far Latin America has been governed by the pure white race, while the Indian and the mestizo have been practically serfs. The latter have gone on rapidly increasing while the Indian is decreasing in numbers.

There were twelve universities in Latin America in the Colonial period, eight of which were established before the crea-

tion of Harvard. There was considerable scholarship, much excellent work being done in medicine and surgery. The bulk of the books published during the religious period were upon religious subjects, written by ecclesiastics. Seventeenth century Mexico produced a rare poetical genius, a nun by the name of Juana de la Cruz. On the whole, the Colonial period in Latin America was more fruitful in a literary sense than the Colonial period of the English Colonies. The work of education was entirely in the hands of the Church; and the favorable account the author gives must be taken as a tribute from one who is evidently not in sympathy with Catholicism. He is prejudiced, but tries to be just.

Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and Chile are characterized as progressive States politically, industrially and economically; while Venezuela, Colombia, Paraguay, Peru and Bolivia are backward. Professor Sweet says that the Monroe Doctrine met with the approval of the Spanish Americans up to the time of the Mexican War. This country has since lost ground with them, especially since the Venezuelan controversy, and the famous proclamation of Secretary Olney: "Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."

The friendship of Latin America is worth striving for; the republics are increasingly stable, the people are financially responsible, and economically the Latin American countries will progress more in the next fifty years than in the previous four hundred.

DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Vol. II. Macedonia-Zion. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, $7.00; half morocco, $10.00.

The second volume of Hastings *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church* is liberal Protestant in tone like its predecessor. The majority of its articles are written by professors of theology and Scripture in theological schools and colleges of Great Britain and the United States. The only article by a Catholic is on Polycarp by Mgr. Pierre Batiffol of Paris. The Biblical articles treat of the Epistles of St. Paul (Philippians, Thessalonians, Romans, the Pastoral Epistles), and St. Peter, and discuss briefly New Testament names and other subjects connected with Scripture. The theological articles include marriage, divorce and predestination.

It would take a volume to point out the heresies and false statements that one meets with on every page. We are told, for example, that celibacy is not a higher state than marriage; that divorce is allowed for adultery; that there are but two sacra-

ments; that there is no sacrifice in the New Law; that the history of demon possession in the New Testament is not authentic; that Christ shared the ignorant viewpoint of His time; that justification by faith is the teaching of St. Paul; that the Reformers were akin to the prophets in their conviction of the truth of their message, and much else of a like nature.

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE. By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

To those who have followed the later Yeats it has become increasingly evident that he has wandered farther and farther into that ultimate fog for the literary worker, where words are mistaken for things. Never remarkable for the vigor or depth of his thought, he here presents the spectacle of a man snared in his own limpid and beautiful style. Like most of his previous work, the present is a book of tones and atmospheres, with the tenuous quality, the occasional verbal magic, the pagan wistfulness and the gray melancholy which Yeats, more than any one else, has caused us to associate with the Celtic temperament. "The Phases of the Moon," a parable of the artist and his relation to life, is one of those pieces of intricate and elusive symbolism of which Yeats is so fond and of which the average reader will find it difficult to catch the significance. The predominate note of the book is one of regret and disillusion, with here and there a touch of acridity. It is the weary gesture of a man who has long put his faith in dreams and has at last found them wanting.

WHAT IS AMERICA? By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

It is in many ways a useful little book that Professor Ross has written. Its title would seem to imply that there are many persons who ought to know the answer. And, as is usual in such cases, there are. But these individuals very frequently are the very ones who never think to ask the question. In asking it for them, the author has done them a kindness. For so many millions of people accept their Americanism without a knowledge of what America is, that it is always timely to raise the question. The first chapter deals with the make-up of the people of the United States from the days of Plymouth to the coming of the Italians and the Slavs. The book proceeds with an account of the variety of ways in which Americans make a living, sketches the development of business, describes the growth of education, and in other ways traces the evolution of American standards.

We regret to say that in his chapter on "Marriage and the

Family," Professor Ross defends divorce as a "cautious provision of relief for the mismated." "The fact is," he says, "that two-thirds of the divorces are granted to aggrieved wives, and the reason why American wives will not put up with the drunkenness, cruelty, or unfaithfulness in their husbands that the women of other countries put up with, and that their grandmothers bore in silence, is that they respect themselves more, have a higher ideal of what a union should be, and know that once they are divorced they can support themselves by their labor." Such treatment of this vital topic is, to say the least, inadequate and superficial. Professor Ross must admit that there is a great deal more to be said on the question.

The book is not an elaborately detailed analysis of American life, but rather a popular handbook, making its appeal to those who are not over-radical, or over-conservative, and who are not over-learned; to those who believe in progress, and democracy, and justice. As an appendix to the volume it is refreshing to find the text of the Constitution of the United States, a document referred to frequently by us all, but, unfortunately, almost as little read as the Virginia Bill of Rights which accompanies it. Perhaps Professor Ross' book may tempt many who have promised some day to commit to memory the words of the national anthem, to study the Constitution of their country.

OLD-FASHIONED VERSES. By Wm. T. Hornaday. New York: Clark & Fritts. $2.00.

In this rather sumptuously bound and illustrated book the author has made a collection of verses dealing with a wide variety of themes. The War and its aftermath, the West and the spell of nature, wild life, friendship and love, and nonsense verses. The verses are pleasantly rhymed and correctly metred, and the sentiment is unexceptionable, but the ideas are commonplace and the book as a whole lacks distinction. The most spirited piece in the volume relates the destruction of the English fleet under Craddock by Speck von Spee, and the latter's subsequent defeat by Sturdee off the Falkland Islands.

VERGIL AND THE ENGLISH POETS. By Elizabeth Nitchie. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50.

Miss Nitchie's aim in this interesting Columbia dissertation is "to trace the changes in the reaction to his [Virgil's] poetry in the different periods of English literature, and to study his influence especially on the representative poets of England under the varying conditions of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, Pseudo-Classicism, and Romanticism."

She has traversed much territory, and with a sort of thoroughness; yet in many places, and on the whole, she is cursory. Her treatment of Bede, of Shakespeare, of Gray, of Wordsworth—to take a few poets at random—is altogether inadequate. Not that her monograph is without value. But an intensive study of the influence of Virgil (Miss Nitchie, we notice, insists upon calling the poet Vergil) still remains to be done. There are too many gaps here. And her remarks on page twelve show that she is unwilling to attempt the very thing we most need: we need light on the influence of Virgilian diction upon the diction of the English poets.

THE MUD LARKS. By Crosbie Garstin. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

These are humorous short sketches of English soldier life at the front, many of which originally appeared in *Punch*. They are, to our great relief, not transcripts from actuality, but rather a free and imaginative rendering of military experiences told with much zest and humor—a humor, too, really funny without being vulgar. It is by turns dry, whimsical, farcical, extravagant, ironic, light, high-spirited. And though much of it is typical British fun-making, the author has also a close insight into the Irish temperament, which is not at all strange, since, as we gather from the book, he comes from Ireland. Such chapters as "The Riding Master," "Leave," "Funny Cuts," "A Faux Pas," "The Harriers" and "The Camera Cannot Lie" are a joy to the harassed reviewer, while in "War Vegetation," "I Spy," "Lionel Trelawny," "A Rest Cure" and "The Bobby Trap" there is an element of ultimate surprise which reminds one of the ending of a typical O. Henry story. In *The Mud Larks* Mr. Garstin has produced a thoroughly readable and amusing book.

THE SWORD OF DEBORAH.. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.00 net.

Miss Jesse, the great-niece of the illustrious poet, takes up the pen to show the might of the sword in the hands of her fellow women. Not that they themselves carried the sword. They were of the sword but lived not by it. Rather they were the workers of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, the Volunteer Ambulance Drivers, the First Aid Nursing Yeoman and the General Service Voluntary Aid Detachment, those four great organizations of British women who were powerful factors in carrying on the War to a successful close.

The author sketches in a charming way the work done by

these uniformed organizations, and gives an intimate picture of the patriotic women, each of whom represented a man released for active military duty, as they labored at menial tasks of manual labor, assisted in transporting the wounded, or cared for the stricken soldier in the great emergency hospitals back of the lines.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NORTHWEST. By Irene Welch Grissom. Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.50.

This novel in its opening indicates a claim upon the reader's attention that is not justified later. The scene is laid on the Pacific Coast, in the Columbia River region, a picturesque section which the author describes well and with the affection of old acquaintance. She introduces the subject of the Oregon lumber business, upon which she seems well informed, going at some length into the requirements for improving conditions there. Had the story been built around this, better results might have been produced. As it is, nothing comes by corollary; there is not even connection, in the sense of dependence. The plot might be worked out in any locale. In fact, its situations have repeatedly served novelists, and there is no originality of treatment to give them a touch of freshness.

CAPTAIN ZILLNER. By Rudolf Jeremiah Kreutz. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.75 net.

This vivid tale pictures the life of an Austrian officer during the early campaigns against the Russians in Galicia. The writer evidently holds that all war is unjust and "a monstrous crime against humanity." The common soldiers are "cattle driven to slaughter" or "day laborers in the service of death." "Right is wherever might happens to be," and all the nations are prompted in their so-called patriotism by "religions which sow love and reap hate."

We believe that the writer is a rabid Socialist of Jewish stock, who is obsessed by an intense hatred of Christianity and its priests, who are held up to scorn on every page. They are "cowards, beasts, traitors, and intolerant hypocrites," who travel about "with greasy frocks and unwashed necks, uttering unreal, professional banalities of duty to God and country." Even the last anointing of the dying, which wins the respect of the most abandoned criminal, is made the theme of a nasty jibe.

The book continually harps upon the incompetence of the Austrian General Staff, the cowardice and cruelty of the commanding officers, the treachery of the Slav regiments, and the total lack

of enthusiasm of the average soldier, who fought like a slave under the lash. No sensible reader will deem this coarse and irreligious treatise an accurate picture of real conditions in the Austrian army. It condemns both sides with equal impartiality.

OUR CASUALTIES AND OTHER STORIES. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

This volume of war stories is written with all the pathos and humor that characterize Canon Hannay's best work. His sympathies are plainly with Carson and the alien Ulster Irish, but he does his best to appear fair to both Catholic and Protestant in these portraits or caricatures of the Irish soldiers at home and abroad. Many of the historical events of the past few years form the basis of his stories, viz., Ulster's disloyal purchase of guns and ammunition from Germany, the Dublin rebellion of 1916, the training of the veteran stay-at-homes, and the like. Occasionally, he gives a sly dig at the excessive red tape of the medical hospital corps, the stubbornness of the old-fashioned folk in opposing the daylight saving law, and the Irish hatred of the Government, "meaning the police."

The best stories, to our mind, are "Getting Even," "The Upright Judge" and "The Mermaid." We have heard of this last named legend before, although it had a Breton instead of an Irish setting.

THE SPANISH ARMADA. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. History of England Series. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 35 cents.

This study of the Spanish Armada is a contribution to a series dealing with English history from the Catholic point of view. The purpose is to correct many historical errors that have been made by non-Catholic historians and kept before the English public by text-books and histories for many generations. The traditional view of the Armada has been that it was the attempt of the Pope, aided by that gloomy and fanatical monarch, Philip II., to establish the Catholic power in England by force of arms. "The Armada, as pictured in the mind of the average Protestant of today—unless he has corrected his impressions by critical reading—is the Armada as it was pictured in England in the throes of excitement which accompanied the expectation of its arrival."

Father Hull shows that the Armada was a political act of self-defence against England, for outrage against international law perpetrated by English adventurers such as Sir Francis Drake, who were patronized and supported by Elizabeth. Secondly, it was a last resort to force after the failure of all efforts to secure diplo-

matic redress from England. Thirdly, any religious motives in the case were accessory and followed the inauguration of the Armada enterprise.

The support of Sixtus V. to the Armada expedition was very half hearted, and reluctant, and was given only after the scheme had been well inaugurated by the King. Father Hull describes the Spanish King as a high-minded Spaniard, a devout Catholic, and one who was anything but a fanatic. He had no ambition to crush Protestantism in England by force of arms. The terms which he wished to secure, as shown by his instructions on the sailing of the Armada, were to obtain the privilege of following their religion for the persecuted Catholics of England; to secure indemnity for the pillaging of Drake; to get England's guarantee to withdraw her interference in the Netherlands. The Armada was significant for it revealed the growing weakness of the Spanish Empire, showed the growing strength and superiority of England's seamanship and suggested to England colonial enterprise, giving her the confidence necessary to undertake it.

APOSTOLIC zeal marks the chapters in Rev. George T. Schmidt's book on *The American Priest* (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25). Clear before him rises the dread responsibility devolving upon our national priesthood to stem the surging onrush of anarchy and irreligion, twin spectres from hell, the one driving men on to material, the other to spiritual ruin. Zeal, loyalty, humility, kindness are chiefly stressed as virtues to be peculiar to the priests of our country in the counter campaign. Sound and practical advice in regard to visiting the sick is given in the book. One might have looked for more insistence on study of social questions for the American, more insistence on prayer for the priest, but perhaps Father Schmidt deemed these too extremely obvious to require more extended treatment. To young secular priests particularly the book seems to direct its appeal.

AN attractive compilation of "Consoling Thoughts for Every Day in the Year" is *Whom the Lord Loveth*, by Henriette Eugene Delamare (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons, $1.00, postpaid $1.10). The author has drawn freely from Scripture, the great Catholic ascetics, poets and essayists of the past, and many well-known and well-loved authors of today, in an effort, well achieved, to lift up hearts unto the Lord.

Recent Events.

Russia

The military situation on the three principal Russian fronts during the past month has been uniformly favorable to the Bolshevists. On the Eastern or Siberian front, beginning on the fifteenth of November with the capture of Omsk, the Soviet Army has steadily advanced on a wide front several hundred miles beyond the former Kolchak capital. At present they are twelve hundred miles from Irkutsk, the new capital of the All-Russian Government. At no point, apparently, were the anti-Bolshevist forces able to make a stand, and rumors were current at the beginning of December that Admiral Kolchak might yield the supreme direction of affairs to General Denikin operating in the Southwest. To date, however, he is still in nominal command of anti-Soviet military efforts and, according to a recent rumor, has made it known that unless the Allies support the White Armies, he may cede a part of Siberia to Japan in order to save the rest of Russia from the Bolshevists.

Color was lent to this last report by the fact that fresh Japanese troops have recently been landed at Vladivostok. It is not yet clear, however, whether the new forces are reënforcements or replacements or units which have been serving in Siberia since the Allied and Associated Powers decided to go to the assistance of Czecho-Slovak troops, making their way from Russia to their native land. Japan's original force in the joint undertaking was approximately 30,000 men, while the United States sent in about 8,000 men and the European Allies lesser forces.

A revolutionary movement against the Kolchak Government was started in the middle of last month by the social Revolutionary-Zemstvo group in Vladivostok under the military leadership of General Gaida, former commander of the Czecho-Slovak forces on the Siberian front. This revolt was occasioned by dissatisfaction with the extra-constitutional methods of the All-Russian Government and resentment over the dissolution of the Siberian Assembly by Kolchak. The uprising was quickly suppressed, however, and General Gaida, who was captured with his staff, has since left the country.

Partly as a result of this incident, but chiefly because of the opposition of social revolutionary elements, Kolchak has since formed a new coalition Cabinet under Premier Victor Pepaliaeff, formerly Minister of the Interior in the All-Russian Government.

The new Cabinet has been formed with the greatest possible socialistic tendencies compatible with Kolchak's stand against Bolshevism. Larger powers are given to the recently created Zemstvo Congress, and every effort is to be made to placate the Cossack atamans and the Czechs. In reforming the Cabinet it has been the endeavor also to eliminate the influence of the military over civil matters, which is generally considered to have been one of the notable weaknesses of the Kolchak Government. Since the fall of Omsk, Irkutsk has been the seat of government.

On the southwestern front under General Denikin, the month's campaign has been one of alternate advances and retreats, with the advantage at present apparently resting with the Bolshevists. According to late dispatches the Bolshevist forces have captured Kharkov in Southern Russia, which has been one of the bases of General Denikin. The occupation of Volki, about twenty miles southwest of Kharkov, also is claimed by them. It is reported that volunteers of General Denikin's army, eighty-five miles east of Kief, have been driven out of Pirratin in the Government of Poltawa. The Bolshevists report the capture also of the staff of the famous cavalry division of General Mamontoff, which earlier in the month in the course of several brilliant raids in the rear of the Bolshevist forces, had taken 2,500 prisoners. Fighting on the southern front has reverted to the type of the days of Waterloo, and cavalry is being extensively used on both sides.

The Bolshevist successes against Denikin seem to have been achieved by massing against Denikin's centre heavy forces of picked troops, including their new cavalry and also Lettish and Communist troops hitherto held in reserve, besides a large number of troops withdrawn from the trans-Siberian front. The Bolshevist forces greatly outnumbered those opposed to them by the volunteer army.

At the same time on the western flank important successes have been won by the Galician troops, 15,000 strong, who had formed the mainstay of the Ukrainian Army under Petlura. They have broken with Petlura and, after prolonged negotiations, placed themselves at Denikin's disposal for operations against the Bolshevists. As the movement for the independence of Russian Ukraine was nurtured in Galicia, this defection from Petlura is looked upon in some quarters as signal proof of the insolvency of this leader and the separatist movement he represents. Remnants of Petlura's forces are now defeated and scattered, Petlura himself hastening northward through Volhynia, and his temporary capital, Kamenemspudolsk, has been entered simultaneously

by Denikin's troops and the Poles. On the other hand some observers think that Ukrainian nationalism has failed simply for lack of what has contributed largely to Polish success, namely, the moral and material support of the Allies, and that the crowning injustice of Allied discriminations against the Ukrainian directory, is the recent award of a mandate over Eastern Galicia to Poland.

The Russian Northwest Army, which attempted last month under General Yudenitch to capture Petrograd, has been definitely defeated and scattered, a large portion of this army having been forced back into Esthonia. There has been some talk of a new offensive against Petrograd, and the Esthonian Government has been requested by General Estievar of the French Army to permit the reconstruction of the army of General Yudenitch and allow the West Russian forces, formerly commanded by General Avaloff-Bermondt, to be mobilized in Esthonia for a fresh attack on Petrograd. The Yudenitch debacle is ascribed to the fact that the full force was used at the front and the necessity for reserves was ignored. Four of the Russian divisions formerly under Yudenitch have been organized under the Esthonian General Tonnison, and are protecting the positions below Narva against the Bolshevists.

The most important event in the Baltic region has been the capture of Mitav by the Letts and the general evacuation of Letvia, Lithuania and Courland by the German force formerly under General von der Goltz. Ever since the German repulse by the Lettish forces from before Riga last month, the Germans have been retreating before the Letts. Late reports have been received from East Prussia, however, stating that five train loads of troops of the German "Iron Division," who had arrived at Tilsit on their way to the interior of Germany, have suddenly refused to proceed further in accordance with the Allied Commission's orders, and four train loads have gone back northwest of Memel, where they still threaten Courland. Their numbers are said to be fifteen thousand. Further east the evacuation appears to be proceeding regularly, but the Memel force seems to have got out of hand and to intend to defy the Allies. Unless they agree to withdraw in a short given period they will be declared outlaws, which means that the Letts and Lithuanians will be allowed by the Allied Commission to march against them.

The representatives of the Government of Esthonia, Letvia, Lithuania, Poland, Ukrainia, and White Russia in conference at Dorpat have declared themselves in favor of a military and political convention to defend their independence against aggression

equally from the Germans, from the Bolshevists, and from the All-Russian Government under Kolchak, which last is in favor of a united Russia. To the All-Russian plan, the Baltic states are as strongly opposed as to Bolshevist or German attack. Soviet delegates were sent to the Dorpat conference, with the ostensible purpose of negotiating for the exchange of prisoners, but they endeavored to widen the conference to include peace parleys. A late dispatch states that the conference between the Baltic states and the Bolshevists has been adjourned till the end of December.

Negotiations for exchange of prisoners have also been going forward at Copenhagen between a British representative and M. Litvinoff, the Russian Soviet representative. M. Litvinoff endeavored to turn these discussions also into peace *pourparlers* with the Entente. His communications to the American, British, French and Italian Ministers at Copenhagen, however, have been returned to him. The Ministers hold that to take official cognizance of the communications would be a breach of faith with Denmark, which consented to Litvinoff's presence in the country for the purpose of meeting a British delegate on the question of the exchange of prisoners and on condition that politics should be excluded from his programme.

France

The result of the French elections last month was a sweeping victory for the Bloc National, the patriotic grouping of non-Socialist parties which have supported Clémenceau's Government, and a strong repudiation of anything in the nature of Bolshevism or Soviet rule. The Bloc National will have more than five hundred of the six hundred and twenty-six members of the next Chamber, while the Socialist representation will be reduced from one hundred and five to fifty-five. Jean Longuet, the Socialist leader and most prominent French Bolshevist, was defeated. The Socialists were responsible for making Bolshevism an issue, and it is they who feel the sting of defeat. Six months ago seven Socialist parties united for the purpose of getting control of the Government. When Longuet and his lieutenants some weeks before the election came out openly as friends of the Soviets, Clémenceau took a hand and formed the Bloc National. Not only did the election show that the extremists could not swing labor for Bolshevism, but it made clear that several thousand French Socialists loved France more than their party. For a great many French Socialists voted the Bloc National because they feared Bolshevism. The returns from the provinces show that the farmers and inhabitants of small towns also steered away from

Sovietism. Besides M. Longuet, leader of the Minority Socialists, other defeated radical leaders were Pierre Remandel, leader of the Majority Socialists, Henry Franklin-Bouillon, the Radical Socialist Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Chamber of Deputies, who had urged rejection of the Peace Treaty, and Pierre Brizon. In the Paris municipal elections only four Socialists were elected.

Despite the announcement of Clémenceau, who is seventy-eight, that he will retire, rumor persists that he will be the next President. One of the planks of the platform of the Bloc National calls for more power for the President of the Republic, to make him a stronger figure in national and international politics. The election of French Senators will take place in January, and soon thereafter the Senate and Chamber of Deputies will meet to elect a President.

Universal regret, and some sharp criticism, has been expressed in the French press over the rejection of the Peace Treaty by the United States Senate. The American peace delegates, who had intended leaving France on December 1st, delayed their departure till the tenth, as a result of French and English importunity, to await the decision of the Senate. On their departure Hugh Wallace, the American Ambassador to France, was instructed to take up the work relinquished by the American delegation and to represent the United States in the various discussions and conferences. His powers are strictly limited, and word has since been given out at Washington that he has been authorized to sit at the Council meetings only on matters having to do with the Hungarian and Bulgarian Treaties, without taking action on them, but in order to keep the United States Government informed about them. He will have nothing to say in any other business.

Meanwhile, since the departure of the American delegation, Clémenceau has visited London and had a three-days' conference with the English Premier. In this conference Italy's Foreign Minister, Vittorio Sciatoia, also participated. The object was the formation of a closer alliance between England and France in view of America's withdrawal from European affairs. France demanded, in the absence of America, that England carry out her pledge to guarantee the former country against German attack.

The plan of the League of Nations will be retained in the Anglo-French arrangements, as its great use as a piece of political machinery is recognized. Nevertheless, in the widest official as well as political circles of England, the League of Nations in its ideal sense, as it was originally intended, is now considered dead.

One of the gravest questions affecting the entire international situation is that of the claims of Ireland; and unless the question of her rights and self government be settled the international situation will remain disturbed and disturbing. England and France, with Italy, have decided also to establish inter-allied military machinery, with Marshal Foch at its head, to insure that Germany lives up to her bargin.

Despite the action of the Senate, hope is still entertained in France that America may be won to participation in European affairs. As a result of the London conference, the American Government will be notified that in order to facilitate a compromise between adverse parties in the United States Senate, the Allies are willing to accept, to as great an extent as possible, some of the reservations to the Versailles Treaty proposed by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It is said the Allies will "do everything in order that America may participate in future conferences," and are willing that America shall take all the precautions she regards necessary to protect her own interests.

Besides the terms of the new economic agreement between France and England, the London conference also considered the Fiume question. It is understood that the British and French representatives informed the Italian Foreign Minister that they would sponsor Italy's cause at Washington, but that no settlement of the Fiume problem would be acceptable unless it conformed with President Wilson's conditions.

The Jugo-Slavia delegates early in the month became a party to the Peace Treaties with Austria and Bulgaria, to which they have hitherto objected. The Supreme Council in agreement with the Jugo-Slav delegation, conceded certain modifications in the peace terms with Austria, notably the advancing of the date for payments to the Jugo-Slav State on reparations due it. Rumania also has signed the general Peace Treaty, as well as the Austrian and Hungarian Treaties, with the necessary provisions for minorities. The Bucharest delegates also declared their willingness to withdraw from Hungary to the boundary line laid down by the Peace Conference last June. The decision of Rumania to recede from her defiance of the Supreme Council has removed one of the ugliest problems of European politics.

Italy

Late dispatches indicate that the Fiume imbroglio is finally on the eve of settlement. According to report, an agreement between d'Annunzio and the Italian Government has been signed

by Premier Nitti and d'Annunzio, whereby the latter is to hand over the command of the city of Fiume to regular troops under General Caviglia, former Minister of War. This occupation of Fiume by Italian regular troops is considered merely in the nature of a trusteeship, pending a final decision of the Entente Powers as to the city's ultimate disposition. The Italian Government is said to be willing to take possession on these terms, feeling confident that its claims to Fiume are so manifest, its title must be recognized. In diplomatic circles it is said that the retirement of the American members of the Supreme Council probably would facilitate a settlement of the Fiume problem, which it was impossible to obtain with American participation. Official announcement concerning the Fiume arrangement is soon expected from the Italian Government. It acknowledges, in a sense, the right of Fiume to decide its own destiny according to the principle of self-determination, and promises to do everything in its power to have a decision of the Fiume National Council accepted by the Allied and Associated Powers. At the same time it is believed that d'Annunzio and his troops will be pardoned, the patriotic ideals which moved them to enter Fiume being taken as a mitigating circumstance.

The recent Italian elections resulted, on the whole, in a victory for the Socialists, the new Catholic party securing the next largest number of seats. The Socialists have elected one hundred and fifty-six members to the Chamber of Deputies and the Catholics one hundred and one. Both these parties have defined programmes, are well organized, attend assiduously the sittings of the Chamber, and, in fact, work as regular parties. The remaining groups comprise a smaller number of adherents, so that alone and unsupported they cannot counterbalance the power of the above mentioned parties. The smaller groups include Radicals, who count only fifty-four Deputies; Reformist Socialists, led by Bissolati, who total twenty-five, and Republicans, who number about a dozen. There remain outside these parties or groups about one hundred and sixty Deputies. Thirty of these have formed a new group called "Group of National Reconstruction," comprising men of different political views, who fought side by side in the War and are united by desire for concrete reforms necessary for the reconstruction of the national life. Most of the Deputies outside these regular parties and groups, represent moderate tendencies. The Socialists' success is ascribed to the general apathy of the voters, only sixty per cent of the Milan electors having voted, only thirty per cent in Rome, and only fifteen per cent in Palermo. As all the Socialists voted, the news-

papers point out that, had the other citizens troubled themselves to vote, they could have swamped the Socialists. It is declared that the voters were not attracted by the fact that, under the new electoral law, they had to vote for fifteen candidates instead of for one, as formerly.

The new elements which have entered the Socialist Parliamentary group are declared to be animated by revolutionary sentiments, and to favor an extreme policy which, in their opinion, will lead inevitably to the advent of Bolshevism in Italy. Since the election, the Chamber of Deputies has been the scene of numerous outbreaks and demonstrations against the King and Government, and, for a time, rumors of the wildest character regarding the possibility of a serious crisis, involving not only the Cabinet but also the reigning house of Italy, were in circulation. Hope has been expressed by Premier Nitti that all the other parties will form a coalition against the Socialists.

Because of public demonstrations in Rome on the opening of Parliament against the Socialist Deputies for their disloyal and pacifist attitude, a general strike was called by their sympathizers in the Labor Exchange. The strike continued for several days, with rioting and serious disorder, especially in Rome, Genoa, Turin, Milan, Mantua, Bologna and Florence. Order was finally restored by the military. As a result of the outbreak ten persons were killed, one hundred wounded, and one thousand placed under arrest.

Germany

The chief cause for German delay in signing the protocol, preliminary to putting the Peace Treaty into effect, has been the German objection to reparation for the sinking of the interned German fleet at Scapa Flow last June; and throughout the month there has been a constant exchange of notes on the subject between the Government at Berlin and the Supreme Council. The Berlin authorities at first contended that the internment of the fleet at Scapa Flow did not constitute the final disposition of the warships, the sinking of which must not be charged to Germany, but to the Allies who interned the fleet in a British and not a neutral port, contrary to the stipulations of the armistice. Moreover, they contended that Admiral von Reuter was cut off from communications with Germany and believed that the armistice ended at noon on June 21st. Therefore, in accordance with maritime custom, he began sinking the fleet. The point was raised, also, that, as von Reuter was a prisoner, he had lost his command, and therefore Germany's responsibility for his acts ceased.

The British Admiralty in the beginning of December largely destroyed the foundation for this plea by publishing two letters, one from Admiral von Trotha, Chief of the German Admiralty, to Admiral von Reuter, and the other, Admiral von Reuter's communication to the commanding officers of the interned fleet. These letters were found in Admiral von Reuter's safe in the salvage operations last July, on the German flagship *Emden*. Von Reuter's communication, dated June 17th, gave orders to the commanding officers "for necessary preparations for sinking their ships so as to insure that, on receipt of an order, they will sink as rapidly as possible." Von Trotha's letter, which is expressed in guarded phrases, says, among other things, with reference to the Versailles Peace Conference, that "the first condition will be that the ships remain German, and that their fate, whatever turn it may take under the pressure of the situation, will be consummated by ourselves, and that their surrender to the enemy remains out of the question." As regards the means by which von Trotha was able to communicate with von Reuter, it is noted that, on May 4th, a ship called the *Dollart* reached Scapa Flow from Germany, and on June 17th—the very day von Reuter issued his order to sink the ships—two ships, the *Bardenia* and the *Schleswig*, also from Germany, arrived at Scapa Flow, bringing clothes and provisions for the interned crews.

The German rejoinder to this disclosure alleged that the objectionable passage from the von Trotha letter had not been properly translated, and that it was "out of context with the rest of the letter." On the threat of an ultimatum from the Supreme Council, however, Berlin, while waiving the question of guilt, finally agreed to repay for the Scapa Flow loss. Objection is made, however, to the manner of reparation suggested in the Allied demand for 400,000 tons of shipping, dock material, dredges, etc., "because the execution of the demands formulated in the protocol would compromise irretrievably Germany's economic life and also render impossible of execution the other enormous obligations which the Treaty imposes on Germany." Berlin proposed instead that compensation be made by the offer of such harbor material as can be spared without seriously disturbing Germany's economic life, the amount and the mode of compensation to be decided by a board of Allied and German shipping experts. To this the Supreme Council agreed, and this shipping board has since been constituted and is now in session. With this disposal of the Scapa Flow controversy, it is calculated that the Treaty between the Allies and Germany will be put into effect before January 1st.

The long-discussed question, what to do with the German U-boats, was recently settled, when the Supreme Council decided that they should all be sunk with the exception of ten, which will be given to France. There are between ninety and one hundred U-boats, most of them now in English ports. It was decided to give the ten submarines to France, because she was not able to build submarines to any great extent during the War on account of her facilities being devoted to the manufacture of munitions for the Allies. Italy is to receive the Austrian submarines. The Supreme Council also adopted the British suggestion for the partition of the German war fleet. Under the arrangement Great Britain will receive seventy per cent of the total tonnage; France, ten per cent; Japan, eight per cent, Italy, ten per cent, and the United States, two per cent.

According to a recent announcement in the House of Commons by Winston Spencer Churchill, British Secretary for War, the Germans have handed over to the Allies 5,000 guns, 25,000 machine guns, 3,000 trench mortars, and 1,700 aëroplanes. They have still to deliver forty-two locomotives and 4,760 railway trucks.

The authorities at Berlin are greatly disappointed by the failure of the Premium Bond Loan. Five billion marks, it was thought, would be subscribed, but the amount will fall considerably short of four billion. The Government will subscribe in order to bring the figure up to the last-mentioned amount. The lack of success is all the more remarkable in view of the long and costly campaign by which the Government endeavored to persuade people to subscribe. The failure of the loan is variously ascribed to lack of confidence in the Government's financial measures, to the uncompromising attitude of the Entente, to internal political troubles, and to depreciation in the value of German money.

The tax measure proposed on December 3d before the National Assembly by Mathias Erzberger, Minister of Finance, is also the subject of severe criticism. The capital levy, it is said, "will leave Germany bloodless and make economic recuperation impossible." In Hamburg the feeling against the levy is particularly strong. In view of the strong hostility of banking and financial interests, it is rumored that the Government intends to withdraw the measure.

According to competent observers there is no immediate danger of a successful movement under military leadership, and the monarchial element, though loud, seems confined to certain sections and to be without general influence. There is some fear of Bolshevism, however, especially if the coming winter is very cold and Lenine succeeds in penetrating the country and organ-

izing his forces. Fear is also expressed that if the Allies do not mitigate their present policy, cold and hunger may drive the people to anarchy.

Meanwhile the present Government hangs on, and even if there are some changes in the ministerial coalition, it is felt that the bloc is too strong to be ousted by anything short of a revolution. This coalition of majority Socialists, Centrists, and Democrats has three hundred and twenty-seven seats out of a total of four hundred and twenty in the National Assembly, and, despite internal quarrels and jealousies, it is generally thought fear of the reactionaries on the one side and of the Spartacides on the other, will keep the coalition intact until the spring elections.

The rise in the curve of labor employment and production is the one bright spot of the German situation. This movement has been steady, and production in the mines, shipyards and general industries has reached a level approaching the pre-war basis. The depreciation of the mark, however, still continues, and for this adverse condition there seems to be no remedy. The Government printing presses are turning out marks at the rate of 70,000,000 a day, 13,000,000 of which represents new paper money put into circulation.

December 20th.

With Our Readers.

FATHER HECKER AND PRESENT PROBLEMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE curtain of time folds about some great and holy men as the mantle of a prophet. Events prove that, in some way, they had the power to forecast the years: to extend their gaze, and events show the present interest of their estimate, their zeal, their judgment.

On December 18, 1819, over one hundred years ago, Father Isaac T. Hecker was born. He founded this magazine, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in 1865.

As we face a new year, it is our purpose to review the life, aims and work of Father Hecker in as far as they show how he anticipated the crisis which the world now faces, and what means he outlined to meet that crisis.

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FATHER HECKER was an intense, aggressive Catholic priest and apostle. He was consumed by love of Catholic truth and he gave himself completely to its service. He was not content with half measures. He realized what Father Lattey says in his recent volume, *Back to Christ:* "Christ asked for all, and asked for it as His right." "Divine Love is infinitely active," as Father Hecker would say, and Divine Love in the Person of the Holy Spirit dwells within the soul. Father Hecker borrowed of this infinite activity: hence his ceaseless energy, his desire that every power of the individual, in its fullness, be actively devoted to the cause of Christ.

To Father Hecker the Church was God's voice upon earth. As God's creative goodness extended to every order and portion of His universe, so the truth of the Catholic Church would vivify, explain, redeem and sanctify every field of human activity and every faculty and power of man. As the light from heaven it was the light for this world and for us who dwell for a time therein. He was consumed with zeal to carry it, and have every other Catholic carry it, to the ends of the earth.

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DEFINITE Christian truth alone can satisfy the soul: lacking it, the soul still hungers, and its hunger must be satisfied. Many thus made destitute have attempted to console themselves with the preaching that one ought to forget self and give self entirely

to others! The essence and fullness of Christianity, such preaching maintains, is social service. Never to think of self: to find self-perfection simply in serving others. The acceptance of this preaching leads to the utter rout of the soul. It leads to forgetfulness of all definite laws of self-perfection: of those sacred obligations that are the stronghold of man's dignity and man's worth. It robs the heart of those high personal standards, independent of all others, which should be held inviolate were death and disaster to descend upon the whole world. It submerges the individual under the waves of the world's tragedy, and the world's suffering. What one has not, one cannot give to others. The body may be clothed by him: but the soul will still cry out unanswered, uncomforted.

So the modern world is being confounded by its own gospel of human altruism. Its hunger has led it to seek food: but the food it can get of itself only leaves its hunger more unsatisfied and torturing. Having no personal faith in a personal God, it cannot feed itself; having no food for itself it cannot feed others. Bread and the circus may have delayed, they did not avert the fall of Rome. Welfare work only palliates and postpones; man seeks justice and the right to live according to his independent dignity, his personal worth. To limit humanity to itself is to write down humanity as both hopeless and helpless. The history of the race and the experience of the individual confirm this.

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FAITH in a personal God as our Creator, demands the union of the soul with God. Faith in Jesus Christ as our Saviour, demands the perfect obedience of the individual to Christ: an acceptance, an obedience to all His revealed truths and to all His commandments. It means the surrender of self to Him Who is our life: an intimate union than which nothing is more temporally or eternally important. That union is the rule of our relations with others: it is Christ in us and as He is our Saviour so only, through union with Him, can we be saviour, helper, guide or comforter to others. From Him radiates the light of the world: only inasmuch as we are in Him may we radiate light to others. Personal perfection is the first, the constant and the last work of each Christian soul. All his other labors and his good works are measured by its strength, its fidelity, its growth. Only in the measure of his perfection can he aid his fellowmen. He may have riches and distribute his goods to feed the poor, but unless he have charity, it profiteth him nothing.

Charity is the grace of God: it is the favor of God: it is the

union, the life of the soul with and in God. It is the life of God, the Holy Spirit, living, reigning within us, by Whom we know that we are the temples of His indwelling Self.

This is the crowning work of Christ Who, through Himself, has brought to our souls the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier.

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TO keep, to perfect this life with and in the Holy Spirit, is the first and greatest care of every one of us. All other work will be vain without it. It is the source of our own peace and strength and purity and unselfishness. It is known under various titles—the life of prayer, the interior life, the spiritual life.

We may, therefore, rightly ask: what will be the issue of all our human endeavors, of all our efforts, of all our reconstruction programmes unless they be informed by this interior spirit, seeking its guidance from prayer, from love of the sacraments, from personal devotion to the Holy Spirit? The world may laugh the true answer to scorn: as the world may not understand one who gives up all to spend his days in prayer. But the world knows not its own evils nor their cure.

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FATHER HECKER not only foresaw the urgent need of the wide cultivation of this interior spirit life, but he himself was an illustrious example of it. His whole life was a life of prayer. He sought solitude in the first days of his Catholic life. He begrudged the hours necessary for study because they intruded upon his hours of prayer. He often speaks of the favors he gained therein. It was the sole sustaining strength of his great mission. He knew the world of his fellowmen. No one realized more clearly than he the social and economic injustices of his day. No man felt more keenly and more deeply the spiritual destitution of those who were without the true Faith: with apostolic spirit he yearned to go to them and help. Yet he realized that his success would be measured by his own interior life with the Holy Spirit of God: to lose or impair that union, was to threaten every external act to which he might put his hand. Intellectual gifts: zeal of the heart: untiring labor of the body—these he might possess, these could win him distraction and forgetfulness in the glory and honor of external work—but they would fail, both for himself and for others, unless he kept not alone the touch of, but intimate union with the Holy Spirit, unless, indeed, his life were hidden with Christ in God.

He was blessed with a great mission to his fellow Americans. He was a leader of his time and of times to come. He is to us an

inspiration. But if we take at all the lesson of his life, we must grasp, first of all, the lesson of continued and abiding prayer: of learning to live in the presence of God: of seeking the guidance of the Holy Spirit within us, not only for every act and for every work but for that power of initiation, that courage of achievement, that passion for perfection which, in turn, are begotten of and crowned by the Holy Spirit within us.

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THESE should be commonplace truths to every Catholic. As the Catechism of the Council of Trent tells us: "The pastor must also teach that there are certain admirable effects, and certain most ample gifts of the Holy Ghost, which are said to originate and emanate from Him, as from a perennial fountain of goodness. For, although the extrinsic works of the Most Holy Trinity are common to the Three Persons, yet many of them are attributed especially to the Holy Ghost, to give us to understand that they proceed from the boundless love of God towards us: for as the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Divine Will, inflamed as it were with love, we can comprehend that these effects, which are referred particularly to the Holy Ghost, arise from the extreme love of God towards us."

The Church constantly calls us to prayer. It calls us to it more insistently today. In this diocese, for example, His Grace the Archbishop has appointed an entire week for thoughtful prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, solemnly set in exposition. It is that aged call of the Church with two appeals that are really as one. An appeal for the suffering world that God may look upon it in mercy; an appeal that we may be more devout, more prayerful, more interior. Love of the Holy Spirit will lead us to answer with ready hearts. As Father Hecker said: "The measure of our love for the Holy Spirit is the measure of our obedience to the authority of the Church, and the measure of our obedience to the authority of the Church is the measure of our love for the Holy Spirit."

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THIS interior spirit was the secret of Father Hecker's confidence: of his peace: of his strength, which despite the depression of adverse circumstance and unjust criticism, expressed itself in Christian humor and even gayety. In his own day he heard some of the doubts that have been repeated in ours. A clergyman told him that "Dr. Newman" (not as yet Cardinal) said, when he was told that Father Hecker intended to found the Paulists: "Oh yes; the Americans do not know what obedience is," and Hecker

answers: "As our Holy Father is not unwilling to give us encouragement, let us indulge the hope that our Divine Master will not refuse some little out of the way corner in heaven to his unworthy servants, and 'rebels.'"

He had undertaken the seemingly impossible task of converting America to the Catholic Faith. The commnuity of Paulists in 1865 numbered seven priests. Father Baker one of the ablest and most beloved died. Father Hecker wrote, in a letter to a friend in Europe: "We are only six. Two of these quite broken down. A fine set of fellows are we to set afoot the conversion of the country. Don't be alarmed. We have now taken root in eternity. We are not shabbier than the Apostles were in the natural order. If twelve of them were enough for the continent. But—But what? Anyhow we intend to live, work and die bravely. And as for the rest, let those who follow look to it."

He gave the example and the secret of his interior life. "Men whose souls are actuated by the gifts of the Holy Spirit; men whose countenances are lit up with a heavenly joy, who breathe an air of inward peace and act with a holy liberty and a resistless energy," were, he declared, the need of the day. So he could write: "Father Baker's death has energized me in all directions."

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BUT he who so believed in the zeal and perfection of the external work: in giving all one had to God, believed also that he could not so give, or that the giving would be fruitless, unless it was wholly fired by an interior life of personal perfection and of constant prayer and recollection.

"Peace is gained by a wise inaction, he declared, and strength by integral resignation to God, Who will do all, and more than we, with the boldest imagination, can fancy or desire." "The Church asks for men, not cyphers or cripples"—but it was the Church that asked for them as her children. And "the enlargement of the field of action for the soul, without a true knowledge of the end and scope of the external authority of the Church, would only open the door to delusions, errors, and heresies of every description, and would be in effect merely another form of Protestantism."

Father Hecker repudiated utterly and, in that repudiation, anticipated the modern philosophy that preaches as man's highest perfection the free expression of himself: to know life to its fullest emotional possibilities—such a philosophy as was voiced, in his earlier years, by the poet, Alan Seegar—"to act out yourself," "obey your instincts," "assert your manhood," was, in Father Hecker's words, "to lose one's manhood." These extravagant

efforts to magnify man were, according to him, the natural rebound from the opposite extreme of Calvinism.

The mistake made by souls that were led astray by such individual independence or by too great an absorption in external work arose, according to Father Hecker, "from their not sufficiently appreciating the necessity of the authority and discipline of the Church, as the safeguards of the soul."

As he saw clearly, and preached constantly the integrity of God's universe, the perfect synthesis of all truth, of reason and of revelation, of nature and of the supernatural, of how Christ is the *Alpha* and *Omega* of truth to men, and the Church, His voice, so Father Hecker also saw and lived what may be termed the integrity and fullness of the Christian's spiritual life—the office and power of the Holy Spirit to sanctify by His supernatural gifts all our natural gifts and to make the entire man resplendent with the grace and power of God. "Now when the soul sees that the external authority is animated by the same divine Spirit, with Whose interior promptings it is most anxious to comply; when it appreciates that the aim of external authority is to keep it from straying from the guidance of the indwelling divine Spirit, then obedience to authority becomes easy, and the fulfillment of its commands the source of increased joy and greater liberty, not an irksome task or a crushing burden. This union of the inner and outer divine action is the secret source of Catholic life; the inward principle prompts the obedience of Catholics to the divine external authority of the holy Church. From this is born the consciousness of the soul's filiation with God, whence flows that perfect love and liberty which always accompanies this divine sonship."

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BY cherishing and cultivating this interior life of prayer we become not only faithful children but faithful missionaries of the Church. Father Hecker saw how the sphere of the individual was to be widened in the modern world. He saw how effective for good or for evil might be the personal example of every Catholic. Out in the marketplace, in shop or in office the individual man or woman would have the opportunity to explain the doctrines of the Church: to lay down the right ethical principle on a social, economic or labor question. Father Hecker so loved, so appreciated dogmas that he saw and championed what few of us see, yet what is so necessary for us to see, particularly today if the world is to be restored to Christ. Nothing with him was unaffected by or independent of Catholic dogma. "Every religious dogma," he wrote, "has a special bearing on political

society." Therefore he worked for a well-informed, intelligent Catholic laity. He labored untiringly for a great Catholic press, for books, pamphlets, tracts, even for a Catholic daily. He would fire others with like enthusiasm. He wanted the individual Catholic layman not only to be prepared, but actually to speak: to be aggressive: vigilant of opportunity: with initiative and energy: carrying into every corner, to every ear that would listen, the message of the Catholic Church.

Was there ever an hour when his message and inspiration were needed more than now? The Holy Father may speak. But what of his message if we do not study and imitate and follow it. Our appointed leaders, the bishops, may lead and plan and urge. But what of their work, if it be not taken up and made vigorous with far extending life by our hands?

Now according to Father Hecker, "to be guided by God's Church is to be guided by God." He prayed that every Catholic should see this, and he believed that, once seeing, the zeal and activity of the Catholic laity would know no limit. "What we need today is men whose spirit is that of the early martyrs." And Father Hecker believed that the very opportunities and needs of the day would play their part, under God, in fostering such enthusiasm and such sacrifice. "The Church is the sum of all problems, and the most potent fact in the whole wide universe. It is therefore illogical to look elsewhere for the radical remedy of all our evils. It is equally unworthy of a Catholic to look elsewhere for the renewal of religion."

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FATHER HECKER saw and foresaw the growth of democracy throughout the world. With us that growth is commonplace. To some, who lacked the insight of Father Hecker, the American Republic sixty years ago was not only a dangerous but an un-Catholic and even anti-Catholic experiment. De Maistre said this country would not last, and *The Dublin Review* in 1865 foretold the speedy disruption and downfall of the United States.

Today we are praying that the new republics of the world be as fair in their constitutions as is our own country. The Holy Father recommended to the new Czecho-Slovak Republic the Constitution of the United States as a model. Father Hecker was as conscious as any one of the predominant Protestant sentiment in America; he saw greater persecution of the Church and of Catholics than we have seen. But he also saw that the Constitution of the United States was not un-Catholic or anti-Catholic: that under it Catholics might work with freedom: that its princi-

ples, if rightly carried out to their full logical term, would lead to Catholic truth, as of Catholic truth they were born.

"He whose intellectual vision is open to the light of first principles and their main bearings, and is not altogether a stranger to true history, knows full well that the Catholic Church has battled her whole lifetime for those rights of man and that liberty which confer the greatest glory on the American Republic."

"It is an error, radical and gross, to say that the basis of the American character is the spirit of political and religious rebellion." "They want to make out that the American States claim to be indifferent to religion. They accuse us of having a theory of government which ignores the moral precepts of the natural law and of the Gospel. Such is not the case, and never has been from the beginning. This is a false interpretation of the American States."

And as it was founded on justice: as it gave the greater responsibility to the individual, so Father Hecker saw the golden opportunity of showing the true American that his very first principles were a preparatory declaration of the Catholic Faith. Father Hecker had no misgivings: he did not demand the American form of government for all nations of the world. He would not say that in other countries it would be fulfilled nor fulfill the mission it had here. "The Catholic Church has flourished under all forms of government." "Neither do we wish to plant our American ideas in the soil of other nations. The mission of the American Catholic is not to propagate his form of government in any other country." The American loved liberty and since he loved it, he could be led to love the truth that was its sole foundation. "Protestantism as a religious system was an insult to all ideas of freedom." America was free in good measure from the religious passions and prejudices of the Old World. In a new land the people had to stand together to form a new country. Many would be willing to listen: "If the Catholic religion were presented to their attention without exaggerations and in the light of its real character, the more impartial and intelligent minds would assimilate this knowledge."

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TO Father Hecker this was not alone a mission to Protestants as such, that is those who retained some positive belief in parts of the Christian creed. He saw the rapid drift of Protestantism towards Unitarianism, for such it is in great measure today, in spite of its various names—and that from Unitarianism it would drift to Universalism. He saw the undermining of all

Christian truth: as the Catholic Faith was "the mother of civilization," so he saw what we are seeing, civilization itself threatened. He anticipated the appeal we must make for the world's recovery, an appeal to the reason of man: to the things he still holds dear, showing him that their only security is Catholic teaching and Catholic doctrine. It is the commonplaces of life and the fundamentals of society that are threatened.

"Democracy is the spirit of the age," said Father Hecker, and he prophesied it would sweep the world. But the safeguard of democracy, indeed the mother of it, is the Catholic Church. They who know not Christian truth nor Christian history know not how to treasure and to guard it. They use it to their own destruction. They pervert it and make it the instrument of lawlessness and irresponsibility and disorder. They who so misuse it, also use it as a weapon against the Church. It is for us not to crush what is good therein: but to nurture the good: to show its guarantee: to expose the errors: to give sight to the blind by the saving waters of God's truths. "Satan seizes hold of the noblest aspirations of the soul, and by deceiving men under the guise of a real good, leads them quite astray. For what underlies the promises of Protestanism and its innumerable sects: and rationalism, so called and its different phases, and the secularists, religious radicals, materialists, revolutionists, socialists, internationalists . . . for their name is legion and their confusion of tongues is as great as that of Babel—what underlies their promises is in one aspect true and in a sense desirable. The right answer to all their fine promises is this: 'You affirm some undoubted truths and you hold out a desirable good; but the way that you point out for realizing the one and attaining the other is subversive of all truth and the supreme good, and it will not reach even what you aim at, but end in entire disappointment and anarchy. Put together the fragmentary truths affirmed by each of your different religious sects, and you will find them all contained in Catholicity. Make a list of all the honest demands for ameliorations and reforms in man's social, industrial, and political condition—it will not be a short one—and you will discover that they have their truth in the spirit, and are justified by the teachings and the practice, of the Catholic Church.' O sincere seeker after truth! Did you but know it, the path lies open before you to a perennial fountain of truth, where you can slake to the full that thirst which has so long tormented your soul. O sincere lover of your fellowmen! There is a living body which you may enter and coöperate with, whose divine action is realizing a heavenly vision for the whole human race, brighter and more

beautiful than the ideal, which so often haunts your lonely dreams!"

So Father Hecker catalogued two great movements in the world: the Catholic Church that taught the ways of justice here for man: of peace and of order and the way of eternal life; and the forces of revolution, of godlessness, of disorder and of decay, that won influence only because they are able to deceive men. No writer of the present day could give a clearer synopsis of the world's condition. And Father Hecker concludes: "Only the universal principles of reason and revelation grasped and welded by such an organic world power as the Catholic Church, can guide aright the tumultuous masses of mankind when the transition from one phase of civilization to another has begun."

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FATHER HECKER saw very clearly the need of Catholic education. We see that secular education has sown the seeds of personal irresponsibility: of ignorance of the moral law: of forgetfulness of God. Father Hecker wrote: "It is clear that the chief aim of the advocates of the present public-school system in the United States is less the desire for general diffusion of knowledge than the advancement of a pet theory of education; and many of them insist upon its exclusive adoption, because they imagine that its spirit and tendency are against the spread and progress of the Catholic faith. They are blind to the fact that it is equally destructive to every form of the Christian faith; that it leaves, because of its practical inefficiency, thousands of children in ignorance; that it does violence to the religious convictions of a large body of citizens of the Republic; that it tramples upon the sacred rights of parents, and endangers the State itself by perverting its action from its legitimate function. 'Heat not a furnace so hot that it doth singe yourself' is good advice. The so-called American public-school system is a cunningly-devised scheme, under the show of zeal for popular education, to force the State, in violation of American principles of liberty, to impose an unjust and heavy tax on its citizens, with the intent of injuring the Catholic Church while in the meantime it is sapping in the minds of the American youth the foundations of all religion and driving them into infidelity."

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TO him was evident the need of widespread, energetic work on the part of Catholics. As in the past, the Catholic Church inaugurated and led in works of social welfare and social betterment so should we lead today. "The great majority of her (the

Church's) saints were men and women whose hearts were overflowing with warm and active sympathy for their race, consecrating their energies to its improvement spiritually, intellectually, morally, and bodily, and not seldom laying down their lives for its sake."

He foresaw that women, as of old, were again to be leaders in the work. In the old and in the new fields of endeavor, they would bear the message of Catholic loyalty and Catholic truth, and extend the kingdom of God on earth. The signal services rendered by Catholic women during the crucial days of the War, both at home and abroad under the direction of the National Catholic War Council, have been a singular vindication of his prescience of the wider field and the greater need of the mission of Catholic women in social work.

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HE anticipated the modern objection that the Church had no concern for men's welfare here: but only for his life hereafter. "The Catholic Church places no gulf between God and humanity, or divorce between heaven and earth, or antagonism between revelation and reason, or religion and science; and she repudiates the doctrine which emphasizes faith at the expense of good works. Hence the accusation of modern infidels against Christianity, as confining itself exclusively to man's happiness hereafter—'a post-mortem happiness'—while ignoring his actual, present good—is altogether false when made against the Catholic Church."

And to the much agitated question of Christian unity, Father Hecker gave what must be always the only true answer: "The only road open for us to be Christians, consistent with reason, with moral rectitude, and with a proper respect for ourselves, is to become Catholic. For the expositions of Christian doctrines by the Catholic Church are consonant with the dictates of reason, in harmony with our moral feelings, and favorable to the highest conceptions of the dignity of human nature."

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WE may well end this review with Father Hecker's estimate of what kind of men this age demands if we are to win back the world to Christ:

"The age is superficial; it needs the gift of Wisdom, which enables the soul to contemplate truth in its ultimate causes. The age is materialistic; it needs the gift of Intelligence, by the light of which the intellect penetrates into the essence of things. The age is captivated by a false and one-sided science; it needs the

gift of Science, by the light of which is seen each order of truth in its true relations to other orders and in a divine unity. The age is in disorder and is ignorant of the way to true progress; it needs the gift of Counsel, which teaches how to choose the proper means to attain an object. The age is impious; it needs the gift of Piety, which leads the soul to look up to God as the Heavenly Father, and to adore Him with feelings of filial affection and love. The age is sensual and effeminate; it needs the gift of Fortitude which imparts to the will the strength to endure the greatest burdens, and to prosecute the greatest enterprises with ease and heroism. The age has lost and almost forgotten God; it needs the gift of Fear to bring the soul again to God, and make it feel conscious of its responsibility and of its destiny. Men endowed with these gifts are the men for whom, if it but knew it, the age calls. Men whose minds are enlightened and whose wills are strengthened by an increased action of the Holy Spirit. Men whose souls are actuated by the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Men whose countenances are lit up with a heavenly joy, who breathe an air of inward peace, and act with a holy liberty and a resistless energy. One such soul does more to advance the kingdom of God than tens of thousands without those gifts. These are the men and this is the way, if the age could only be made to see and believe it, to universal restoration, universal reconciliation, and universal progress, as far as such boons are attainable."

IN line with the need for prayer to solve correctly the problems of our times, comes the annual invitation to unite in the Octave of our times, comes the annual invitation to unite in the Octave of Prayer for Church Unity, beginning January 18th, the Feast of St. Peter at Rome, and ending on January 25th, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.

We earnestly recommend this pious custom to our readers. By it they become incorporated in the work of the Church militant, ever striving to realize the words of Our Lord: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they may also be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me."

BOOKS RECEIVED

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century. By P. Thureau-Dangin. 2 vols. $12.00 per set. *The Drift of Timions.* By R. Keable. $2.00 net. *Conrad in Quest of His Youth.* By L. Merrick.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

The Modern Library: Baudelaire: His Prose and Poetry. Edited by T. R. Smith; *Redemption and Other Plays.* By L. Tolstoy; *Best Ghost Stories.* 85 cents each. *The Cobbler in Willow Street, and Other Poems.* By G. O'Neil. $1.25 net. *Dust of New York.* By K. Bercovice. $1.60 net.

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Elementary American History and Government. By J. A. Woodburn, Ph.D., and T. F. Moran, Ph.D. *When the World Shook.* By H. R. Haggard. $1.60 net. *Benedictine Monachism.* By Rt. Rev. C. Buller. $6.50 net.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

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FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, New York:

Calendar 1920. 55 cents.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:

The Three Mulla-Mulgars. By W. de la Mare.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge. $2.50 net.

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An Acreage of Lyric. By D. L. Mann. $1.25. *History of the Yankee Division.* By H. A. Benwell. $2.00. *John Brown, Soldier of Fortune.* By H. P. Wilson, $2.50.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:

Poems. By Francis X. Doyle, S.J.

JOHN JOS. MCVEY, Philadelphia:

Exposition of Christian Doctrine. By a Seminary Professor. $2.75 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:

Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquities. Part I. By W. H. Holmes. *The Administration of Correspondence-Study Departments of Universities and Colleges.* By A. J. Kean. *Prehistoric Villages, Castles and Towers of Southwestern Colorado.* By J. W. Fewkes.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

A Dictionary of Canon Law. By Rev. P. Trudel, S.J. $1.50 net. *The Undying Tragedy of the World.* By W. F. Robison, S.J. $1.50 net.

BURNS & OATES, Ltd., London:

The Armour of God.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

The Infallibility of the Church and Her Teaching Authority. By Rev. J. Sullivan, S.J. *Christian Unity.* By a Missionary. *Is There Salvation Outside the Church?* By Rev. H. C. Semple, S.J. Pamphlets.

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THE CONSERVATIVE MIND.[1]

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

SOME years ago the newspapers reported the efforts of two scientists to construct flying machines. Of one it was said that he worked on right theories but could not fly. Of the other it was said that he was working on wrong theories and could fly. As a matter of fact, the Wright brothers tell us that they found traditional scientific data unreliable and they were compelled to depend upon their own investigations in solving the problem of the airship. We behold here another aspect of the ages old difference between theory and practice, between fact and principle, between thinking and doing.

In the social order, theories are aristocratic while facts are plebeian. Call any plausible guess by the name hypothesis or law or theory or principle and at once it moves about like a

[1] An effort is made in this study to describe conservatism and radicalism as social tendencies, and to call attention to popular estimates of them which fail to take account of moral and spiritual values. Once the social mind surrenders belief in objective truth and separates striving for justice from the divine law of justice, the basis of the spiritual judgment of life is lost. The writer hopes to complete this study by a later article on the place of the Church in the social order. As a spiritual, moral and social force she touches all social interests and offers the basis upon which we rest the solution of our social problems. Her belief in objective truth and in the inviolable supremacy of the moral law has far-reaching social consequences. It is in this alone that we may find guidance between the extremes of conservatism and radicalism which are ever recurrent in human society.

The term "radicalism" is used to indicate the general tendency toward changes in the social order rather than the lamentable extremes which are now so lawless and dangerous. The term "conservatism" relates to views and standards which develop in the ordinary processes of social and political life, seen as such. The term "theory" is taken to indicate any view accepted or proposed as the basis of a social institution. In this sense it may be false or true. Many of the theories of individualism once accepted as true, are now repudiated as false.

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grand seigneur. It mounts a throne and, in Lowell's phrase, asks facts to pause and do it courtesy as they pass by. A theory cannot harm a fact, but the tiniest fact may upset a whole philosophy. Hence, when a fact threatens a view, one who holds to the latter feels an impulse to deny the former. A scholar was asked how he accounted for a certain well-authenticated fact which was at variance with his philosophy. He answered quite directly and simply, "I do not attempt to account for the fact. I deny it."

A taste for theories disturbs one's liking for facts and tends to interfere with one's judgment of them. This occurs because theories or generalizations do not take hold of entire facts. They touch them only at points; whereas it is in the nature of a fact to insist on plenary recognition. Theories avoid detail. Yet there is nothing in the universe except detail. Facts burden the mind and memory, overwhelming them. The mind has devised generalizations by which it can handle enormous quantities of facts with greatest ease. The Infinite does not generalize. It sees comprehensively every item in the universe.

Nature knows well that both theory and fact are essential in social life. Hence, she has wisely provided types of mind with a liking for each. The conservative is the apostle of fact; the radical is the apostle of theory. The conservative sees while the radical interprets. Each dislikes the other and mistrusts him. Each is the only medicine that can correct the constitutional disorders of the other. Each is complete in structure, but incomplete in function. Each is, to borrow Emerson's phrase, "a good half but an impossible whole." Functionally the conservative mind just as it is, is of fundamental importance to our institutions. Since this is the case, the value of the conservative mind does not depend on its ability. An infant king sleeping in the royal cradle is just as useful in maintaining the stability of institutions as a philosopher, because the king is a symbol as well as personality. It is not alone conviction or ability makes the conservative mighty. His greatness is derived also from his function.

Nature works with a high factor of safety, hence she does not trust the security of institutions to the outcome of debate. In times of revolution, institutions are tested more or less by debate; hence, the peril of revolutions. What would become

of the stability of the social order, of sanctions, standards and parties, of the varied institutions of property, of the settled adjustments of thought and feeling which is the social order, if one could by reasoning alone unsettle the conservative mind? Nature is deeply interested in the conservative attitude, but she is less concerned about conservative arguments. It is vital that radical changes be resisted in order to slow them down. Civilization has established a speed law for reform which the radical constantly violates. It is imperative that change be opposed. That it is opposed sometimes unfairly, sometimes with strange dullnesss, intolerance and delusion, is of no particular consequence to nature, whatever be the judgment of logic about such things. Logic is petulant with conservatism because it argues badly at times, but nature does not worry. The conservative may be wrong to his heart's content in argument if he be right in his attitude.

Nature must protect conservative leaders against their own limitations. If President Wilson could be swayed and compelled by the arguments of Mr. Gompers, if Mr. Gompers could be bested in argument by Mr. Debs, and if Mr. Debs could be argued out of his radicalism by a single taxer, our institutions would melt into hopeless confusion. The foundations of the social order are not made out of syllogisms. They are constructed from convictions. Hence we find the value to civilization of the organic and persistent repugnance that the conservative mind feels for all that the radical is, and for much that he represents. Were the situation otherwise, our safety would lie only in suppressing all radicals who could argue well. Where the earth is perfectly flat, surface waters, unless they are absorbed, become stagnant and offensive. Nature provides against this difficulty by varying the surface of the earth in order to insure satisfactory drainage. The waters flow with the slant of the surface. Nature gives a slant to the human mind. Arguments flow in obedience to a law of mental gravitation along our mental slants. Prejudice, illusion, philosophy, fixed conceptions of loyalty to a policy, a conviction or a leader, as these are found in the conservative mind, protect it effectively against the floods of argument poured upon it by the radical. Thus the argument of the radical as it affects the conservative may be described in the happy mixed metaphor of a popular

orator, as resembling "water on a duck's back, in one ear and out the other."

"Congress believes in what is and is opposed to what ought to be," said a United States Senator some years ago in addressing a convention of architects. This statement gives us the situation in a nutshell. The conservative is the prophet of establishment, of the fact, of what is. Logic, theories and ideals, marshal their forces and attack him but he remains unfearing and undisturbed. His attitudes are deeper than the penetrating power of any adverse argument. They are below the frost line. Hence, surface variations of heat and cold do not reach them. The conservative mind is the safety deposit vault of civilization with a time lock which nature herself opens with slow caution. The conservative is door-keeper of the temple of progress. He feels that he is the trustee of civilization, the sealer of the ethical weights and measures in the terms of which the transactions of life must be conducted.

The practical conservative does not see any particular relation between the truth of a statement and the proof of it. After all, as the world goes, debate consists largely in measuring your information against mine. It is a comparing of items of knowledge in order to determine him among a number who has the greater amount and the better command of it, just as boys count and compare their marbles. The winner is secure until another boy with more marbles joins the circle. The conservative has power of attorney conferred upon him by nature, but she revokes it at will. He is essentially pragmatic. Institutions have worked; therefore they are right. Institutions are working; therefore the presumption is in their favor. No institution is universal in its effects; therefore, we must be tolerant of much of our failure and we must make supplementary provision for the situations in which we fail.

The radical on the contrary, sees a profound relation between the proof of a statement and the truth of it. On this account he loves to argue. He thinks that all of his mental processes obey syllogisms as loyal subjects obey a king whom they love. Hence the radical believes in debate, loves it, challenges the conservative to joint debate on every possible occasion. Yet it is all illusion. for the mental processes of the radical obey his mental slant with the uniformity of a law. Nature has provided a mental watershed which divides the processes

of the conservative and the radical minds in just as marked a way as a range of mountains determines the flow of waters. The radical is always an impulsive dreamer. Bulwer Lytton says in Kenelm Chillingly, "Moral philosophers have so muddled their brains with the alcohol of new ideas that their moral legs have become shaky and the humane would rather help them to bed than give them a licking." This expresses with fair accuracy the judgment that the conservative makes of the radical in general.

Conservatism requires scholarship in order to prove its case, because ability to prove it has undeniably its place in the scheme of life. The radical has need of feeling rather than of scholarship. He knows the aspirations of humanity much more thoroughly than he knows its history, and he voices those aspirations with telling effect. The general tendency of scientific training moves in the direction of a radical habit of mind. And yet with the tremendous emphasis given to education, nature has taken care to keep an abundance of live conservatism on hand. Bancroft writes of Virchow, who had a passion for politics, that he was a radical "as true men of science naturally would be." The words of Professor Clark are much to the same effect. "The scientific habit of thought makes one hospitable to new ideas. A man who cultivates that habit is open to conviction where an ignorant person is not so. He is accustomed to pursue the truth and let the quest lead him where it will. He examines evidence which appears to have force even though the conclusion to which it leads may be new and unpleasant." If memory be not at fault, Hohenlohe was afraid of the great school system which Germany had developed, and he proposed to make the conditions of admission to schools still more exacting, lest the Fatherland find a learned radical proletariat on its hands. In the same spirit Louis Blanc, who was one of the first radicals to enter the French parliament in 1848, admitted without reserve the dangers of general education to the stability of institutions.

Secular education is accompanied by increasing independence of mind, increased capacity for doubt, the dependence of assent upon evidence regardless of consequences. Education aims to extend and make more secure the dominion of reason in the life of man. Now the great danger against which the social order must be protected is found in reason.

Reason has its dangers no less than has ignorance. Morley speaks as follows in writing of Edmund Burke: "If you encourage every individual loose upon all subjects without any restraint from a sense of his own weakness and his subordinate rank in the long scheme of things, then there is nothing of all that the opinion of ages has agreed to regard as excellent and venerable which would not be exposed to destruction at the hands of rationalistic criticism." Furthermore, it is the clear teaching of Burke himself that civil institutions may not be measured by the tests of pure reason and that logical conclusions may be the most mischievous. Mallock has a similar thought in *The Immortal Soul!*

> If logic, if reason, if evidence were the sole support of faith, the old faiths by which men have lived would decompose far more rapidly than new faiths could construct themselves.

It is worth while here to quote a remarkable paragraph from Leckey's *History of European Morals,* which offers corroboration of these views:

> It would be difficult to overestimate the number of those whose genuine convictions are due to the unresisted bias of their interests. By the term "interests" I mean not only material well-being but also all those mental luxuries, all those grooves or channels for thought which it is easy and pleasing to follow and painful and difficult to abandon. Such are the love of ease, the love of certainty, the love of system, the bias of the passions, the associations of the imagination as well as the coarser influences of social position, domestic happiness, professional interest, party feeling or ambition.

The stability of institutions and of civilization rests on the certainty that human nature cannot be entirely educated, that it will never be entirely rational. The mental luxuries which Leckey catalogues, love of ease, love of certainty and system, associations of the imagination and affection, have been more powerful in human history than argument and independence of mind. Much of the alleged action of reason incidental to widespread education is harmless and, on the whole, illusory. Sumner remarks to the point in his *Folkways,* "The most elaborate discussion only consists in revolving on one's own axis.

One only finds again the prepossessions which he brought to the consideration of the subject, returned to him with a little more intense faith." Lowell calls attention to the same general truth in his lines:

> This world were doomed
> Should dullness fail to tame
> Wit's fettered heels
> On the stern stocks of fact.

The conservative mind is contemplative while the radical mind is analytical. When we analyze social facts one part of our minds beholds one aspect of things. In contemplation, however, we are submerged in vision, and reasoning tends but to disturb the comfort of our position without adding to its strength. The radical mind consumes its energy in taking attitudes with vehement attachment; hence, it is that so many analytical minds are irritable, and radical movements are nervous, intolerant and difficult to put up with. Ruskin was right when he said to Norton, "Analysis is abominable business." Strangely enough, those statements are only partly true. The conservative is a contemplative when he looks at reality but he is analytical when he looks at the complete ideal. He analyzes it, resists it, and even argues against it. On the other hand, the radical is analytical and rebellious in the face of the established order, but he is an indiscriminate contemplative when he looks toward the ideal. The conservative takes ideals seriously but he keeps them at a distance from which they give him light, comfort and inspiration. The radical approaches so near to the ideal that his mind catches fire which resembles the prairie fires of the West. Imagination enables the radical mind to bound over obstacles and to fly past the problems of the real as a high speed train flies past the telegraph poles along its pathway. The conservative resembles the track walker who plods along and looks at the roadbed, instead of the horizon, and gives detailed care to the maintenance of way on which the safety of the high speed train depends.

The radical mind is brilliant and facile when dealing with generalization, ideal or axiom, while the conservative mind is slow and glued to earth. The latter will work painfully

and patiently to gather the facts by which to impress an audience, but the radical will trust to a dozen assumptions and his splendid pictures of the ideal when he wishes to win an audience. He strews his principles and generalizations before the timid conservative and dares the latter to walk over them as over a bridge between the fact and the ideal. The conservative, however, with the caution of the ponderous elephant, tests every plank carefully before trusting his weight upon it. Since the conservative finds that the planks bend under his weight, he will ordinarily refuse to take the risk. A statistical table furnishes safer footing for him.

Architecturally, the radical mind shows Gothic characteristic of mass without weight. Twenty facts burden a man and hinder his steps, but principles are imponderable. Twenty are not heavier than one. The construction of the radical and the conservative minds shows well the wisdom of nature. The conservative mind is like an apartment house, while the radical mind resembles an auditorium, the *aedes* of the Romans. Life is full of inconsistencies. Controversies exist everywhere within our institutions. Interests of the most divergent kinds are forced into nearly every individual life. As a result we discover that consistency is often impossible and nevertheless we strain after it. Brockelhurst says in *Jane Eyre*, that consistency is the first of the Christian duties. It is in any case difficult. Life produces inconsistencies. Nature produces a type of mind that can tolerate them and dwell among them. The conservative mind can do this. It can place its different opinions in separate apartments. They live near one another, but they need not meet any oftener than do the residents of any apartment house. When inconsistent views do meet, conventional forms of greeting are sufficient to avoid friction. Thus, for instance, a man's political opinions may say a pleasant Good Morning or Good Evening to his religious opinions as they meet in the corridors. Possibly, they could not live in the same apartment at all. One's business views may act in a surly manner when they meet one's moral principles. The method of separate apartments for opinions is resorted to very largely in this life, howsoever we may dislike and regret it.

Undoubtedly, the ideal life is unified and consistent and it places moral and spiritual standards in their rightful su-

premacy. But we are dealing with facts and wayward processes of mind now, and not with moral laws. As a matter of fact, life is full of inconsistencies and nature has prepared the conservative mind to bear them. George Eliot calls the brain "a congenial nidus of inconsistent beliefs." Classic illustration of conservatism's inconsistency is found in its attitude toward revolution. The conservative mind is an advocate of the last revolution, but a determined enemy of the next one. It does not admit the principle of revolution except in retrospect. It admits only revolutions in which it is not interested or the one revolution which produced it. On the other hand, the radical asserts the principle of revolution. When the next one establishes him, he too will deny that principle.

The radical mind is architecturally unlike the conservative mind. It is not an apartment house, but rather one vast room with cold severe lines, unbroken by cozy corner or any inviting recess. There is no privacy. All opinions, emotions, views and systems must live together in the full sight of one another all of the time. The radical mind escapes none of the unreasonable extremes of consistency. This condition causes a wear and tear on the radical's nervous system which gives us far-reaching insight into the psychology and the law of revolutions. Logical coördination, consistent unity, rigid syllogisms, system, flourish with irresistible vitality. Everything must be in harmony with everything else. Thus, for instance, when the radical mind admits Socialism into its chamber, former attitudes tend to disintegrate and Socialism starts the work of complete and unified mental reconstruction. Very often it despises religion, denounces marriage and parental authority over children and loses itself in mad dreams.

Consistency of truth with truth is not an acquired taste. It enables us to proceed from known to unknown truth. The scholastic philosophers were fond of the principle *Verum vero vere nunquam repugnat.* But consistency in social relations and everyday life is another thing. If a conservative finds that a fact contradicts a theory, he drops the theory and accepts the fact. The radical prefers to drop the fact. The conservative with his taste for inconsistency, can compromise and easily does so. The radical while he remains radical, cannot compromise mentally at all. Hence, he loses his sense of humor and the conservative finds it. The latter goes through

life with double joy and the former with double loss. The radical is, as Goldsmith found Burke, "Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient." The conservative mind has only such emotions as its opinions produce while the radical mind has only such opinions as its emotions produce. The former is organized by its opinions while the latter is governed by its emotions. The radical accuses the conservative of dishonesty while the conservative declares that the radical is dangerous. Without a doubt, both of them are somewhat in error. The great mistake of the radical lies in confusing consistency with honesty. Consistency touches the relations of opinions among themselves, while honesty affects one's relations to one's expressed opinions. We can be consciously inconsistent, but we cannot be consciously dishonest within our minds. The relation of the conservative mind to its own expressed opinions is usually honest enough, while the greatest inconsistency may be found in crossing lots from one opinion to another. It is difficult to be patient with the one-sided estimate of conservatism to which Oliver Wendell Holmes once gave expression. In his mind, to be a conservative "is to let all the drains of thought choke up and keep all the soul's windows down—to shut out the sun from the east and the wind from the west—to let rats run free in the cellar and the moths feed their fill in the chambers and the spiders weave out their lace before the mirror till the soul's typhus is brought out of our neglect and we begin to snore in its coma or rave in its delirium." Such a view is its own refutation. It is utterly unworthy of a scholar.

After the worst has been said against the conservative, it remains still his supreme rôle "to recognize the precedence of the facts of morality and conduct, of the many interwoven affinities of human affection and historical relation over the unreal necessities of abstract logic," to quote Morley again. The conservative sees a situation as a highly complex adjustment of life. To the radical a situation is merely a series of orderly definitions. One can change a definition in a minute, but one would labor a lifetime in changing a situation. The philosophy of the conservative is summed up in the striking statement of Falkland, "If it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." The radical believes that it is necessary to change and that, therefore, change must be made. Change is a problem to the conservative. It is an axiom to

the radical. A problem must be studied while an axiom need but be followed. Hence, the aptness of words written years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* and modified to suit the thought. "Given a problem before which wise men have pondered and waited long to determine the safest line of approach, up comes the radical along any line which he occupies at the moment, suddenly running, his head low down . . . and the problem has vanished."

The attitudes of the conservative and the radical minds toward change are characteristic and interesting. The conservative mind has an organic repugnance for the new. What is new is wrong. Innovation is the original sin of society. "The idea is new, but excellent," said a typical conservative recently when discussing a harmless innovation. Lowell caught the thought admirably in his lines:

> So I turn Tory for the nonce
> And think the radical a bore,
> Who cannot see, thick-witted dunce,
> That what was good for people once
> Must be as good forevermore.

The conservative mind is timid before new thoughts as a little girl is shy in the presence of strangers. There is a heavy import duty on new ideas at all conservative ports. In many cases, the duty amounts to practical exclusion. This happy metaphor, whose authorship escapes memory, pictures the situation exactly. The construction of the social order is a marvel of achievement. To organize the feelings, judgments, aspirations and aims of millions of persons and to secure like attitudes among them on the more important interests of life, is a miracle of human accomplishment. There is no social order until men think and feel and judge alike, until they coöperate with one another and trust one another. Now, the emotions, standards and terms in which vital interests are expressed, and proportions by which life is guided, must be relatively stable else confusion awaits us. A long, painful and uncertain process must be gone through before a social order can be established. Mirah says in *Daniel Deronda*, "I like what I have always seen there because it brings back to me the same feelings—the feelings that I would not part with for any-

thing else in the world." Now a new thought, a new fundamental theory, challenges the entire established order. If nature were indifferent to that change, there would be no safety for civilization. It is imperative that innovations be bad form. Nature, at least, has said so. All of the accumulative fear of the unknown is heaped upon the soul of the social order when a radical change is proposed. "There is a great caving-in of the social crust," says Baldwin, "when a new thought comes." Hence, the striking praise of stupidity which Bagehot uttered. He held that it is the basis of all stable public opinion since it "chains its gifted possessor mainly to his old ideals." "The best security for fixedness of public opinion is that people should be incapable of comprehending what is to be said on the other side." Belloc reminds us that, "great institutions in a state breed around them an atmosphere, or what I may call, a halo of illusion." Is not the halo stronger than any argument?

Stupidity is by no means the possession of ignorant people. A learned professor may be a stupid politician. A capable theologian may be a poor statesman. Coventry Patmore said of Tennyson: "He had a singular incapacity for receiving at first hand and upon its merits, any new idea." Hence the typical conservative mind tends to take on a moral antipathy for what is new. The new seems wrong; hence it is not debatable. Here nature works with a high factor of safety again. After conservatism fixes the charge of moral error upon a new thought, its progress is delayed and its proportions are narrowed greatly by the time that it has refuted the charge. After that it can force debate to the point where the conservative is forced to accept it instead of condemning it. But, generally speaking, conservatism opposes innovation for so long a time that new thought becomes old and then it becomes safe. Theologians devised a remarkable series of phrases, beginning with innovation and ending with heresy, by which phrases one's exact position might be determined if one started downward from orthodoxy toward heresy. These distinctions were made in order to be fair and truthful in dealing with the innovator. Yet as phrases they exerted no control over the emotional attitudes of observers. The feeling against innovation of any kind is usually warranted for many reasons. Saintsbury in writing of Defoe says that observers have frequently noticed among the English, "a tendency to drag in moral distinctions at

every turn, and to confound everything which is novel in experience, unpleasant to the taste and incomprehensible to the understanding, under the general epithets of wrong, wicked and shocking." Whatever be the terms in which we describe the situation, it seems that the initial impulse of conservatism to confound the new with the wrong, has an important function in compelling radicalism to clarify its own ideas, to understand their limitations and to tone down the hatred which its first utterances usually express against the established order.

We have, of course, attempted to describe types rather than individuals, and they have been described with some exaggeration in the hope of stimulating attention. To complete the study we should take the type that is partly conservative and partly radical. Probably most of us belong to this class. One can understand the description of Maddox Brown, the Pre-Raphaelite: "In passions and emotions he was an old-fashioned Tory. His reasoning, however, and circumstances made him a revolutionist of the romantic type." The work of describing this type would be less interesting because it is less extreme. There is, however, a further phase of the radical mind which might be mentioned by way of conclusion. When the radical is lifted into power, his new environment sets in motion a series of mental processes which tend to make him conservative. If the conservative falls into weak positions in society, the process of radicalism begins to work on him, but he offers a less tractable field. We are told that in Germany radicals were sometimes placed in positions of responsibility in the hope that they would become conservative. Responsibility sobers. The newspapers told us some years ago that Aristide Briand "was big enough to throw consistency to the winds" in handling the great French strike which confronted him. He went against his well-known views and associates the moment that he faced the threatening complexities of an acute national situation. Looking upwards toward institutions which crush us, gives us one point of view. Looking backwards from the security of exalted situation, gives us another. When a revolution has killed the conservatives which stood in its way, it turns around to kill or suppress the new radicals which threaten it. Revolution when successful always outlaws counter-revolution.

The conservative mind is the organ of responsibility and

caution in human society. In it the spirit of a nation finds lodgment and reverent guardianship. The conservative mind is the trustee of civilization and the defender of its continuity. The radical mind with its acute sensibilities to injustice and with its fearless welcome for new thought and new ideals, prepares the way for the progress which is the law of life. Of course, no one forgets the mistakes of conservatism or of radicalism. Each needs the other. Each is a positive danger without the other. Both are truth-seekers, but they differ in their understanding of the truth and of the seeking. The merits and the mistakes of each, their limitations, conflicts, defeats and victories have a place in nature's cosmic plans. Not past but present wisdom can secure to conservatism the confidence that the multitude insists upon placing somewhere. Just now, the tempered radical mind seems to have the best of it. Perhaps, the fact that our chief executive has called himself "an animated conservative," conveys hope if not promise that the conservative mind of the nation will do its duty in the face of our problems, rather than force the trusting multitudes to place their hopes in that radicalism that destroys the world.

"BENEFICENT AMERICA."

BY ONE IN THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

IN a classical work on the immigration problem, my attention was called to the following passage: "The immigration of foreigners into the United States has been long recognized as one of our important social and political problems. Perhaps no other question has aroused more bitter feelings at times, or has called out more lofty sentiments of altruistic purpose. On the one hand, our government has been besought to protect our people from the degrading influence of the immigrant. On the other, it has been declared that our doors should never be closed against those suffering from religious or political persecution. Generally speaking, there has been little difference of opinion regarding the latter sentiment. There has been great difference of opinion, however, relative to the effects, economic, social and moral, of immigration upon American standards of living." [1]

The immigration problem has a moral aspect. "Do the foreign immigrants imbibe the spirit, the sentiments, the ideals of America? These strangers of all races and nations who come and go, will they help to make our history and shape our destinies?" The question was unanswered before the War. Now, that the storm is over, we reply in the affirmative. The constant unity of purpose of all the sons of America, both by birth and by adoption, has shown the groundlessness of the opponents of immigration.

The War has truly marked the greatest victory of American idealism. It has brought into full light the magic power of what may be called the fascination of America. As soon as the trumpet was sounded, all racial hatreds, religious antinomies, class struggles of alien immigrants, have been superseded. The vision of America drawing the sword to fight for the dearest liberties of mankind, and the onward sweep of democratic institutions filled all hearts and minds. The national consciousness of all Americans, both native and for-

[1] J. W. Jenks and W. J. Lauck. *The Immigration Problem*, New York, 1917, p. 2.

eign born, shone forth in broad daylight. The alien immigrants instinctively felt that it was an honor to carry arms under the American flag, for the War waged by America marked a new era in the history of the ceaseless efforts of the human race towards a wider brotherhood of peoples and nations.

The World War has brought into full light this fact: that when the hour of danger strikes, America can trust all the members of her great family. Those whom the migratory movement brought from old Europe into the healthy organic life of America democracy, have been Americans of spiritual lineage on the bloody battlefields of France, Belgium, Italy and Russia. America is indeed the only nation that possesses spiritual energy in the assimilation of foreign elements to such a high degree as to transform them into flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone.

In translating the foreign correspondence of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the writer of these pages came to realize the success of the Americanization of alien immigrants in this country. By the term Americanization, I mean the spiritual evolution which relieves the immigrants from the burden of racial prejudices, manners and customs brought from the Old World, and imbues them with the American ideal of freedom and the political institutions which embody it. In the letters of the foreign born who have been serving under the American flag, the spiritual Americanization alluded to presents itself as an accomplished fact. They breathe the purest love for their American ideals. Moreover, through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance the relatives of those soldiers have felt the generous hand of America, and thus the spirit of Americanism has expanded beyond its political frontiers. In the hearts of many who have never come to this country, America is looked upon as the nation predestined to weave the golden bonds of international love.

The foreign correspondence of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance is handled by a few translators, who, after a short period of inevitable groping, found their way and fulfilled their task to the best of their capacity. The earliest documents translated by them were written in French, Spanish, Italian. Soon, however, the philological task of the Bureau increased its area. Letters came from Greece. Slav soldiers, or their

relatives, used their own languages in communicating with the Bureau. Their example was followed by the immigrants from the Scandinavian or Eastern countries. It soon became necessary, therefore, to increase the staff.

The foreign correspondence of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance embraced letters written in thirty different languages. We may group them under several headings, as follows:

1. *Latin correspondence.* Letters written in the romance languages form the bulk of all the foreign correspondence; chiefly Italian, French and Spanish. We have received letters in Portuguese and Rumanian, and have translated numerous official documents from ecclesiastical Latin.

2. *The Slavic correspondence.* All the Slavic languages are represented. The writer has handled letters and documents written in Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Slovak, Ruthenian, Slovene, Serbian, Bulgarian, and Paleoslav (Liturgical Slavonic). To these languages, Lithuanian may be added, because of its geographical position, although it is not a Slavic tongue.

3. *The Scandinavian correspondence.* Letters and documents in Danish, Norwegian and Swedish are grouped under this heading.

4. *The Ural—Altaic languages,* embracing letters written in Finnish, Esthonian, and Hungarian.

5. *The Greek correspondence.* This is one of the most important of the Bureau, and comes next in volume after the Italian correspondence.

6. *The Germanic correspondence.* Letters and documents written in German, Dutch and Flemish.

7. *The Semitic and Armenian correspondence,* embracing letters and documents written in rabbinical Hebrew and Yiddish, and in Armenian and Arabic.

8. *The Far-Eastern correspondence.* It embraces letters and documents written in Japanese, Chinese and Hindustani. These languages are handled outside of the Bureau's staff of translators.

9. *Malayan langugages and Hawaiian.* Hawaiian letters and others in Tagalos, Vizcayan, Bicol, Ilocano; and other Philippine dialects have been received.

A simple enumeration of these languages shows that the Bureau of War Risk Insurance is in touch with the most remote

countries of the world. Within its narrow limits, it feels the throbbing pulse of all the peoples who aligned themselves with America in the giant struggle against militaristic autocracies. Its staff hears, in the most varied languages, the same voice of the "champion of free mankind."

It is not an easy task to translate the documents the Bureau receives from its foreign correspondents, many of whom are illiterate. The Italians, who are exceedingly numerous, write in almost all the dialects of their provinces. According to their geographic position, the Greeks intersperse their common tongue with Turkish words, or they cull from their classical writers the gaudiest blossoms of style. The Slavic writers, especially the Poles, seem to have entirely forgotten the rules of the national orthography. The letters in the Slavonic languages put to the test, not only the grammatical and legicographical learning of their translators, but also their patience.

I happened once to pore over a letter whose strange words were variagated with a frequent *"van."* "The writer is Dutch," I said to myself. But, to my great surprise, I found myself unable to extract the hidden meaning of that unusual language. The words looked like Finnish, but the Finnish dictionary threw no light on the mystery of the apocalyptic sheet. It was unveiled, however, as soon as I read the first lines of the letter aloud. The writer had written in plain English, but took the liberty of transcribing English words according to Dutch pronunciation.

In their rude and uncouth style, these foreign letters have a great human value. They show, as it were, that even the most illiterate among the soldiers perceived the basis of a most profound philosophy of the War. Far from being the "dumb bayonets" of whom a Russian General once boasted, the soldiers enlisted in the American armies, from whatsoever corner of the world they came, are men who knew for what they fought and why they were morally bound to fight. They sacrified their lives willingly for the freedom of all peoples and for a better social organization. Their letters breathed serenity, confidence, even when death lay in wait for their writers in the mud of the trenches. "We are fighting for America," say proudly these sons of the last hour, and they are happy because their adopted land has provided for their mothers, wives or children in the old country. The first im-

pression, therefore, we receive, when reading these foreign letters, is the moral conquest by American idealism of alien elements, whom economic reasons, rather than religious or social ones, compelled to seek refuge on the hospitable soil of America.

"Dear sister," writes a Scandinavian, "I am now a soldier for Uncle Sam. I suppose you do not understand why I am going to the front when I do not have to, but this is a good and a free country, and worth fighting for. What would I have been if I had been in Denmark now? I will give all I have to this country or for this country, and the only thing I have worth talking about is my life, which is no better than that of anyone else. There are many married men that are going. I did not have to go but I wanted to go and I went. Remember America did not enter the War for gain! No! It is to make the world a good and safe place to live in; it is to protect the small countries in Europe and for the future generation; it is for my own sister that I and all the American soldiers fight, and I do not think we will stop before we reach Berlin and capture the Kaiser and the men he has around him. My dear sister, I have taken out, or rather Uncle Sam has given me, an insurance policy which you, my own darling girl, shall have in case I shall be killed. . . . After the War, I will come home to see you and, if you want to go, I will take you back with me to the far West, to the beautiful and free country, the only free country in the world, which has been much better to me than Denmark ever was or ever will be."

Greek soldiers express the same feelings. The War that demands of some of them the supreme sacrifice is a War of redemption. "I am sure," writes one to his father, "if anything should happen to me that you will receive the news with the heroism of a true Greek and that you will not be sorry if you lose your son, who is fighting for the safety of humanity, for Greece, and America, and France." Another Greek letter says: "I wish to inform you that I am a soldier in the American army. I know that you will be sorry, as you are my parents, but think how the world is suffering today from the German menace. Everybody must do his bit. We must keep the Germans from attempting to dominate the world; they have to understand that they are going to be defeated. We must let them know that small nations have equal right to

live with the big nations, and we must no longer have the German sword hanging over our heads."

Liberty is a gift from God to humanity and nobody has the right to deprive men of it. The quotation that follows blends harmoniously the ancient ideals of classic Greece with the modern aspirations of the genuine American spirit. "The American Government, with great energy, is preparing a big army, and every soldier expects to be sent over soon to fight the Hun. In their patriotic speeches, the officers mention our country, Greece, as being the first democracy in the world, from which the American democracy is derived. Such kind words make me proud of my native country and I am ready to give everything for my adopted one."

In another Greek letter we read: "I want to tell you that I am a soldier in the American Army, and I am very much satisfied. In a short time I will be sent to France to fight for justice, and if my destiny has reserved the honor of my death there, you will remember that at least I have done something in this world, that I have fought for the liberty and rights of mankind."

Let us quote also from the letters of American soldiers of Italian descent. In a witty fashion, one of them describes the hardships of the military life: "We are obliged to cook our meals without fire and our shoes are in bad shape, with the soles broken, but, after all, we are happy to fulfill our duty towards our American flag." Others, and they are legion, lay stress upon the glory of being called to fight for the defence of civilization, of freedom, and above all of America, the country where they have found what the old Europe could not grant to them, democratic liberty.

There is much in common in these letters. The words are different, but they express the same feelings. An exalted patriotism is not the monopoly, so to speak, of native Americans. It is vigorous in the souls of those who by the constant accretions of immigration are toiling and moiling to achieve, in its minutest details, the magnificent building of American democracy. One recalls the phrase of a keen observer who wrote: "A man may be a good and patriotic citizen of the United States even though he knows no English. Like Francis Lieber, his heart may long have learned to throb American pulsations, though his lips may still be refractory in national-

izing themselves." The truth of this remark is evident in reading the letters of the soldiers of foreign descent, and in the study of their simple language. I believe there is no ground to fear a lessening of American ideals because of the streams of alien immigration. A subtle spiritual force works out the miracle of transforming the illiterate, raw material coming to us into a virile manhood. New elements of life are added to the store of American vital power; that those elements are mostly sound and morally strong, we may infer from this foreign correspondence. Like native Americans, they have fought for the same American ideals, with the same enthusiasm and the same gallantry. The moral fascination of American idealism has been more powerful than racial antipathy, religious animosity, and social inequality.

The second impression received in translating the letters of the foreign allottees is of the supreme exaltation of motherhood. The great services rendered by the women of the Allied countries in the final crushing of German militarism have been chronicled everywhere. We are better acquainted, however, with how much the women have done, than with how much they have suffered. The inner tragedies of mothers' hearts have perhaps not been put into such high relief. They are the heroines of the World War. They have refrained from tears and have smiled to imbue their sons with the love of sacrifice. Whether Greek or French or Italian or Slav, the mothers of the American soldiers of foreign descent have uttered, in their simple style, words that have stirred up the most generous feelings in their sons' hearts.

Their language at times reminds us of the noblest expressions of the Spartan mothers. They are poems of truly tragic sublimity. In a short sentence they tell the story of endless martyrdom. "I have received the news of the death of my son," writes an Italian mother. "My heart bleeds to death, but I feel in every fibre that I have fulfilled my duty in allowing my son to be immolated for a loftiest and holiest cause." A Greek mother of Sparta shows in the following extract the genuineness of her Spartan lineage: "As the ancient Spartan mothers used to send their sons to war with joyful songs, so do I, my son, from the sweet country of liberty, Greece, I send you my blessings and motherly kisses, and I pray to God and our Virgin to strengthen you in your fight against German

brutality. Do not come back without the laurels of victory." A mother of the island of Crete, the nursery of the pioneers of Greek independence, bravely calls her son to face death: "I know, my boy, that you are not strong enough, but gallant soldiers when in the thick of the battle don't think of anything. They draw strength from the sacred conviction that they are facing death for safety of mankind, and then they are strong as lions, and endure their sufferings without murmur. As a mother, of course, I shed tears, my son, but on the other hand I am proud to offer the life of my life upon the altar of liberty."

I remember a letter of a Polish mother who, in a moment of despair, had claimed the immediate release of her son from the army. She was dying of sorrow, of anger, of desolation. Two days after sending her first letter, she wrote again to the Bureau: "I wish to revoke what I explained to you yesterday. When I think of so many victims which the War has taken, and how terrible are its ravages, I am ashamed of myself. For the moment I was demented by a feeling of egotism, and I wished to have my son back. Let my son fulfill his duties as it behooves a faithful son of my country. I will never be against anything which the War makes necessary, and especially what is required by such a great President as Wilson. I am ready to endure the most cruel torments, and I ask your forgiveness concerning my previous mistake, which I committed in a moment of despair."

The counsel that mothers give their sons is full of lofty ideas, and noble concepts. Note the language of an Italian mother: "We learn that you have been serving in the army for the rights of justice and freedom, for our love and dignity, for the greatness of America. I know this, because in spite of the fact that we are so far beyond the ocean, we wish you to give help with your youthful courage, and crush and trample down forever our earthly enemies. No fears, no sighs escape from our bosom, but though boundless space divides us from you, our encouragement and perennial blessings will be always with you."

The third feeling awakened in me by reading the foreign correspondence of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance is gratitude to America. All the letters coming from foreign countries exalt the generosity of "the nourisher of starving peoples,"

to quote the expression of a Greek writer. Thousands of families, hundreds of thousands of women and children, have been saved from starvation by the payments of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. I quote from the letter of an Italian mother: "My entire family united with myself, pray God that war may end with victory for America, because America has practised the seven works of mercy. She has given food to the starving, and distributed bread. Surely, God will protect all Americans, and they will be honored throughout the world. My prayer will be heard before God, and victory will be for America."

The characteristic qualities of Sicilian vivacity and Italian deference find expression in a letter to President Wilson from an Austrian-hater of Palermo: "You cannot imagine the happiness that the little, old Italian father of a soldier feels after reading your magnanimous words, and of the good that you are doing for all the people of the whole world, and of the peace that will be bestowed by God through so worthy a person. I read these words on a picture of your handsome and gracious person—'We will win the War for world peace.' I do not care for the fact that my son was able to send me twenty-five or thirty dollars a month before his enlistment, provided we shall be able to destroy the tyrant, and cry aloud: Long live President Wilson! Long live the Army! Long live America!"

Some of the Italian letters are impregnated with the most delicate feelings of maternal love and religious gratitude. "I have received your money, dear, dearest son. I have kissed it. I went to church to light candles before the image of the Blessed Virgin. I have thought of the days when I have denied to myself a morsel of bread to nourish you. My blessings upon you, dearest son! May they be as numerous as the drops of milk I gave you. I shall not squander the money which generous America grants you. I am satisfied with a piece of bread. I will wait for you, and keep your money, and when you will come back, crowned with the laurels of victory, I shall accompany you to the church; we shall pray together, and adorn the altar of the Blessed Virgin with flowers and candles."

But enough of quotations! They speak more fully of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance than the most eloquent self-eulogy. In a recent address to the employees of the Bureau of

War Risk Insurance, Colonel Henry D. Lindsley said: "The work in which we are engaged is one of the most remarkable undertakings in all history, both in magnitude and purpose. The War Risk Insurance Act is a monument to civilization, and those who are privileged to help in its administration, are rendering a social service that is the highest expression of the humanity which our soldiers and sailors fought to save."

This is not only the verdict of native Americans, but the plebiscite of all the nations. No doubt, when fulfilling their task, when weary of their labors, when meeting with obstacles in their mission, the tireless workers of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance think of the many tears that have been dried by their toils; they feel deeply the nobility of their calling, and the honor that is theirs of writing the brightest page in the history of *Beneficent America.*

THE LAMB.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

I AM the Son of Man and I
Am the Son of God Who came to die;
And, having died for men astray,
I am the Light and so the Way.

I am the Lamb of God Who bears
The sins of cockles, wheat and tares;
Since flesh is grass; and so I am
The humble Scapegoat, I, the Lamb.

I am the Lamb of God, being of
The Sire Eternal and the Dove;
For I am God, yet of the Three
The Lamb of God's Humility.

THE "OPEN BIBLE" IN PRE-REFORMATION TIMES.

BY J. M. LENHART, O.M.CAP.

ONE of the stock-in-trade grievances against the Catholic Church is the "alleged" fact that the Bible was withheld from the laity in pre-Reformation times. The story has been repeated for four hundred years, with countless variations, by Protestant writers. Not only third and fourth rate popular polemic tracts gave expression to this, as they supposed, frightful incrimination in virulent language, but also seemingly sober scholars have rarely failed to brand the Church with the crime of hiding the Bible from the laity. Hence the notion has taken hold of the Protestant mind that an "open Bible has always been taboo" in the Catholic Church.

We may pass by the false assumption underlying this charge—namely that the reading of the Bible is necessary for eternal salvation. If such were the case, what would have become of the millions who lived before the Bible was accessible; what of the millions of illiterates today? The assumption is absurd. From her earliest years the Church has guided the life of her children by the teachings of Scripture through oral instructions, since printed or written characters were unintelligible to them. And her teachers and preachers were aided by many *ingenious devices of signs and symbols* which conveyed to the minds of the illiterate the truths of the Bible in a striking manner. By these helps people who could not read the printed or written Word of God, were made familiar with its content to a remarkable extent. The walls of the churches spoke eloquently through Biblical representations to unlettered men and women of the great truths of creation and redemption, so much so that the Protestant antiquarian, A. Robertson, published his description of the Biblical sculptures and mosaics in St. Mark's Church, Venice, under the significant title of *The Bible of St. Mark.*[1] Indeed, every church was an "open" Bible to the pious worshipper within its walls. And on the low walls of the dwelling of the peasant and artisan were

[1] London, 1898.

rude prints representing scenes from the Scriptures and lives of the saints which brought home to him daily the reality of the holy living and holy dying of the Saviour and His most faithful disciples. There are still *preserved 1,697 of such Biblical images or pictures,* the small remnant of a very large mass.

"The paintings upon the walls of the churches," remarks, pertinently, G. E. Woodberry, a non-Catholic,[1] "conveyed more noble conceptions to the peasant and artisan than their slow imagination could build up out of the words of the preacher. Like children, they apprehended through pictures, they thought upon all higher themes in pictures rather than in words; their ideas were pictorial rather than verbal; painting was in spiritual matters more truly a language to them than their own patois. It is difficult for a modern mind to realize the place which pictures filled in mediæval life, before printing had brought about the great change which has resulted in making books almost the sole means of education." And those hundreds of thousands of *Biblical prints given lavishly to unlettered people by the monks and friars were ever so many pages of an "open" Bible* read by both the illiterate and educated man and woman by the wayside as well as at the hearth with unflagging eagerness.

At a time when means for intellectual instruction were rare, not every school child could be furnished with requisite books. Yet the problem of teaching Bible history to children without using the printed text was most ingeniously solved by the production of illustrated abridgments of Scriptural history and Biblical doctrines which have puzzled the scholars of our own times. These learned authors inform us that the so-called *Biblia Pauperum,* and kindred artistic productions of pre-Reformation times, served to take the place of the Bible among the poor clergy or were intended to aid the poor people in understanding what was preached to them or were made for the use of such poor people who could not afford to buy complete copies of the Bible or, again, served as models for artists. But all of these views are but fanciful assumptions which fail to grasp the real purpose of these artistic productions.

These illustrated works are nothing else but *mnemonic Bible helps,* ordered by schoolmasters from the artists and used in common schools as a means for teaching Bible history

[1] *History of Wood Engraving,* New York, 1883, p. 28.

and doctrine. We still possess copies once the property of schoolmasters, bound up with similar mnemonic schoolbooks, of morals, history, and natural sciences. Copies of *no less than eighty-two different editions* printed from 1460 till 1520 are still preserved, attesting the great care taken in pre-Reformation times to impart a thorough Biblical knowledge to school children. At least 3,500,000 children had been educated in the schools during the sixty years preceding 1520. From these mnemonic Bible helps and both handwritten and printed Bible manuals, these millions of pupils had acquired a better knowledge of the lessons of the Bible than do millions of children in these days of the much vaunted "open" Bible. For the ignorance of Bible knowledge now rampant would have been branded as criminal in pre-Reformation days. From the mnemonic Bible helps, likewise, additional millions of children, who never received a regular school education, were instructed in Scriptural history and doctrine. In 1520 the last edition of these mnemonic Bible helps appeared in print. These were replaced by an uninterrupted series of Pictorial Bibles which completely discarded the useful mnemonic devices of former days, substituting more artistic representations with a short text at the bottom. The older and ruder productions had outlived their usefulness, since the printed text was placed in the hands of the pupils; the *pictorial* "open" Bible manual gave place, in the schools, to the *textual* "open" Bible history.

The reading public, both cleric and lay, was likewise supplied with an amazing multitude of Bibles and parts of the Bible, handwritten as well as printed, in pre-Reformation times. We still have copies of *two hundred and thirty-nine different editions* of the *whole* Bible printed in *nine* different languages between 1450 and 1520. The number of editions of portions of the Bible printed within the same period, runs into thousands. They are literally countless. These tens of thousands of Bibles and parts of the Bible were printed to be sold to, and read by, Catholics. The Catholic printers of this great mass of Bibles made a living by publishing copies of the Bible, conducting a regular trade on strict business lines, an important aspect of the question generally overlooked by writers on the subject. The production of those Bibles, like the book-market in general, was regulated by the law of supply and de-

mand. With the exception of Bibles donated to friends by the printers and copies destroyed by reckless shipping, all printed Bibles were eventually bought by Catholics in pre-Reformation times, so that there is almost a complete equation between demand and supply, the cases of over-production having been quite rare. Think you that printers would have published so many editions of the Bible, if there was no likelihood that they would readily be sold? Would any modern publisher reprint successively, year after year, a work which was not selling? Truly, the Bible was an "open" book in pre-Reformation times: it was printed everywhere in large numbers.

Several classes of people, however, made no demand for *printed* Bibles. The dignitaries of the Church, the monks of the large monasteries, the rich noblemen, and the wealthy burghers were the happy possessors of libraries well stocked in artistic manuscript Bibles. The quaint Bibles in handwritten characters had cast a personal spell upon these Bible-readers so that printed Bibles had no attraction for them. No *less than eight thousand manuscript copies* of the Latin Bible are still preserved in the public and private libraries of Europe and America, a small remnant of a large mass which has perished by the ravages of time. Likewise there are still extant two hundred and two manuscript German Bibles out of a *total number of 3,600 copies of handwritten Bibles in Germany* which had existed in pre-Reformation times. This is stated by William Walther, a Protestant scholar of unquestionable authority. Since the fastidious lovers of superbly illuminated manuscript Bibles looked askance at the productions of the printer's press, a lively trade in beautiful manuscript copies of the Bible was carried on for a long time after the invention of printing. Even printed Bibles were re-written by copyists in the time-honored style. An instructive example of this kind is the so-called "Stratter Bible" in the University library at Gratz. It is a verbal transcript of the German Bible printed at Strasburg in 1466, and was executed by Erasmus Stratter by order of Archbishop Bernhard Rohr of Salzburg (died 1487). So the handwritten Bibles entered into sharp competition with the printed copies on the market, and the printers had a hard struggle, at first, with the text writers resulting eventually in a falling-off of the total output of printed Bibles for the time being.

It was to the material interest of printers, as well as copyists, to multiply copies of the Bible in pre-Reformation times; they made a living by selling them in the market. The earliest printers were also booksellers, with traveling agents to extend their sales. Antony Koberger of Nuremberg had in 1490 agents for the sale of his books in every larger city of Christendom. The itinerant book agent never failed to frequent the fairs in the towns and larger villages, where he took his place among the stall-keepers and sold Bibles.

Large advertisements in folio size were displayed on walls, while smaller hand bills, in quarto or octavo, were lavishly distributed all over the town or city. Some of these smaller hand bills were eventually pasted on the inside of the cover of the books bought, and were thereby saved to posterity.

Again the itinerant book agent would go out of the beaten roads to monasteries nestling in secluded valleys or hidden away in dense forests, where some of his best customers dwelt. Here he would deliver the books ordered by the monks on his last trip, would offer new ones for sale and receive new orders. An instance of this kind is a Latin Bible, still preserved, which was sold August 8, 1487, to the Benedictines at Montebourg in France by the book agent Janicart, as an inscription at the end of the volume informs us. In this way numerous book agents carried the Bible from village to village, hamlet to hamlet, settlement to settlement, and even into the lonely huts of the backwoods.

Book selling was also conducted, then as now, by dealers in cities and towns who were wholesalers as well as retailers. The book trade was centred in certain parts of the cities, particularly in the vicinity of churches and colleges or universities. In Strasburg the book shops were grouped around the Cathedral and the Imperial Palace, in Paris around the University in the Rue St. Jacques, in Leipzig around the colleges in the neighborhood of St. Nicholas Cemetery, in fact, in every city the trade of bookselling thrived in a comparatively narrow compass. Certainly things have changed during the last three centuries. Yet there is nothing in the annals of bookselling so remarkable as the conservatism of the dealers at London. Until within the past few decades, the book trade was almost entirely confined to a radius of half a mile, taking St. Paul's

Cathedral as the starting point. Literature and Paternoster Row have always been almost synonymous terms. From the cities and towns the book trade spread into smaller villages, where printing could not thrive. We know *about 1,230 printing houses had been doing business at about two hundred and twenty different places* previous to the year 1520. Yet the number of booksellers who opened shops in very small localities cannot be reckoned.

The early publishers and sellers of Bibles, whether fixed or migratory, always found a ready market for their goods. They were constantly meeting actual demand and hence were trading on safe ground. The result of their business activities was a surprisingly large circulation of the Bible among people of all classes. The humanist, Sebastian Brant, stated in 1494 that all lands were full of copies of the Scripture. At about the same time the anonymous author of the Dutch *Chronicle of the Countries of Overmaas* declared that "books and Bibles are found everywhere and are very cheap, so that a very good printed Bible is sold for three Rhenish florins and less." A few years later the humanist, Conrad Celtes (died 1508), informs us that the "priests could find a copy of the Bible in every inn, if they chose to look." This remark is very striking; for the inns were the places where the migratory book agent sold his goods to the peasant and artisan of the small villages. And furthermore the inns occupied the place of literary club houses in those days, as they still do in many localities of Europe. If an "open" Bible was found in the smallest villages, as Celtes assures us, there was surely no scarcity of Scriptures in the larger towns and cities.

But some Protestants still cling to the old story that the Reformation first "opened" the hitherto concealed treasures of heavenly wisdom *to the laity* by translating the Bible into the vernacular tongues and placing it in the hands of the common people. Happily this crude misconception is fast losing ground even in Protestant circles. In face of the multitude of vernacular Bibles produced in pre-Reformation times, no serious Protestant historian will uphold any longer the old claim. We even owe to Protestant scholarship some of the best historical studies on this subject. Modern researches have established the fact, that long before the Reformation of Luther, the people of almost every country in Europe had the Bible

already translated into their own tongues. In most nations, there was in circulation not one, but many different versions, both handwritten and printed. There are still preserved *seventy-five handwritten Bibles and portions of the Bible in German dating from the fourteenth century and one hundred and twenty-eight written before 1500.*

The first printed edition of Scripture in the vernacular was issued at Strasburg in 1466, a Bible in High-German. From 1466 till 1520 were printed forty-seven editions of the vernacular Bible: seventeen in German, thirteen Italian, twelve French, two Bohemian, one Dutch, one Spanish, and one Russian for the Catholic Ukrainians and Ruthenians. These numbers do not include the edition of the Bible in Bohemian for the Hussites, printed at Venice in 1506. These forty-seven editions comprised no less than 25,000 single copies of the whole Bible. The number of portions of the Bible in the vernacular printed from 1462 to 1520 may run up to one hundred thousand single copies; they were never properly estimated.

Not only was the laity supplied with vernacular Bibles, but the Latin Scriptures were more plentiful still, a fact overlooked quite frequently even by Catholic authors. From 1453 till 1520 no less than one hundred and ninety editions of the Latin Bible were issued comprising a sum total of at least 120,000 single copies, not counting copies of parts of the Bible. Besides these, two issues of the Bible in Greek appeared in print consisting of about 1,700 copies. All in all, four times as many *complete* Bibles were printed in Latin as in the vernacular languages. It is a mistake to suppose that this mass of Latin Bibles was published exclusively for the clergy.

Even if the Catholic Church had given the Bible to the people only in the Latin version, she would not have concealed it from the laity: nor would it have remained "an unknown book" among lay people. A Latin Bible was no sealed book to the laity as such. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, and for two centuries afterwards till up to the middle of the eighteenth century, Latin was the language of science, of theology, of philosophy, of legislation, of history, and of medicine. "Latin," writes Macaulay,[1] "was in the sixteenth century the language of court as well as of schools, the language of diplomacy, theological and political controversy. A person who

[1] "Essay on Bacon."

did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing or next to nothing. It was absolutely necessary to be uneducated or classicly educated." In Germany, *three times as many Latin books were written and printed* annually during the Reformation, till the year 1580, as books in German or other languages. Latin works on jurisprudence exceeded in number German works year after year till as late as 1750, and Latin medical books exceeded such in German till up to 1706. These Latin legal and medical tomes were surely not written by Catholic priests, but by laymen, Catholic as well as Protestant. Conditions were the same in other countries of Europe. These facts clearly demonstrate, that every educated lay person could read, write and speak Latin both before, and for two centuries after, the Reformation. The majority of Latin Bibles were printed both before and after the Reformation for these educated lay people. This is expressly stated by the author of the preface to the German Bible printed at Cologne in 1480. "The educated people may read Jerome's Vulgate (Latin Bible), but the unlearned and simple folk of the clergy and the laity should use this edition which is in good German."

Educated lay people not only read Latin Bibles piously, but even prayed in Latin and from Latin Bibles. Certain portions of the Latin Bible were printed separately to serve as prayer books for the educated laity. It would detain us too long to give a complete enumeration of the various extracts from the Latin Bible arranged in the form of prayer books and widely used in pre-Reformation times. I only point out one striking case of this kind. The ordinary prayer book used by the laity in England was the *Primer* made up of Psalms and short extracts from various other Biblical Books. No less than one hundred and twenty editions and 100,000 copies appeared in print from 1478 till 1535, *all in Latin.* The first English edition was published in 1535. Yet the *Primer* was a layman's book of devotion for private use at home and in church. In Italy there were published eleven editions or 10,000 copies of this book *in Greek* for the use of educated lay people who preferred to pray in the language of ancient Greece. In face of these facts it is sheer folly to assert that a Latin Bible was a sealed book to the laity in pre-Reformation days.

Reading the partisan histories of the Reformation, we

must needs conclude that the Latin Bible was doomed, as soon as the great Reformer had placed an "open" Bible in the hands of the laity. But no such thing happened. *The demand for Latin Bibles increased after the Reformation.* From 1521 till 1600 no less than three hundred and eighty-two editions of the Latin Bible were printed, just twice as many as during the seventy preceding years (1450 to 1520); from 1601 till 1700 we count two hundred and sixty-two editions; from 1701 till 1800 one hundred and ninety-two editions, and in the course of the nineteenth century one hundred and thirty-three editions. These figures show that the sixteenth century was the era of the Latin Bible. And Protestants printed Latin Bibles in the same way as Catholics. Already as early as 1522, the very year when Luther's German Bible first appeared in print, the Protestant Osiander published a Latin Bible. Seven years later Luther and Melanchthon issued a Latin Bible at Wittenberg. Still later the followers of Luther, Calvin, and Zwingli edited Latin Bibles, each giving expression to the various doctrinal divergencies of their particular sect. We may fairly put the question, why so many Protestant editions of the Bible in Latin? The answer is easy. The Protestant theologians who were expounding the teaching of their church in ponderous Latin tomes could not do without a Latin Bible, and the educated Protestant layman gave preference to a Latin Bible just as the Catholic lay people had done both before and after the Reformation. Every one who is familiar with the Latin Bible will eventually share their predilection. Moreover, we must not overlook the patent fact that a great prejudice against vernacular literature existed in educated circles both before and long after the Reformation which prevented many from using vernacular Bibles. In September, 1545, Conrad Gesner, a Protestant, published the first history of literature ever written. As a matter of course in those days, it was written in Latin, a ponderous tome of one thousand two hundred and sixty-two pages. Gesner states on the title-page that literature includes only works written in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, the rest being "*barbarous books.*" An author, therefore, who wrote a book in the vernacular or translated the Bible into the language of the people was performing an inglorious work; he was not entitled to a place in the catalogue of illustrious writers. Educated readers who laid claim to

genteel breeding, regarding the vernacular books very much as trash unfit to be read by refined people. Vernacular Bibles were good enough for half-learned women and peasants, but not for men of learning. We must guard against the error quite often committed by authors who apply the modern standard of valuation to these literary productions of former centuries. We now praise what cultured men of past ages slighted. These facts clearly prove that the *Latin Bible was the "open" Scripture for the educated laity* in a better way than the vernacular Bible was for the less educated lay people.

Yet the claim is still proudly upheld by some that the Reformation first gave an "open Bible" to the people, no matter how many Bibles may have been written and printed by Catholics. It is a foregone conclusion that "neither after nor before the invention of printing was the Bible a free book and that the Church uniformly set itself against the circulation of the Bible among the laity."[4] As evidence the various prohibitions issued by the Church against indiscriminate dissemination of vernacular printed *books* are brought forth. After the invention of printing and the subsequent large circulation of printed books, the harm done by pernicious works increased in a manner hitherto unknown. The Church was forced to take precautionary measures by insisting on a preventive censorship of all printed works, Bibles as well as other books. This was first done thirty-four years after the invention of printing, in 1479. In a Brief of March 18, 1479, Sixtus IV. granted the fullest powers of censorship to the University of Cologne, and praised it for having hitherto checked with much zeal the printing and selling of *irreligious books.*

But this cannot, by any possibility, be interpreted as a prohibition of printing or reading the vernacular Bible for the simple reason that *no vernacular Bible had been printed yet in the Low German* dialect spoken by the people of Cologne; the seven editions of the Bible in High German printed from 1466 till 1479 were as unintelligible to them as the Latin Bible. Moreover, immediately after this supposed prohibition two editions of the Bible in Low German were published, in 1479 and 1480, at Cologne, by the printer of the University, Henry Quentel. Obviously the University did not ask for powers of censorship to suppress German Bibles. Those powers, in fact,

[4] Schaff, *History of the Christian Church*, vol. v., p. 722.

were applied for and granted to check the circulation of *Latin* pernicious pamphlets, as modern researches have revealed. Preventive censorship laws were enacted for the diocese of Würzburg (1482), Mayence (1485), Cologne (1487), Trier and Magdeburg (1501), and the Republic of Venice (1491).

Finally, on May 3, 1515, the first Papal censorial decree was given for the entire Church and universally accepted, whereby *all writings* without exception were subjected to censorship. These laws dealt with the printing and selling of Bibles, and did *not prohibit reading* the Bible. A licensed Bible is not a prohibited Bible. Moreover, these laws do not aim primarily at restricting the circulation of vernacular Bibles, but only secondarily; they prohibit printing heretical and incorrectly translated theological and irreligious books in general. As for the reading of the Bible, the Universal Church *never prohibited the reading of the Scriptures.*

It is a misstatement to say that Latin Bibles were printed exclusively for those poor ecclesiastics who could not afford to buy a handwritten copy. Poor ecclesiastics were all well provided with extracts from the Bible in the form of breviaries and, in case they needed a complete Bible, they could easily borrow one from their church library. This had been a standing practice before the invention of printing and was continued long after the press had turned out thousands of printed Bibles. True, many printed Bibles were purchased by clergymen. Yet the greatest bulk was secured by educated lay people of both sexes. Protestant historians paint the minor ecclesiastics in the blackest colors as a set of lazy and ignorant people. This is more than an exaggeration. Yet every candid historian will admit that many of these clergymen did not invest their rather slim income in printed Bibles. And the rich ecclesiastics of higher rank and the monks of the larger monasteries, were so wedded to their handwritten Bibles that they looked disdainfully upon the productions of the press. Hence *the Latin Bibles were the Scriptures for the educated laity.* These Latin Bibles circulated freely among laymen, and no Catholic has ever yet been prohibited from reading the Scriptures in Latin.

It is evident, therefore, to prohibit the reading of vernacular Bibles would have been merely to withhold the Scriptures from a *small minority of half-educated lay people,* a class least prepared to derive the greatest benefit from the pious

reading of the Bible. Nothing is more subversive of faith than shallow enlightenment and a smattering of knowledge. Shallow draughts of knowledge intoxicate the brain. Hence indiscriminate reading of the Bible by half-educated people has been quite often not for their best interests. The Church had witnessed in her long career many lay people perverting the sacred text to defend their errors. She had to safeguard the truth against men who wantonly misinterpreted the Bible in order to support a variety of heretical doctrines. Quite naturally she warned her children against erroneous interpretations and abuses of the Scriptures. There were prelates and theologians who did not favor the movement to place the vernacular Bible in the hands of half-educated people, too ignorant to read the Scriptures in Latin. In 1530, the majority of Catholic bishops and priests in England declared that it was not necessary to have the Scriptures in the English tongue, and in the hands of the common people, and that, considering the unsettled state of things at home, the circulation of an English Bible among the people would rather tend to confusion than to edification. And those English prelates and priests could have found the best justification for their attitude in the development of the Reformation in Germany.

Bibles in the vernacular were circulating in Germany without opposition from the Church in pre-Reformation times. As soon as the translation was found to be correct, it could be printed and spread without hindrance. But this German Bible was grossly abused sometimes by half-educated people. Some of them found in their Bibles the revolutionary doctrines which Luther later, in 1520, set forth in his virulent pamphlets on the *Reformation of the Christian State, Babylonish Captivity* and *Christian Liberty.* Clear-sighted theologians like Geiler were wide awake to the dangers threatening the faith and warned the people against the seductive teachings of self-constituted lay expounders of Scripture. Yet there was not a single theologian in Germany who would have advocated the complete suppression of the vernacular Bible. Protestant historians completely overlook this revolutionary tendency of the great class of readers of the vernacular Bible in Germany on the eve of the Reformation, when they blame the Church for introducing preventive censorship. In 1479, this measure was first resorted to in order to check the cir-

culation of certain Latin pamphlets which advocated the spoliation of the "rich" Church. It was a contest between the clergy and the burghers. Six years later the Archbishop of Mayence introduced censorship in his diocese to check "books about the rights of the clergy and the deepest problems of faith which had been translated from the Latin." And yet this mandate of 1486 is, in the eyes of Protestant historians, a prohibition of printing the vernacular Bible. It was aimed not at the Bible, but at pamphlets that used the Bible to prove their destructive errors. The Catholic Church never made any restriction as to reading the Bible in the vernacular, before the flagrant abuses of the Bible by the Reformers and their disciples called for pertinent regulations. The first restrictive law in this matter was passed as late as the year 1564, when the Council of Trent had closed its session. But even this restriction was not an absolute prohibition, since everyone was permitted to read Bibles translated into the vulgar tongues by Catholic authors, *as soon as he had received a special permission* from the bishops to do so. This disciplinary regulation, therefore, was no prohibition, but a necessary supervision.

However, the annals of history do show one unqualified *prohibition forbidding lay people to read the Bible* in the vernacular. This prohibition was not made by the Catholic Church, but *by Protestant England*. On July 11, 1533, Henry VIII. was excommunicated. Three years later, August, 1536, Cromwell, the King's vicar-general, ordered English Bibles to be provided in the churches for anyone to read, an injunction re-issued on September 5, 1538. But it was not long before Protestant England experienced the sad consequences of such indiscriminate Bible reading. As early as April 12, 1540, Cromwell stated in Parliament: "When the King had granted that the Bible might be read in the vernacular, the privilege was wretchedly abused, some turning it to the support of heresies and some of superstitions. The King was determined to prevent abuses and punish irreverent treatment of the Bible. For these objects he had selected certain bishops and doctors who should set forth what Christian people have to know."[5]

The mediæval Church had witnessed the same abuses of Bible reading time and again, and had employed the same

[5] Gairdner, *English Church in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 215 *et seq.*

means for checking them. "Experience has made it manifest," wrote the committee of Catholic theologians which issued the first restrictive law in 1564. "that the permission to read the Bible indiscriminately in the vulgar tongues has from rashness of men done more harm than good." Nevertheless, the Catholic Church did not forbid the reading of vernacular Scriptures. She left this questionable honor to Protestant England. In 1543, Parliament passed an "Act for the Advancement of True Religion," which sets forth that "many seditious people, arrogant and ignorant persons have taken upon them, not only to preach, teach, and set forth the Scriptures by sermons, but also by printed books, whereupon diversity of opinions, tumults and schisms have sprung and arisen among the subjects; that a great multitude of subjects, most especially of the lower sort, have so abused the Bible in the English tongue that they have thereby grown in divers erroneous opinions and fallen into great division and dissension among themselves." These official statements are the best vindication of the attitude of the Catholic clergy, in 1530, as to the translation of the Bible into English. The gloomy forebodings of the heads of the Catholic Church in 1530 that "at this juncture the English Bible would rather tend to confusion than to edification" had come true in 1543.

The repressive measures taken by Parliament to remedy said abuses went beyond the wise regulations made by the Church in that matter. They were nothing short of an absolute prohibition to read the vernacular Bible for certain classes of lay people. Parliament enacted in 1543 that "from and after the first day of July next *no women, nor artificers, prentices, journeymen, serving-men of the degrees of yeomen or under husbandmen, nor laborers shall read within this realm, or in any other of the King's dominions, the Bible or New Testament in English to himself or to any other privately or openly upon pain of one month's imprisonment for every time offending contrary to this act.* Persons other than women, artificers, prentices, journeymen, serving-men of the degrees of yeomen or under husbandmen, and laborers may read to themselves and *not to none other* any text of the Bible and New Testament. Likewise every noblewoman and gentlewoman may read to themselves *alone* and not to others any text of the Bible or New Testament. Again every nobleman

and gentleman being a householder may read or cause to be read by any of his servants in his house and to his family quietly and without disturbance any text of the Bible or New Testament. Yet every merchantman, being a householder was allowed to read to *himself privately* the Bible and New Testament. But no person was permitted to read, preach or teach openly to others the Bible or any part of Scripture in English." The annals of the Catholic Church know of no restrictions of this kind throughout the nineteen centuries of her existence. These minute injunctions surely do not bear out the Protestant contention that the Reformation gave an "open" Bible to the laity.

Even less "open" was the English Bible in Virginia in the seventeenth century. Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia for thirty-eight years (1642-1680), wrote to the Lords Commissioners of Foreign Plantations in one of his dispatches: "I thank God, we have *not free schools nor printing*, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the Government. God keep us from both."[6] No Catholic ever penned such a sweeping indictment against education and printing.

Printing and publishing of the English Bible has always been a prerogative of the Crown which granted exclusive privileges or patent rights to certain parties for the purpose. But those monopolists, or King's printers, raised the price of English Bibles sometimes to exorbitant sums, and devised all ways and used all means to quash competition from Dutch printers. Because of them the English Bible was not allowed to be printed in the American Colonies, so that, from 1639 till 1782, only four editions of the Bible were issued in North America, one in an Indian dialect and three in German. The printers of Catholic Bibles were not hampered by such commercial monopolies. Before May 3, 1515, every printer could publish any amount of Bibles at any place, outside five German dioceses and the Republic of Venice, unhampered by any laws of censorship or patent rights. Since May 3, 1515, the editions of Bibles are subjected to censorship. As soon as the censor has finished examination, he is to give approbation free of charge and without delay, and this under pain of excommuni-

[6] Hening's *Statutes at Large of Virginia*, vol. xvi., p. 2, par. 517.

cation.[7] A printer who has once obtained the necessary approbation is in no wise restricted; he may publish as many Bibles as he sees fit. But it was otherwise with the printers of English Protestant Bibles. They were bound to print the Authorized Version in the same way as the Catholic printers the Approved Version, and needed, moreover, a special license from the Crown. Since these patent rights are granted to but few printers, it is evident that the *Catholic vernacular Bibles are a much more "free" book than the English Bible.*

The American Revolution made the English Bible a "free" book on this side of the Atlantic. As soon as independence was secured, Robert Aitken printed the first English Bible on this soil at Philadelphia in 1782, a great folio Bible. To the Catholics, however, belongs the honor of having published eight years later the first quarto Bible in English in this country, printed by Mathew Carey at Philadelphia in 1790.

Our inquiry reveals the fact that the Bible was an "open" book in pre-Reformation times, and in many ways more "free" in Catholic countries than in Protestant England. "Whether the Catholics in the Middle Ages could read or not," writes Father Graham,[8] "I do not hesitate to assert that, with few exceptions, they had a personal and intelligent knowledge and a vivid realization of the most necessary facts in the Sacred Scripture and in the life of Our Divine Lord to an extent which is simply not to be found among the millions of our nominal Christians in this country today." It simply is not true that the Reformation first gave an "open" Bible to the "Scripture thirsty" lay people.

[7] Bull of Leo X., May 3, 1515. [8] *Where We Got the Bible*, p. 88.

THE CHESTERBELLOC.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

IV.

The Personalities.

I MIGHT be inclined to exaggerate if in order to counteract the prevailing opinion of Chesterton and Belloc, I went out of my way to show how different they are from each other; but even if I did my worst and wildest in an attempt to accentuate the differences between the two men, I would be certain to be nearer the truth than are those who imagine unity of philosophy to imply identity of character. That strange animal, the Chesterbelloc, has a duality of personality as marked as that in Stevenson's description of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I do not mean, of course, that Belloc displays a brutality opposed to Chesterton's angelic benevolence. There is no antagonism; the conflict is not between light and darkness; but there is a contrast as unmistakeable as that of red and blue—which are complementary colors. I could write at length, as they do in the dull though clever psychological novels, to emphasize the fact that Gilbert Chesterton is dreamy, indolent, mystical, unfathomably simple, where Hilaire Belloc is wide-awake, active, practical, rationalistic and not a little sophisticated. It would be possible, if I wanted such sport, to run the matter to earth and find the secret of Belloc in his French blood and of Chesterton in his English temperament. A hundred personal details could be worked in—on the one hand Belloc's actuality, his love of the concrete, for all I know his preference of marmalade to jam, and on the other hand Chesterton's fantasticality, his extravagance, and his possible gluttonous passion for jam. I would enjoy such a method of criticism and if I do not propose following it in detail, the reason is that I can make my point more briefly and quite as picturesquely by saying that Chesterton differs from Belloc as completely as a statue in Notre Dame differs from a statue in the Parthenon.

Phidias might not have accepted Belloc as a model for a Greek god, and it is hardly polite to say that Chesterton would have been a first rate gargoyle, but the special qualities of each are as distinct as the special genius of romanticism and classicism. In their attitude of mind, which I have tried to illustrate by the rival statues, the one man has a sensationalism very foreign to the other. There is certainly something very great in the serene symmetry of Milton, but Browning is not less of a poet for being grotesque. Belloc admires Milton though he is incapable of appreciating Browning. He is Latin; and where he fails to see the formî and regularity demanded by the canons of antiquity, is inclined to reject as mere barbarism the rugged violence he is unable to admire. The Elgin marbles and the verse of Racine are enduring things, but they do not sum up the whole of art. The North has to learn of the South, from whence all its standards come, but it has a power of expressing mystery and astonishment which the South has never learned. The remedy is not a modification of each, rounded by a sterile compromise, but the development of the peculiar gifts of each along its own lines. The Gothic and the classical do not coincide—they complete one another; and the energy of their excesses may be controlled by encouraging both.

Before we pass to a consideration of biographical facts concerning the Chesterbelloc, it would be as well to observe their personalities as reflected in their styles. There are some writers who conceal themselves in their books; Chesterton and Belloc belong to the other sort who reveal themselves. To read them is to hear them speak, and those who know the men will catch the tone of their voices and the sound of loud and frequent laughter. So I take passages of poetry and prose, which are, simply because of their excellence, not the best examples which might be given of the distinctive marks of style. They are, however, characteristic enough, I think, to illustrate my argument as to the classical method of Mr. Belloc and the incurable romanticism of Mr. Chesterton.

First then, I have been in some doubt whether or no to quote the fine dedicatory poem of *The Man who was Thursday*, which reminds Mr. Edmund Clerihew Bentley of his revolt in company with G. K. C. against the decadence of the eighteen-nineties,

Fools as we were in motley, all jangling and absurd,
When all church bells were silent our cap and bells were heard.

After some hesitation I have decided upon the lyric sung by the impossible Irishman Dalroy as he draws up the army of the English democracy, unstirred since Wat Tyler's day, for the final assault upon an alien tyranny, Mohammedism victorious in England:

Lady, the light is dying in the skies,
Lady, and let us die when honor dies;
Your dear, dropped glove was like a gauntlet flung
When you and I were young,
For something more than splendor stood; and ease was not the only good,
About the woods in Ivywood, when you and I were young.

Lady, the stars are falling pale and small,
Lady, we will not live if life be all,
Forgetting those good stars in heaven hung,
When all the world was young;
For more than gold was in a ring, and love was not a little thing,
Between the trees in Ivywood, when all the world was young.

Compare with this lyric, Mr. Belloc's magnificent sonnet, which appeared, like so much of his verse, embedded in an essay. He had written of a priest who once preached a sermon on the text "Abba Father," and whose eyes were illuminated by the vision of something distant; of rest as soldiers know it or writers when they end their books; of the tides of salt water and of death, the final rest. Then he concludes with this moving and magnificent sonnet:

We will not whisper: we have found the place
Of silence and the ancient halls of sleep
And that which breathes alone throughout the deep
The end and the beginning; and the face
Between the level brows of whose blind eyes
Lie plenary contentment, full surcease
Of violence, and the ultimate great peace
Wherein we lose our human lullabies.

Look up and tell the immeasurable height
Between the vault of the world and your dear head;
That's Death, my little sister, and the Night
That was our Mother beckons us to bed:
Where large oblivion in her house is laid
For us tired children now our games are played.

I daresay that better examples of prose could be found in books abounding in splendid passages than the two I have chosen almost at random—but they will suffice for my purpose. The first is from that early collection of Mr. Chesterton's essays entitled *The Defendant*, where he found more exciting adventures in defending good traditions and even good conventions than the bohemians find in their attack upon them. In this defence of rash vows he declares the rashest of all vows to be that made in marriage whose very rashness is its strength:

> There are thrilling moments, doubtless, for the spectator, the amateur and the æsthete; but there is one thrill that is known only to the soldier who fights for his own flag, to the ascetic who starves himself for his own illumination, to the lover who makes finally his own choice. And it is this transfiguring self-discipline that makes the vow a truly sane thing. . . . All around us is the city of small sins, abounding in backways and retreats; but surely, sooner or later, the towering flame will rise from the harbor announcing that the reign of the cowards is over and a man is burning his ships.

Mr. Belloc's style has at its best, as in this quotation from his *Life of Danton*, a slow, solemn, processional effect. In the same book he marshals the long line of the French kings to ride in cavalcade in ghostly glory. The prose takes on the ring and rhythm of poetry as the pageant of history moves in stately pomp across the printed page. Macaulay had a panoramic trick he often used; so also had de Quincey; but no other man has possessed Hilaire Belloc's power in this sort of writing.

> But with the false step that produced civil war, that made of the ardent and liberal West a sudden opponent, that in its final effect raised Lyons and alienated half the southern

towns, that lost Toulon, that put the extreme of fanaticism in the wisest and most loyal minds—such a generous and easy war was doomed, and the Revolution was destined to a more tragic and to a nobler history. God, who permitted this proud folly to proceed from a pedantic aristocracy, foresaw things necessary to mankind. In the despair of the philosophers there will arise on either side of a great battle the enthusiasms which, from whenceever they blow, are the fresh winds of the soul. Here are coming the heroes and the epic songs for which humanity was sick, and the scenes of one generation of men shall give us in Europe our creeds for centuries. You shall hear the *Chant du Départ* like a great hymn in the army of the *Sambre et Meuse,* and the cheers of men going down on the *Vengeur;* the voice of a young man calling the grenadiers at Lodi and Arcola; the noise of the guard swinging up the frozen hill at Austerlitz. Already the forests below the Pyrenees are full of the Spanish guerillas, and after how many hundred years the love of the tribe has reappeared again above the conventions that covered it. There are the three colors standing against the trees in the North and the South; and the delicate womanly face of Nelson is looking over the bulwarks of the *Victory,* with the slow white clouds and the light wind of an October day above him, and before him the enemy's sails in the sunlight and the black rocks of the coast.

Such a mastery over verse, such a command of noble prose has naturally given the Chesterbelloc an immense literary reputation. In order to comprehend the magnitude of its power, we must remember how varied its books have been, in what widely separated fields its campaigns were fought and its laurels won. Gilbert Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc have between them covered practically the whole scope of literary activity. Indeed I think that if we except drama (which Belloc for some odd reason has omitted to touch) it will be found that each of them has excelled in half a dozen completely different forms of writing. They have suffered as such men must from their generous refusal to become specialists, just as Robert Louis Stevenson suffered by his wide interests and the variety of his work. The world, which is a dull dog, cannot understand the genius of a man who is great enough to be at once poet, novelist, biographer, critic, historian, essayist, theologian, philosopher, and pamphleteer. That Belloc can,

according to Mr. Thomas Seccombe, write a sonnet while waiting for his companion to finish his drink is a reason—a very bad reason—for believing that the sonnet must be very bad. It undoubtedly is true, however, that talent of this order is likely to dissipate itself; for while a constriction of effort brings less enjoyment it is likely also to achieve a more lasting success.

The Chesterbelloc has chosen rather to enjoy itself, to fight, to drink, to laugh and be happy, careless of that future fame which is the preoccupation of small minds. Mrs. Chesterton once told me a story of how her husband spent an hour with a publisher outlining the scheme of a book he proposed to write, and was asked what sum of money he thought he ought to receive for his labors. "Oh, I don't know," he replied, "about twopence I suppose." He is utterly regardless either of cash or credit. Full of fine writing as his books are, few of them, I think, will live long, though they have frequently double the merit of work which has double their chance of longevity. This is because they are crammed with allusions to the most ephemeral modern philosophies; many a joke good when made, will be unintelligible in twenty years time, simply because the occasion which called it forth will be forgotten long before then. To give an example that occurs to me. Is any one of the coming generation likely to recognize the name of Mr. McCabe? Yet G. K. C. devotes whole pages to that gentleman. And precisely who is Mr. Salt? G. K. C. went crusading against him two years ago and oblivion has already washed his memory away.

Admirers of the Chesterbelloc will agree with its detractors on the point of certain irritating tricks only too commonly employed by it. There is about Belloc frequently a maddening habit of reiteration, an expansive elaboration of simple points, which has grown upon him lately and which has been very much in evidence in his articles written upon the War. He can be painfully dull; and if Belloc's work at such moments is full of a peculiar logical monotony, Chesterton is apt to weary the reader with tricks of another kind. Antithesis becomes mechanical and paradox after paradox clicks out with the regularity of clockwork. A great deal of this is due, no doubt, to the fact that a harassed journalist writing with the printer's devil at his elbow, finds it easier to get through his

work quickly if he imitates himself. But the deeper reason is that which he himself gives in excuse for a similar fault in Browning: "In many of the comic scenes of Shakespeare we have precisely this elephantine ingenuity, this hunting of a poem to death through three pages. In the Elizabethan dramatists and in Browning it is no doubt to a certain extent the mark of a real hilarity. People must be very happy to be so easily amused."

G. K. C. *is* amused easily, and has the ability of a child to amuse himself. He may occasionally tire us with paradox because he is tired himself and acts, as tired men do, by habit. More frequently, I imagine, we are tired because he *isn't* tired, and his high spirits are as distressing to us only for the same reason that a rowdy boy is distressing to his sick mother.

If Belloc's chief fault as a writer is a provoking pomposity and Chesterton's chief fault a provoking playfulness, these are, when one comes to think of it, the signs of middle-age and of youth. Indeed they are the signs of that innocence and experience, which I picked up in groping round for a key to the Chesterbelloc, and which has fitted the lock better than I had dared to hope. Nowhere does it fit better than into the spiritual history of the two friends.

Going back to where we began with the early volume of G. K. C.'s poems we will see a very young man, hardly more than a boy fresh from an English public school (where extravagant devotions are, to put it mildly, not encouraged) on his knees in wonder before a blade of grass. The sense of stark astonishment had taken the juvenile atheist so strongly, the indifference of men to the world they lived in, appeared so horribly unnatural that he seemed ready to starve and scourge himself to call attention to what others ignored.

> I stood and spoke a blasphemy—
> "Behold! the summer leaves are green!"

Gilbert Chesterton did not see then *why* his attitude of extravagant humility was right, but he passionately proclaimed that it was the right attitude. His pagan joy was compelling him to a Christian asceticism. For he had already discovered the doctrine which was and which remains the centre of his philosophy, that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found

not by extending our ego to infinity but by reducing our ego to zero. He found later, to his intense surprise, that Christianity had discovered this doctrine before him—and that the only people who ever inherited the earth have been the meek! He had discovered *why* one should be humble.

In the same way he felt the need for ownership in his bones years before he saw its necessity in economics. As a child he delighted in drawing pictures of a man surrounded by as many personal belongings as could be crowded upon the drawing paper. His favorite book was *Robinson Crusoe,* because the shipwrecked sailor saved his goods and enjoyed them on a desert island. But like all the sensitive and honorable young men of his day he, who had not an atom of temperamental desire for public ownership, recited the solemn formula about the socialization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange—simply because he was horrified by the poverty of the slums and saw at the time no other means of removing it except collectivism. Then (this is how Mr. Chesterton has described to me what happened) he found that the innocent fairy tale he had made up about an impossibly beautiful person called a peasant-proprietor was confirmed by the facts of experience. Chesterton had imagined such a being and wished that he existed. Belloc, whom he met at that moment, was able to assure him that the peasant-proprietor did exist in thousands!

Again, G. K. C., in his fantasia, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill,* invented for himself a patriot whose patriotism only extended to the fourth lamp post of the next street, and who for that tiny country was ready to die. Suddenly the experience of the Boer War confirmed Chesterton's innocence. A Semitic sneer taught him what imperialism thought of a small republic, and he joined the staff of the *Speaker* with Hilaire Belloc, to expose the shame which was being brought upon his people.

To take a fourth instance. Gilbert Chesterton had imagined the rod of authority descending with noise like thunder into the hand of an ordinary man. Adam Wayne, the king in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill,* was representative simply because he became king by chance, in the way that a democratic House of Commons might be got together by taking the first six hundred and seventy men one met walking up

Charing Cross Road. G. K. C. had even dared to think of this careless democracy as existing in the highest spiritual tribunal—and then he discovered that the Papacy was founded not only upon a rock but upon Peter:

> When Christ at a symbolical moment was establishing His Great Society, He chose for His corner-stone neither the brilliant Paul nor the mystic John, but a shuffler, a coward, a snob—in a word, a man. And upon this rock He has built His Church, and the gates of Hell have not prevailed against it. All the empires and kingdoms have failed, because of this inherent and continual weakness, that they were founded by strong men and upon strong men. But this one thing, the historic Christian Church, was founded on a weak man, and for that reason it is indestructible. For no chain is stronger than its weakest link.[1]

The mention of Peter brings me to a point where I must ask a question which many people are asking about Gilbert Chesterton. How is it that, holding the briefs he does, he has not become a member of the Catholic Church? Hilaire Belloc everyone, of course, knows about. He is vehement in his religion and public in his profession of it. But Gilbert Chesterton is a mystery. I am constantly meeting people who believe him to be a Catholic (I use the word of course in its true sense of Roman Catholic), having gathered that much from his writings, and who are greatly surprised to be told that he is still a member of the Church of England. There are men, of whom Mr. W. H. Mallock is an illustrious example, who admit the logic of the Catholic position, and who even urge it against all other philosophies, while remaining outside the Catholic Church. This assent is purely intellectual, lacking the supernatural element of faith. With Gilbert Chesterton it is otherwise. He does not merely state the Roman doctrine of authority with the impartiality of Mr. Mallock. He writes about it casually and appears to take it for granted as a practical necessity. What is more striking, he possesses that thing so difficult for the highest Anglicans to catch, the authentic Catholic note. He moves in the Catholic atmosphere. Why does he not submit to Rome?

I do not like to discuss the subject and only do so because

[1] George Bernard Shaw.

I cannot ignore it. My opinion is that Gilbert Chesterton has not acted upon his conclusions, because of his dislike of crises. There are probably a few subtle and strong reasons for him to stay where he is, but these would not, I think, hold him unless there were also certain roots of sentiment which could only be dragged up with pain. In *Orthodoxy* he promised to write another book on Christian authority as soon as anyone challenged him to do so. Many people have thrown out the necessary challenge, but Chesterton has shown a curious reluctance to answer it. His sincerity is unquestionable and if he has been silent on one highly important point, the reason must be that he does not wish to declare himself before he is completely certain. The hero of so many fierce controversies is entitled to this much spiritual quiet untouched with the dust and din of debate. The end is inevitable. It will probably be postponed as long as possible, but there is only one end. Has he not assured us, in the monograph on Blake, that every man, if he could live a thousand years, must become either a complete Catholic or a bottomless skeptic?

Such brief biographical facts as I must record are these: Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born in Kensington on May 29, 1874. His father was an estate-agent, whose interests were artistic rather than commercial, and his mother has been described as the cleverest woman in London. Both are alive. G. K. C. went, as did his brother Cecil, to St. Paul's School, Colet's famous foundation, and left it to study art at the Slade School. There he met the lady who later became his wife. Chesterton, though he possesses considerable talents for black and white drawing and has illustrated several books with sketches of a striking originality, was not perfectly fitted for an artistic career; so, after a short period as a reader in a publisher's office, he definitely became a journalist. From the *Speaker*, where in company with Belloc, he had brilliantly attacked the Boer War, and where many of his early essays and poems appeared, Gilbert Chesterton passed to the staff of the *Daily News*. The sole bond between him and the group of radical Nonconformists who owned the paper was anti-imperialism, and in the last years of G. K. C.'s connection with their paper his position upon it was, to say the least, anomalous. Yet week after week he wrote upon such subjects as came into his head—and varied as were these subjects they

nearly always were such as would shock the conscience of most of their readers. There is a story told of how Mr. Cadbury, the chief proprietor of the *Daily News*, expressed a wish to meet G. K. C. "Ah, Mr. Chesterton!" he said, kindly beaming upon him, "I have often wondered where you wrote your little articles and what your inspiration is." "Well," was the reply, "I generally write my little articles in a pub and my inspiration is beer. If that doesn't work I try more beer!" The *Daily News* showed towards its great contributor a more than Christian patience, but in the end the long connection was broken, and G. K. C. felt himself a free man. Though shortly afterwards *The New Witness* provided a personally controlled platform for the Chesterbelloc, I think that Chesterton was never more truly himself than in the old days when he publicly blasphemed the god of Little Bethel in Little Bethel itself. Though G. K. C. no longer walks Fleet Street where his height and breadth of body, his great black ulster and wide hat were as well known as the might of his pen; though Beaconsfield contains him as the cave contains the anchorite; though even his editorship of *The New Witness* rarely brings him to town, his spirit lives in that old haunt where it was most at home. He is an incurable journalist.

Hilaire Belloc was born on July 27, 1870, in his grandmother's house in Versailles. This lady was a daughter of Colonel Swanton, an Irishman who held a commission in Napoleon's armies, and wife of Hilaire Belloc, the painter whose work is now in the Louvre. On his mother's side, the Hilaire Belloc we know was descended from Dr. Priestly, the famous chemist. In 1880, Hilaire Belloc was sent to the Oratory School at Birmingham, where he was under the eye of Cardinal Newman; and, leaving in 1887, studied mathematics for a few months in Paris. Later, he went on to a Sussex farm for a year; did some writing in London and in his twentieth year traveled to Colorado and California. Upon his return the French Army claimed him, and Hilaire Belloc served his time with the English Regiment of the French Artillery in garrison in Toul. These experiences furnished him with the matter for several fine essays, and a speech with which he held the House of Commons spellbound.

Leaving the French Army, Belloc went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he took the senior Historical Scholarship and a

first class in Honor History Schools in the summer of 1895, after being president of the Union. The next year he married a Californian lady, but stayed on at Oxford for the fellowship which he naturally expected. No man with such a record was ever denied a fellowship, but though Belloc stayed on for four years, growing poorer and poorer, not even a tutorial post was offered him. At the age of thirty he found himself with a young family, with no profession, with no fortune of his own, and unable to make a living at Oxford. The consciousness that his religion was the cause of the injustice of the treatment he received, made his sense of that injustice the more bitter; and despair and stark necessity drove him to London to live as best he might by writing. None of his books, though he had already written *Danton* and *The Path to Rome*, had a popular sale, nor could he obtain anything better than a subordinate place upon the *Speaker* at £150 a year. London was too expensive, so he tried, in 1905, the experiment of a farm house in Sussex.

Mr. Belloc was elected to Parliament as a member for South Salford in 1906, having previously been refused as a candidate on account of his religion by five constituencies to which he had been proposed, including Dover and Croydon. The election was quite accidental, the understanding being that his candidature should not involve any chance of election. Once in Parliament Belloc proposed certain reforms, the most notable of which was the auditing of the Secret Party Funds, the corruption of which he exposed. He was, therefore, abandoned by the official machine, which had supported his first election, but stood without the intention of continuing in Parliament, having found his membership of no service to the political ideas he had at heart. He intended to resign at the first election; hearing, however, that certain wealthy subscribers to the Secret Party Funds had challenged his reëlection, he was at the pains of standing again for the same constituency of South Salford in which he had created a large body of independent opinion and was reëlected, though by a reduced majority, in the election of 1910. This second election had been undertaken only as a challenge and without the intention of taking further part in Parliamentary action, which he had discovered to be futile. He refused to stand a third time, though strongly pressed to do so within the constituency and else-

where. In his last speech in the House he told that assembly that he proposed to attack them from without, as he found reform of their corruption from within to be impossible. Hence the founding of the *Eye Witness*, which became and remains under the name of *The New Witness*, the organ of the Chesterbelloc.

To see Belloc is to be aware of his enormous energy; to read his load of books is to be astounded at the many-sided activity that has made them possible. What gives them their value is something greater than the literary or scholarly qualities of which they are full—that is their actuality, for Hilaire Belloc has, above all things, an appetite for reality. In his practicality, his logic and his irony he is thoroughly French. Yet with gifts greater, I sincerely believe, than those of any other living man, Belloc has, despite his vivid sense of actuality, a touch of the pedant in him and, at times, an unfortunate preference of tactics to strategy.

When the worst has been said, there is a greatness about the Chesterbelloc which is not easily paralleled in our day. Indeed that is to put it inadequately, for that body of doctrine to which the Chestertons and Belloc have given life is the hope of the modern world. Amid lesser men these have swung their swords like heroes, and their trumpets have summoned what is no less than a complete Catholicism in action throughout all the spiritual and secular affairs of society. This is "she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array." I cannot venture to speak of my personal gratitude to the Chesterbelloc for so great a thing.

AN IRISH PILGRIMAGE.

BY E. J. QUIGLEY.

THE best known of all pilgrimages was Canterbury, sung in immortal language by Chaucer. Since his day millions have read of the pious Canterbury pilgrims of old Catholic England. Today, millions in England never heard of the holy spot, of its martyr saint, of its historic pilgrimage; for the pilgrimage died in Lutheran times, and its resurrected form is pale and weak and ghostly. In the sister island, in Ireland, is a world-famous pilgrimage, dating from the days of St. Patrick, a pilgrimage often prohibited by state law, a pilgrimage whose holy places were laid desolate by the state spoiler, but never deserted, never abandoned by the people of Ireland. The fame of St. Patrick's Purgatory in Donegal spread through mediæval Europe, and the visits of great numbers of foreign pilgrims are recorded. But more interesting than the visitors and their pious records of fasts, prayers and visions are the many references in European literature to the holy isle and its wondrous cave in lone Lough Derg in County Donegal. To that lonely island went, legend tells us, St. Patrick, to spend Lent in penance and solitude. To it, in after days, went the missionary saints of Ireland; and from them the peoples of Europe first heard of the wonderful cave on the little island, where penitents entered to finish their penitential exercises, and where many saw weird sights of suffering souls, in purgatory and in hell. From nearly every nation in Europe came pilgrims.

> With footsteps strong and bosom brave,
> Looking for that mysterious Cave
> Where the pitying heavens still show
> How my salvation I may gain
> By bearing in this life the purgatorial pain.[1]

From England came Alfred the Great, back to the land of his youthful studies. From Wales came the knight Owen about the year 1153. The wonders seen by him in the cave may be read in several contemporary writers. They are found in the Chronicle of Roger of Wendover. From Italy came

[1] Caldron's *Purgatorio de San Patricio.* McCarthy's Translation.

Guarino da Durrazzo and Godalth (1248). The old French version of their travels and visit to the holy isle, and their visions, is preserved in the Royal Library of Turin. From Flanders came Le Sire de Beaujean, in the year 1305. In the cave he had a vision of the souls in hell, some of whom he recognized. In 1353, George Crissaphan, a Hungarian knight, visited the sainted isle; and his record of his twenty-eight weird and wonderful visions is prolix. An account of four of his visions was reprinted in 1871 in the Hungarian magazine *Szazadok*. They are marvelous and detailed. In the same century (1358) Louis de Sur visited St. Patrick's Purgatory. He wrote his account in barbarous Latin, and students of things mediæval may read it in Codex 3160 in the Palatine Library in Vienna. Two years later, among other noted names, we find Fra Tadio of Pisa, Lector of the Ara Coeli in Rome, visiting the Purgatory of St. Patrick. Another Roman, a Carthusian, Giovanni by name, sought permission to visit the famous spot; but permission being refused, the good man must have been moved by a letter from St. Catherine of Siena counseling him to submission and obedience.

But the most interesting pilgrim of mediæval times was Chiericati, the Papal nuncio, who visited the Purgatory in 1515. He tells us that he and his companions arrived at the lake shore in the evening, and by blowing a horn and waving a flag they got from the island the needed boat, which was made from a huge beech trunk, hollowed in the centre. Each of the passengers paid a penny to the ferryman. He describes the acts which were recognized as "making the station" or fulfilling the pilgrimage; the fast, the night vigil in the church, the long prayers said by the pilgrims bareheaded and barefooted round the hard rocky "beds." "Behind the church," writes the nuncio, "is the Purgatory. The door which is made of iron is about three cubits from the ground. The Purgatory is a grotto made in the rock, on the level of the ground. It enters so far that twelve persons can stand at their ease in it. It is two and a half cubits wide. It is true that at the back the grotto turns aside for two cubits, where they say St. Patrick slept." Chiericati tells us that he was afraid to enter; but he watched the canons carrying torches to conduct the ingoing penitents. Two of his companions, accompanied by five pilgrims, spent a night in the cave. The names of all the pilgrims

were recorded in a huge book. The nuncio examined it and noticing the name Guarino da Durrazzo, concluded that it must be a forgery or a joke. Later he saw this pilgrim's "journey described in an ancient manuscript" and knew the signatures to be genuine.

It is quite possible that there may have been exaggeration, if not fabrication, about the wonderful visions in the famous cave. We have nothing save the testimonies of scores of pilgrims and writers for the existence of these wonders. But in the very sober, though very unreliable, history of Ireland, by Blessed Edmund Campion (1552-1588), the Martyr, we notice a less credulous note than that found in the records of the pilgrims quoted. Campion wrote, "Devout persons have resorted thither for penance, and reported at their return strange visions of peace, of pain and of bliss appearing to them."

But the story of the pilgrimage, its penances and its Purgatory, appear in all European literature, pre-Reformation and even post-Reformation. Thus in No. 87 of the Early English Text Society Series we find the *Early South English Legendary*, giving a long account, by a thirteenth century writer, of the famous isle of penance. Adown the centuries, in English literature there are references to St. Patrick's Purgatory. Even Fox, the pseudo-martyrologist, gives it a passing sneer. In old French stands the thirteenth century poem of Marie de France, *Expurgatorie St. Patriz.* Wonderful old Rabelais (1483-1553) gives the Purgatory two commemorations in his witty filth. A contemporary of his, Etienne Forcatel, in his *De Galliorum Imperio et Philosophia*, weaves a romance which introduces the holy shrine of Donegal. In the Escurial Library in Spain, an old Catalan manuscript and a Latin one in the national library of Madrid give the Spanish mediæval ideas of the pilgrimage. But in the works of Juan Perez de Montalvan (1602-1638), who has been called "the first-born of Lope de Vega's genius," we find a learned priest-poet writing with true sympathy, with a knowledge of things sacred, and with poetic genius, the praises of St. Patrick's isle of penance. This work was famous and had a great influence on the many Spanish writings on this favorite theme. Today it is little read, for the *Vida y Purgatorio de S. Patricio* of Montalvan was eclipsed by the *Purgatorio de St. Patricio* of Calderon (1600-1681). It is one of Calderon's finest pieces, and is the incomparable work

on the theme. It was translated with care and genius by the Irish poet, D. F. McCarthy.

That Dante owed some of his inspiration to the accounts which he had read in Italy about the holy isle and holy cave in Ireland, is admitted by Dante scholars. For, this theme was sung by Uberti in his *Dittamondo*, before Dante had written a line. Nor were these the sole Italian singers of the Purgatory. Ariosto in *Orlando Furioso* (1474-1553) wrote:

> And next to Ireland shaped his course;
> And saw the famed Hibernia, where
> The godly sainted elder made the cave
> In which men cleansed of all offences are;
> Such mercy there, it seems, is found to save.

As I said before, state laws ordered the pilgrimage to cease. The buildings on the holy island were leveled, its churches defiled, its chalices stolen, its altars profaned and destroyed; and yet in no year was the holy spot without its pilgrims. Even when persecution was at its highest pitch, Lough Derg was frequented by the pilgrims of Ireland, praying to their patron and to their God.

Thirty years ago three thousand pilgrims visited the island during the season from the first of June to the fifteenth of August. In 1918 nearly twenty thousand made the exercises. Daily, at the little railroad station of Pettigo, might be seen crowds of pilgrims alighting from trains, to journey on foot or on motor or on Irish jaunting car, the three miles of road to the lake shore. What a medley they were! And how they will increase in the coming day of Ireland's freedom! What a great democracy is the Catholic Church! For here were the laborer, the school teacher, the city doctor, the famous lawyer, the farmer's wife and daughter, the carpenter, the priest, the grandsire, the shop-assistant, the nurse, the high government official, the postman, the baker, the judge of the high court the friar, the smith, the city merchant—all children of the one family, all earnest about the one thing necessary—salvation; and salvation by prayer and penance.

"No longer visions of the other world, no longer revelations, but prayer and austerities under the patronage of the nation's Apostle. This is all that is left of the practices of the ancient pilgrimage." [2]

[2] Père Delahaye, S.J., Bollandist, *Analecta Bollandiana*, tom. xxxii.

FRENCH CATHOLIC SCHOLARS.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.

THERE is an unlovely form of intellectual snobbery which ignores or decries the work of Catholics, and which assumes that the heterodox alone hold the gates of knowledge and occupy the fortresses of accomplishment. Far be it from us to minimize our separated brethren's achievements. Jealous depreciation of others' gifts and graces is a loathsome vice, and is bound in the long run to recoil on the detractor himself. Moreover, several non-Catholic theologians, exegetists and historians have accumulated materials that will ever be useful to the Christian in his contest with unbelief. The writings of Lightfoot, Westcott, Swete, Ramsay, Farrar and Creighton contain admirable pages, that Catholics might cordially subscribe to. But while we generously admit and admire the beauties of our neighbors' estates, we should not be blind to the magnificences of our own. The present article is confined designedly to one language, French, and in that one language alone we shall find that Catholic scholarship need not blush for its upholders, their labors and results.

Today, as in earlier times, the chief assaults of unbelief are concentrated on our blessed Lord's divinity. Prove that Jesus was not God, and the foundations of Christianity are sapped. Elevate Him as far as human imagination can reach; make Him super-man and super-angel as well. All of no avail; that transcendent being, who still falls immeasurably short of infinity, is not the God I long to adore! and His "Come to Me all ye who labor and are burdened," is only the hollow dream of magnanimity, it is not the merciful revelation of beneficent power. Such has been the effort of rationalistic exegesis during the past century, and such are its aims today. Such is the deadly poison hidden under the specious nectar of Renan's honeyed phrases.[1]

[1] Paul Claudel has given another proof of the pliancy of his muse in the striking lines in which he has pilloried these learned heresies in his *Chemin de Croix:*

Il n'est pas le Christ. Il n'est pas le Fils de l'Homme. Il n'est pas Dieu.
Son évangile est menteur et son Père n'est pas aux cieux.
C'est un fou, c'est un imposteur! Qu'il parle! Qu'il se taise!
Le valet d'Anne le soufflette et Renan le baise.

As an antidote we have Abbé Fouard's *Vie de Jésus*, which has reached in French twenty-four editions, and has been translated into several other languages as well.[2] The literary flavor of this work is high, as evidenced by the curious fact that after the *Imitation of Christ* it was the favorite book of Emile Faguet, and always lay on his writing table. But its scholarship is none the less competent, accurate and wide. Fouard is perfectly acquainted with all the literature bearing on his subject; while his numerous sojourns in Palestine enabled him to give an actuality and color to his narrative that mere book-learning would be incapable of furnishing. His entire life was devoted to studies on the beginnings of Christianity, and he produced in addition to the above a life of St. Peter, of St. Paul in two volumes and of St. John, published posthumously.

Written about the same time, written too along similar lines but more abundantly, is the *Vie de Notre Seigneur* of Bishop Le Camus.[3] Le Camus is as good a scholar as Fouard, but not nearly as good a writer. He has not the simple yet dainty vocabulary, the artistic phrasing, nor that intangible deftness which floods old scenes with new lights and frames them in fresh perspectives. A work of more popular appeal, but not nearly so learned, is Father Didon's *Jésus Christ*.[4] Didon was a remarkable preacher, a still more remarkable letter writer—his letters to Mlle. Thérèse V—— are now in their fifty-first edition—and in the life of Our Lord, too, one often hears the intimate, personal note sounding. Abbé Fillion's recent volume, *Jésus Christ d'aprés les Évangiles*, although the work of a very great scholar, is written expressly for a popular audience; and it has reached its public. In one year five editions were called for.

A marvelous mine of information, which contains also the answers to the latest objections and a résumé of the most recent publications on the subject, is the magnificent article, *Jésus Christ*, in the second volume of the *Dictionnaire Apologétique*.[5] It is from the pen of the Jesuit, Father Léonce de

[2] All Abbé Fouard's works are translated into English, and published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. The English version of his *Life of Christ* has reached eight editions.

[3] Three volumes. Twelve editions in French. English version published by Cathedral Library Association, New York.

[4] Forty editions in French. English version in two volumes. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.

[5] Coll. 1288-1538.

Grandmaison, the editor of *Les Etudes,* and is truly an honor to Catholic competence and erudition. But more telling and more authoritative, too, than any eulogy I might pronounce is the praise of an avowed opponent and somewhat bitter critic. In the *Hibbert Journal* for July, 1916, Professor J. F. Bethune-Baker undertakes a detailed criticism of this article. "There is much in it to admire," he writes. "Of the vast literature of the subject M. de Grandmaison seems to have an easy control. . . . He marshals the materials which his vigilant and accomplished scholarship has collected with the skill of an experienced general." The critic then proceeds to find fault with the author because the latter does not admit the modernist theories, bcause he believes in the *historicité* of the Gospel narratives, because he clings to miracles and other things no Catholic could dream of allowing slip. He concludes: "Though I differ profoundly from M. de Grandmaison . . . I cannot take leave of him in any but the most respectful way." The painstaking and thorough studies of Abbé Lepin, *Jésus Messie et Fils de Dieu* and *Jésus Christ, Sa Vie et Son Œuvre,* also deserve mention.

Only second in interest to the Divine Founder of Christianity are the Gospels that tell His life, and the apostolic writings that set forth His doctrine. German criticism, often the docile handmaiden of German philosophy, has weighed every sentence, examined and put on the rack every word of these writings. It has striven to prove them mere pious legends, or chains of interpolations, or party pamphlets published in the interests of God knows what obscure sects, or the *residua* of furious personal controversies, or anything and everything but what they are. The Gospels and the apostolic writings may be called the Verdun of the Higher Critics, where these shock troops of the pen were foiled. An admirable exposition of Gospel problems and controversies in brief compass and the simplest possible form is found in Monseigneur Batiffol's *Six leçons sur les Evangiles.*[6] His view of the synoptic question as set forth in his third lesson is, that Mark is the oldest writer, Luke the most recent and Matthew comes between the two; while a more ancient document "the sayings of the Lord" in Aramaic was the source on which the Evangelist partly depended. Such a simple theory can scarcely explain

[6] Eleven editions.

the curious coincidences and divergences of the Evangelists. But then the brief character of this volume, and the fact that it was originally a course of lectures given to the young ladies attending the Institut Catholique of Paris, precluded the author from indulging in very recondite developments.

The synoptic problem receives fuller consideration and more elaborate treatment in the recent work of Abbé Levesque, *Nos Quatres Evangiles*. He regards the Synoptics as the crystallization of the first elementary oral instructions given by the Apostles; that instruction being modified somewhat to suit the particular audience, Jewish (St. Matthew), Greek (St. Luke), Roman (St. Mark), to whom it was delivered. Moreover, he believes that for purposes of convenience in oral teaching the Apostles had divided the career of Our Lord into four periods: (1) His baptism; (2) Galilee; (3) the last week in Jerusalem; (4) Christ's death and resurrection. This division, consecrated by primitive usage, the Evangelists adhered to scrupulously, although awkward and unsuitable from a historical standpoint.[7] In fact, extraordinary though it appears to our minds, the Evangelist rather than break this fourfold division, preferred to displace certain actions of our Saviour and even to omit some altogether.[8] The theory is novel, seductive and argued cogently, but *Qui lo sa?* No less fresh and interesting is the closing chapter of his book, "Some Literary Devices of St. Matthew." There he examines thoroughly the five great discourses in St. Matthew. The curious formula closing them, "and it came to pass when He had finished," Abbé Levesque thinks was the consecrated formula used by the first preachers at Jerusalem.[9] The discourses themselves consist invariably of a fundamental point or doctrine around which are grouped other teachings of the Master given at different times and places, but closely connected with the central theme. As with the discourse so with the facts of Our Lord's life, St. Matthew is not guided at all by chronology. Rather he groups the facts to uphold a thesis, namely that Christ is the Messiah. The stereotyped formulas "at that time," "then," "behold that" are again the consecrated formulas of the earliest preaching used to direct the attention of the hearers to the public life of Jesus.[10]

Few, if any, questions relating to the New Testament are

[7] Page 5. [8] Pages 55-75. [9] Page 275. [10] Page 305 *et seq.*

omitted in the lengthy and exact history of Abbé Jacquier, *Histoire des livres du Nouveau Testament.*[11] The detailed analysis of the Synoptics alone comprises some two hundred and fifty closely printed pages.[12] After exposing a bewildering number of hypotheses on the formation of the Synoptics, the author concludes that no theory renders a really satisfactory account of the facts. He thinks, however, that the Evangelists utilized some older written documents and also relied to some extent on oral tradition. Abbé Jacquier devotes his fourth volume exclusively to the writings of St. John. With full and ample knowledge of the delicate problems involved—linguistic, textual, literary, theological—he examines the manifold difficulties proposed and concludes in the traditional and Catholic sense. Very noteworthy on the same theme are Abbé Lepin's conscientious and thorough studies, *L'Origine du Quatrième Evangile* and *La Valeur Historique du Quatrième Evangile.* M. Lepin has compressed the marrow of these books into his able article on St. John in the *Dictionnaire Apologétique.*[13] After a full weighing of the difficulties and theories of our opponents he formulates his serene and luminous conclusion: "It is then with full certainty that we can proclaim the Fourth Gospel the work of the Apostle St. John."[14]

Another favorite thesis with unbelievers is that the faith of the early Christians is not the faith of today. Such was the position the rebels of the sixteenth century adopted to justify their revolt; such is the assertion of contemporary infidels to discredit the Church. They maintain that Christian doctrine has "developed" so radically that it has undergone a complete metamorphosis, and that the teaching of the twentieth century has no kinship whatever with that of the first. An adequate answer to this contention will be found in Abbé Tixeront's *Histoire des Dogmes.* These three volumes trace, with immense learning and diligence, theological thought in the formative ages. They show how under the pressure of heresiarchs and heresy the Church was led to make an inventory, so to speak, of the riches she possessed; and how successive Councils undertook to formulate her creed with scientific exactness.

[11] Four volumes.
[12] Vol. i., coll. 1599-1750.
[13] Vol. ii, pp. 235-282.
[14] *Ibid.*, vol i., coll. 1749, n. 323.

The scope of this work is not primarily apologetic, much less polemic. Its aim is objective. It exposes the controversies and provisional solutions that eddied about great problems, until some religious genius, an Athanasius, a Cyril, a Hilary or an Augustine, put the question in its true focus and indicated the methods and elements of explanation. And it shows, too, how the early Fathers had literally to forge the language of theology; and how these subtle Greeks and Orientals, less fortunate than the Scholastics, were hampered sometimes by a total lack of terms to express their far-fetched concepts, and sometimes by the imprecision and vagueness of the words they were obliged to use. Only little by little and at the price of many tentatives and trials did theology fashion for herself a language of scientific exactness and accuracy and withal flexibility. I may remark in passing that Tixeront maintains there is not the slightest connection between the *logos* of Philo and the *Logos* of St. John.[15] His three volumes cover from the beginnings of Christianity up to 800, the last heresy exposed being the Iconoclastic. Two supplementary chapters set forth the theology of St. John Damascene and the fortunes of theology under Charlemagne. After reading that immense repertory of erudition, one realizes the hollowness of Harnack's learned sneer, that Catholicism in philosophy is simply Christianized Platonism and in organization, Roman imperialism.

Monseigneur Batiffol's books on Christian origins are directed especially against Harnack and his school. The first volume, *L'Eglise Naissante et le Catholicisme*,[16] shows that the creed of the first converts did not differ materially from ours. One hundred and seventy pages are devoted to the examination of apostolic times. The author proves that Christianity was not merely a spiritual movement, not merely an association for mutual assistance, but a true and admirably organized society. The basis of this society was the apostleship, the principle of unity and authority established by Christ Him-

[15] *Historie des Dogmes*, vol. i., p. 55. (In English, *History of Dogma*, B. Herder, St. Louis.) See also Bréhier. *Les idées philosophiques et religieuses de Philon d'Alexandrie.* Bréhier shows that St. John's *Logos* and Philo's agree only in name. Herriot, another valiant Catholic, who, as mayor of Lyons, was a tower of strength to his fellow citizens during the War and signalized himself by his charitable endeavors, is also an authority on Philo. His volume is called *Philon le Juif.*

[16] Five editions in French, translated into English and German. The English version, *Primitive Catholicism*, is published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

self. But Christianity is also a system of doctrine, which proposes articles of belief and rules of obedience. The Gospel is a divine message to which the convert gives his allegiance. The initiated have certain forms of prayer and sacrifice, in which they alone have the right to participate. But the scoffer and evil-doer must not be tolerated in the Christian community. In each city the faithful formed an "assembly" or church, ruled by an elder, whose authority, directly or indirectly, had been transmitted by the Apostles. This "overseer" gave unity to each church; and Jesus Christ gives unity to the Church: conclusion, the budding Church of the early centuries was Catholic, *corpus sumus de conscientia religionis et disciplinæ unitate et spei fœdere,* says Tertullian.

A later volume *La Paix Constantinienne et le Catholicisme* treats of the relations between Church and State, and extends from the days of Septimus Severus to those of Pope Liberius. In his second chapter Batiffol approaches the interesting problem of ecclesiastical organization. The Church did not imitate the priestly colleges of pagan temples in its hierarchy; on the contrary, certain Emperors, Maximin Daia and Julian the Apostate strove to copy the organization of the Catholic priesthood. Nor does he admit that the creation of ecclesiastical provinces is due even to the Council of Nice. Its rulings applied only to the East; did not affect Africa, Gaul, Spain or Italy. Moreover, Christianity had its roots in a past extending far behind the administration and administrative changes made in the Empire by Diocletian. "The word 'province' is consequentially Catholic, and likewise the thing itself and all is old." The last chapters describe the cæsaro-papism of Constantius II., who by deceit, violence and threats succeeded in imposing an Arian creed on the astounded and horrified world.[17] But Pope Liberius did not yield. Outwitted and put to all appearances in the wrong by the slippery sovereign and his still more slippery and unscrupulous advisers, the Pontiff was true to his duty and his office, *Liberius immaculatus Papa.* A further volume, announced but not yet published, will recount the history of the fourth and fifth centuries, to be called *Le Catholicisme Romain de S. Damase à S. Léon.*

All this early period is covered from a hagiographic stand-

[17] St. Jerome's magnificent phrase is one of the winged words of history and literature. *Ingemuit totus orbis et Arianum se esse miratus est.*

point by Paul Allard.[16] He was a pupil of de Rossi, and imbued by that illustrious master with an ardent love of the early heroes of our Faith, the martyrs and confessors of the first three centuries. In five magnificent volumes Allard has told the moving story of the martyrs of the Roman empire. Three volumes on Julian the Apostate describe that prince's belated attempt to galvanize moribund paganism into something dimly simulating life. Nearly all Allard's numerous subsequent writings have reference to the martyrs, and he had just finished the opening chapter of a new volume on their glories when the Master called him home. I notice that the Anglican dean of Gloucester (England) in his interesting work entitled *The Early Christians in Rome*, relies mainly on Roman Catholic authorities, and most of all on Allard, for whose work he cannot find sufficient words of praise. Dean Spence-Jones admits fully that the number of the early martyrs was very large. He admits also that Marcus Aurelius was a bitter opponent of the Faith, and that the philosophic emperor must have known of some of the victims of his cruel laws. But most wonderful of all he admits that St. Peter lived and taught in Rome, for not otherwise could the Apostle have become such a preponderating force in the church of the metropolis. How far has not this dean drifted from old moorings! Time was when the martyrs were represented as a few impossible fanatics opposed to the patriotic policy of a wise government. How far has he not traveled from the contemptuous scorn of Gibbon, and even from the superior, academic *fin-de-siècle* tolerance of Lecky!

History during the past twenty-five years has been assiduously cultivated by French Catholic scholars, and well-nigh countless are the books produced dealing with various periods of the Church's existence and activities. Among the notable numbers of Gabalda's *Bibliothèque de l'Histoire Ecclésiastique* may be mentioned: *L'Eglise Byzantine* by Father Pargoire, who traces the fortunes of the Eastern Church from 527 to 847. This book, within its narrow limits (only three hundred and eighty pages of text), is an admirable study of the period.

The literary history of early Christian Greece, from the

[16] Only a few of Allard's minor works have appeared in English, *e.g.*, *Ten Lectures on the Martyrs*, R. & T. Washbourne, London.

apostolic writings to Justinian, is narrated in Monseigneur Batiffol's *Littérature Grecque.*[19] The author limits himself to classifying, dating and valuing the remains of the first five centuries of Greek Christian literature. His judgments are personal, his criticism sober and restrained. But he does not read into these sometimes very uninspired writers, merits which they never possessed: see, for instance, his verdict on fourth and fifth century poetry.[20] When dealing with polemical authors his own accurate scholarship and wide knowledge of the questions at issue, enables him to view the controversy from the correct perspective and judge its literature accordingly.

Les Croisades, by Louis Bréhier, describes the heroic efforts of mediæval Europe to drive back the Moslem hordes, and tells also the deplorable jealousies and strifes that ended in the failure of these expeditions. The bibliography appended to the chapters of this book is particularly full. *Le Schisme Anglican* is studied by J. Trésal. His work is substantial, and puts forward interesting views. But unconsciously this book suffers from the tacit comparison one makes of it with the exceptionally competent and absolutely impartial study of the same period by James Gairdner, *The English Church from Henry VIII. to the death of Mary.* Dom Leclercq tells of *L'Espagne Chrétienne* and *L'Afrique Chrétienne.* In the latter work his abundant knowledge overflows into two volumes, but the towering figure of St. Augustine may be alleged in excuse. Jean Guiraud writes on *L'Eglise Romaine et les Origines de la Renaissance.* This study reached four editions and has been crowned by the French Academy.

Entirely polemic is the tone of another of M. Guiraud's works—*Histoire Partiale, Histoire Vraie.*[21] The first two volumes after reaching thirty-four and thirty-one editions respectively are at present out of print. The third and fourth volumes treat of *l'Ancien Régime.* The former discusses two problems: (1) the edict of Nantes; (2) Catholic philanthropy in the eighteenth century. The latter is devoted entirely to the Jesuits. These books have acquired enormous popularity in France, and must have done untold good there. But a certain narrowness in their plan militates against their usefulness and

[19] Four editions.

[20] Page 263 *et seq.*

[21] Four volumes. Some of Guiraud's works have been brought out in English by R. & T. Washbourne, London.

diffusion elsewhere. The author gave up to France what was meant for mankind—I mean his aim is throughout to refute French anti-Catholic writers, particularly writers of educational works. He quotes, therefore, very often obscure bigots, pernicious, no doubt, at home, but unknown to the outer world.

Far more elaborate than any of the foregoing is Pierre de la Gorce's *Histoire de la Révolution Française.*[22] The author shows how the pre-revolution clergy, with few exceptions, had high ideals of duty. The bishops, even of the smaller sees, used to distribute thousands of dollars in charity yearly. Some abbeys supported as many as fifteen hundred poor. Numerous religious orders and congregations made benevolence the rule of their lives. And when the upheaval came, which broke down all the conventions and shelters and safeguards of life; when great spiritual lords woke one day to find themselves outlaws and pariahs, most bowed to their fate with stoic dignity, and no insignificant number won the martyr's crown. How the victims of the September massacres prepared themselves for death, how the deported priests bore the horrors of their exile and imprisonment is as tragic and as luminous a story as is found in Church history, and is admirably recounted by M. de la Gorce.[23] The same author has written also a long history of the second empire, each volume of which has had eight and nine editions, while the seventh and last volume has been crowned by the Academy.

The affairs of Russia, both civil and religious, are recorded by A. Leroy-Beaulieu in his *L'Empire des Tsars et les Russes.*[24] It is hardly necessary to recall that M. Leroy-Beaulieu is also an eminent authority on social questions and political economy. Georges Goyau has written the history, mainly from the religious standpoint, of modern Germany. His *Allemagne Religieuse* [25] has been crowned by the Academy. He describes forcibly the shipwreck of faith under the dissolving acids of Kantian and Hegelian philosophy. He shows how clerics reared in that unhealthy atmosphere do not hesitate to hold lucrative posts and to teach officially doctrines they have long

[22] Two large octavo volumes. Ten and seven editions respectively. Some of Gorce's works have also been put into English. R. & T. Washbourne, London.

[23] Vol. ii., pp. 244-324. [24] Three volumes.

[25] Five volumes, seven editions. R. & T. Washbourne, London, has brought out a few of his minor works in English.

ceased to believe. M. Goyau is also responsible for four volumes, *Autour du Catholicisme Social,* in which he sketches Catholic workers and movements of the nineteenth century. His gallery of portraits includes Leo XIII., Cardinal Manning, Comte de Mun, Ollé-Laprune. But M. Goyau is just as much at home writing ancient history. His study of the Vatican, its masters and inmates, written in collaboration with MM. Fabre and Peraté is splendid; while his life of St. Melania, a popularization of Cardinal Rampolla's learned work on that saint, is a little gem.

This brings us to another series of Catholic handbooks also published by Gabalda, *Les Saints,*[26] to the production of which many laymen as well as clerics have contributed. The aim of the series is to present a short account, generally limited to two hundred pages, of the saint and his period, written by a thoroughly competent specialist—an expert, who should be able to condense into a few pages deep research and prolonged study. Nearly a hundred of these lives have appeared, of which I have read perhaps a score. Certainly the most difficult life of all to recount is the Blessed Virgin's, on account of the sublimity of the subject and the paucity of the material; but if I am not entirely devoid of taste, Father Réne de la Broise's monograph is an unqualified success. Paul Allard produced two lives, *S. Basile* and *S. Sidoine Appollinaire.* Godefroid Kurth was responsible for *S. Boniface* and *S. Clotilde;* Petit de Jullevile, *Jeanne d'Arc;* Aimé Puech, *S. Jean Chrysostome;* Abbé Vacandard, *S. Victrice.* The editor of the series, Henri Joly, wrote an introductory volume, *La Psychologie des Saints,*[27] and the lives of *St. Ignatius, St. Teresa* and the *Venerable Eudes.* M. Vianney's life of his saintly relative, the wonderful Curé d'Ars, reached twenty-seven editions.

Not as belonging to the same series but to the same order of ideas the very remarkable *Life of St. Bernardin of Siena* by Paul Thureau-Dangin[28] deserves mention. The same writer produced *La Monarchie de Juillet,* twice crowned by the Academy, and *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au dix-neuvième siècle.*[29]

[26] Of this series some thirty-five or forty numbers have been Englished. Benziger Brothers, New York.

[27] Eleven editions. [28] Six editions.

[29] An English edition is published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Long vistas of other scholars still open before me, *e.g.*, Imbert de la Tour, Monseigneur Baudrillart, Fathers Yves de la Brière and A. Brou, but I must conclude; yet not without mentioning, at least, the great Benedictine savants, Abbot Cabrol and Dom Germain Morin. Abbot Cabrol is the director of the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne et de Liturgie*, of which some fifty parts have appeared. Dom Germain Morin is one of the highest authorities on patristic literature. He is as keen on the scent of a lurking manuscript as a bloodhound is on the trail of its quarry, and has made some wonderful discoveries in these fields. His "find" of 1917 fully equals, if it does not outshine, his past explorations. Buried in a manuscript of the ninth century, the property of the Wolfenbüttel Library, he found no less than thirty-three hitherto unknown sermons of St. Augustine, and three or four miscellaneous pieces which he also ascribes to St. Augustine. The discovery of a new sermon of the Bishop of Hippo is at least as important to patrologists as the location of a new shoal or island to navigators.

The savants of the Catholic Church are fully equal to those of other creeds. Their Faith is to them a guide, not a hindrance. It saves them from fantastic speculation; it preserves them from the subtle idolatries of self. It ever directs their attention to the wonderful legend of Augustine musing on the Trinity and meeting the little child, who wished to pour the ocean into a hole scooped on the strand; and so it impresses on them the pitiful limitation of human minds before the boundless realms of knowledge. It would be shameful if we, through mere indifference, blinded ourselves to their very splendid achievements.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY HOHENZOLLERN.

BY MARY J. MALLOY.

THERE is silence now in the dark eyrie of the Hohenzollern eagles; their nest is empty, their brood dispersed. Their parting cry is already faint in the unheeding ear of a new time and century that has put down the Brandenburg from his seat and broken the sceptre of his power. And yet in the abode of that race there was, every now and then, a softer note than the scream of its warrior bird, a wing more tender, a flight less abhorred of its fellow-creatures—a *rara avis*, indeed, of Hohenzollern blood and bone, but not of Hohenzollern hardness of heart or poverty of spirit.

I.

Marianne Françoise de Hohenzollern, born in 1611, was the daughter of John George, Prince of Hohenzollern, head of the only Catholic branch of the House of Brandenburg, and President of the Holy Roman Empire—that abstraction which has been pithily characterized as neither holy, Roman nor an empire. Her mother was Françoise de Salins, a cousin of the Duke of Lorraine; the families of both parents were intimately allied with most of the sovereign houses of Europe. Marianne was held at the font by the Empress Anne, wife of that Matthias of Austria in whose reign the Thirty Years' War commenced, and received the name of her imperial godmother. The Empress was deeply attached to her little namesake, making almost an idol of her as she grew; but her sudden death, followed closely by that of the Princess of Hohenzollern, threw the care of Marianne's rearing and education entirely upon the Princess of Furstenberg, her sister, who was much older, and looked upon her rather in the light of a daughter.

Marianne was possessed of such unusual talent and intelligence for her years that her masters frankly acknowledged their wonder. Surrounded by flattery and adulation on all sides, of a budding beauty that promised even richer development, her early life was simply a passage from one delight to

another. Fortunately, perhaps, for the young girl, she found, in one of her sister's chaplains, a friend as judicious as kind. A man of great piety and learning, he undertook the direction of her studies, and under his enlightened guidance she made such solid progress that she was laughingly styled *La docte Catherine* of the seventeenth century. All the while, through the same fostering care, the character of the youthful Princess was emerging, beautiful and singularly unspoiled, from the crysalis of worldly trappings.

Music was her passion. She lost no opportunity of gratifying her taste for it, and became a proficient herself in the art. Her great pleasure was to visit certain religious houses where the service was particularly fine, to mingle her own voice with that of the nuns. This led to what seems a rather singnlar proceeding on the part of Marianne. It is said that she frequently sang a canticle of her own composition at the Consecration on Sundays and festivals, endeavoring in this way to render a formal public homage to God.

The habit of visiting these convents led to a gradual and quiet observation of the lives of their inmates. The impression made became a very deep one. She at last determined to obey the call she was sure she heard in the depths of her soul. But this, she knew, could not be done without great opposition, if, in fact, she succeeded at all in accomplishing her desire. A letter written to a friend on the subject fell into the hands of her brother-in-law, Prince Furstenberg. He was furiously angry, at once forbade all further intercourse with the nuns, declared she should never become one, and ended by informing her that "she had no say whatever in the matter, or as to her future life. A person of her rank was not permitted to dispose of herself at pleasure."

Poor little Marianne! She had neither the spirit nor power to oppose a man like her brother-in-law—a pleasant person he must have been to live with. Obliged to submit, at least outwardly, to his will, she took her place in his court as he desired, fulfilling the duties of her rank and station with a grace and sweetness that ought to have softened him. But the life was very irksome; she seized every opportunity to withdraw as much as possible from it, and lead a more retired and congenial existence. This did not please Furstenberg at all; his next step was to deprive her of her director, whom he

believed encouraged her desires, and to take her with his wife and himself to the Diet of Ratisbonne, whither he was summoned in 1630. In this city, Marianne charmed every one who saw her. Her beauty, talents and amiability drew all hearts to her. It was not long before a number of suitors for her hand presented themselves; but she paid them no attention, receiving their compliments with such indifference that more than one German princelet left her presence indignant, to nurse a deeply-injured self-love, more real than affection.

But on this point her inclinations were not consulted. Married she must be, it was decided; and timid, unsupported, deeming it a duty to obey her family, she finally consented to accept the hand of Ernest V., Prince of Isenberg, selected as her spouse for reasons of state. The bridegroom was a man considerably older than herself; he bore a great name for his military achievements in the service of Austria, and stood high in the esteem of the world. "But grave suspicion attached to his private character," says a contemporary. "His first wife, Caroline d'Arensberg, died suddenly—the cause was never known, and it was said that happiness was not an inmate of his dwelling."

It was to this man that Marianne was yielded up. It was thought her charm, her youth and beauty, would conquer his heart; but it was a victim whom he led to the altar, and the marriage blessing was a knife of sacrifice.

Their nuptials were celebrated at Brussels, with only less magnificence than those of the Emperor himself, at Vienna. Prince Isenberg appeared delighted with his young bride; but in her heart there was fear and foreboding. She betrayed nothing of these feelings in public, however, and played her part with all the ease and grace expected of her.

Not long after their marriage, the Prince was summoned to the war between the Emperor and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Although so short a time her husband, the seeds of suspicion and jealousy had already been insidiously sown in his mind in Marianne's regard by the evil influence of some about him who hated the young wife. They persuaded him that her reserve was in reality exaggerated melancholy, and attributed it to base causes. Leaving the Princess at Cologne, Prince Isenberg peremptorily forbade her to go elsewhere during his absence, and surrounded her, to her great discomfort,

with numerous spies and useless attendants. Her chief friend and comforter in her distress was the Carmelite Prioress of Cologne, whose counsel and sympathy were towers of strength to her.

Notwithstanding the retired and even secluded life she led, respect and admiration found her out. Her unworthy husband, becoming acquainted with this fact, made himself still more obnoxious and disagreeable to his girl-wife. He would permit no word in her praise to be spoken before him, and resented the slightest interest shown in her. The Infanta Clara Eugenia, the famous Governor of the Low Countries, formed a great attachment for her and endeavored to draw her to her court, invoking for this purpose the influence of her nephew, the King of Spain, with Prince Isenberg; but he was obdurate: leave Cologne she should not.

All these trials Marianne endured patiently, till finally "a bad woman," as the old Visitandine Annals of Alby naïvely and rather inadequately hand the lady down to history, resolved to make the separation of husband and wife final. To this end she brought false charges and even forged letters to the Prince, and when she had succeeded in inflaming his passions against his wife, she informed the latter that her husband was contemplating her death, producing a poison as having been ordered by him to be administered.

Such was the story told Marianne. Seeing no other way of escape, she resolved on flight. This could be to France only, as neither Spain nor Germany would afford her asylum, on account of the estimation in which the Prince was held in those countries. Accompanied by a few ladies, two gentlemen of Languedoc, one of whom held the office of her page, and several devoted servants, she secretly withdrew from the city, under cover of night. In spite of the precautions taken, however, their flight was almost immediately discovered by the wretched creature who was the cause of it. It did not take her long to send the news, highly colored at that, to the Prince. Infuriated at the flight of his wife, and ignorant, it would seem, of the foul accusation brought against him, he set his people at once upon the track of the fugitives, intending to wreak signal vengeance upon the unfortunate girl whom he had taken a most unregarded oath to "love and cherish."

The small band was overtaken, and the Princess would

have fallen into the hands of her relentless pursuers if it had not been for the generous self-sacrifice of her page. Alone, he faced four of the Prince's men, delaying them with a valiant struggle until the others had made good their flight. He paid for his heroism with his life—but the Princess reached Paris in safety.

This city did not afford her the refuge she hoped. It was impossible to remain there for any length of time without being recognized, rendezvous as it was for all Europe. She found shelter, however, in a remote old country house in Languedoc, where for two years, under an assumed name, unknown to her neighbors, she was the good angel of the peasantry for miles around.

II.

Into this new stage of her career, she threw herself with all the abandon of a soul set free. Amidst the pomp of courts she had tasted nothing but misery. The darling of an empress, rich, beautiful, uncommonly gifted in both mind and person, she had found, in her hour of need, no more comfort or solace than the poorest beggar who came to her for assistance. And deep down at the bottom of all was the sting of her own infidelity to the real Bridegroom of her soul. This was the great weakness of her life, and one deplored until its end. But in serving her Lord in the persons of His poor, His sick and His afflicted, she at last found true happiness. The wrongs she had suffered at the hands of her miserable husband were now forgotten, except as occasions of prayer for him.

Two peaceful years thus passed away. So far, she had been successful in hiding from the world; but the secret of her identity was finally disclosed by the ingratitude of one whom she had befriended and benefited—no uncommon occurrence in a world where a good deed seems somehow to be often more rigorously punished than a bad one. Summoned before the Parliament of Toulouse by a lawsuit brought by this party against her, she was obliged to reveal her name, rank and motive for seclusion. The result must have caused her a fleeting smile. The magistrates, overcome at their own temerity in calling before their bench one in whose veins flowed the blood of sovereigns, exhausted themselves in apolo-

gies; the principal ladies of the town hastened to offer their civilities; privacy was no longer possible—her dear life of retirement, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," was at an end.

The secret of her whereabouts was now fully made known, and everybody had a great deal to say about it. One of her sisters, the Princess of Baden, immediately came forward to offer her a shelter from which she declared no power of Prince Isenberg should tear her. Others of her family made the same offer. Those who had so easily allowed her to be sacrificed in the first instance, vied with each other, now, in persuading her to abandon the home of her choice and resume her exalted station, with the assurance of being effectually protected from the anger of her husband.

She listened to none; she took a resolution that was not so easily to be combated as that first one which had succumbed to the attacks of the world upon her inexperienced youth. She sought an interview with Monseigneur Gaspard de Lude, Bishop of Alby, in Languedoc, begging him to obtain for her a retreat in some convent of his diocese. The Bishop, knowing her pitiful story and compassionating her misfortunes, willingly granted her request. At his instance, she found shelter with the Visitandines of his city, who received her with the greatest kindness and sympathy. Her joy was so intense that, on entering the convent for the first time, she kissed over and over again the walls which were to hold her a voluntary prisoner for the remainder of her life.

A strange thing happened. Prince Isenberg had undergone a wonderful change of heart—a very cataclysm indeed; for it must have been with stupendous throes that such a heart as his was awakened to better feelings. Realizing at last the worth of Marianne, and how wholly undeserving he was of the treasure he had thrown away, he would place no obstacle in her path, as she feared, leaving her entirely free to follow her own desires. "Oh, let me enjoy my happiness," she cried to her importunate relatives, "do not try to draw me away from it!"

Soon after taking up her abode in the Visitation Monastery, she asked to be allowed to lead the life of a postulant, as she could not, of course, become a nun. This favor was granted her. For two more years, she lived among the Sisters

quietly and contentedly; then the news came that Prince Isenberg had fallen in battle, fighting gallantly against the foe. She was free at last!

Marianne lost not an instant in begging admission into the Community. On January 7, 1644, she received the habit, and, says the chronicler of the convent, "She seemed now to really begin to live—all her sorrows were forgotten." Preparations were making for her profession, at the end of the year of probation, when she suddenly received intelligence that her husband was not dead, as reported; he had been grievously wounded and left for dead, even entirely lost sight of for some time, but had now recovered, and taken his place among men again. How was it that these tidings were so late in reaching the unhappy Princess? One fact remained: her hopes were fatally blasted, and for twenty long years she remained in the monastery of Alby leading the life of a religious with superhuman fidelity, just as if she were really the nun she had longed to be.

It does an unregenerate reader of her story good to learn that the Prince did really die at last, in 1664, begging the pardon and prayers of Marianne with his last breath. And it will astonish no student of human nature to hear that she gave him both, and—with the amazing inconsistency of the feminine heart that its Creator alone, perhaps, can fathom—the tribute of a few tears, which he certainly did not in the least deserve.

The long-delayed profession took place. Marianne Françoise de Hohenzollern, Princess of Isenberg, became simply Sister Marianne François, and the world knew her no more. She died in 1670, at the age of fifty-nine, "beloved and deeply regretted by the Sisters with whom she had been united in religion for thirty years, although but six professed."

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT OF FATHER KINO.

BY MARGARET HAYNE HARRISON, M.A.

A MANUSCRIPT of priceless value to historians was discovered a few years ago when Dr. Herbert Bolton, of the University of California, searching through the Mexican archives, came upon the original historical memoir of Father Kino, the great Jesuit pioneer of our Southwest. It has given to the world the best account we shall ever possess of the beginnings of California, Sonora and Arizona, during the years between the period of 1683 and 1711. The manuscript has been translated, edited and annotated by Dr. Bolton, and it has been published recently under the title, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta.* The original Spanish title is *Favores Celestiales.*

That such a manuscript had existed was known through references to it in the works of the early Jesuit historians of the West and Southwest. These references to an *Historia* or *Relacion* by Father Kino were most certainly not to any of Kino's known writings, which consisted of a diary, three *relaciones,* two or three letters and a map. In the Prologue to Venegas' *Noticias de la California,* completed in Mexico in 1739, the editor states that "Father Venegas, to write his history, had present the manuscript history of the Missions of Sonora by Father Eusebio Francisco Kino." It was used by Father Alegre in his History and by Father Ortega in *Apostolicos Afanes.* Bancroft refers often to Father Kino's manuscript, although he was not aware that the document continued to exist. For a century and a half the work lay neglected and forgotten in the archives of Mexico City until its fortunate discovery eleven years ago. There is no question as to its authenticity.

Father Kino, who is to the Southwest what Father Junipero Serra is to California, was born near Trent, in the Austrian province of the Tyrol in 1644. His family was most probably of Italian stock. He studied in the universities of Ingolstadt and Freiburg, and when still a very young man,

on recovering from a serious illness, he resolved to become a missionary and dedicate his life to religion. Indeed in *Favores Celestiales,* Father Kino writes that he owes to San Francisco Xavier many blessings—his recovery, his entry into the Company of Jesus and his journeying to these far-off missions.

Father Kino set out for the New World in April, 1678, but was delayed in Seville, and did not arrive at Vera Cruz until the spring of 1681. Not only as a fearless and ardent missionary and explorer, but also as an expert cartographer and ranchman, he became widely known and beloved among the natives of arid Lower California, where his first work lay. First winning the confidence of the natives with gifts of maize and other eatables, he taught them the Spanish language, the use of clothing, the art of singing, the simple elements of the Faith and the recitation of prayers. He watched over his people in all things and was ever ready to defend them against false charges. He was the greatest favorite with the Indian boys and one might often see him starting out on horseback for a long trip, followed by a crowd of them—one or two mounted behind him as a reward for good conduct.

The urgent request for half a million dollars from the Spanish Government, together with an order, dated December 22, 1685, to suspend the conquest of California because of a recent native revolt, put an end to all California missionary enterprises until they were revived, twelve years later, by Fathers Kino and Salvatierra. On learning that the conquest of California had been suspended, Father Kino was given a new field of work with his assignment of Pimeria Alta, in 1687. Here, in the country of the Upper Pimas on the Sonora River near the present Arizona line, he founded the Mission of Dolores, which was his headquarters for nearly twenty-five years. The ruins of Dolores, the mother mission, are still standing, and are the oldest mission ruins in Arizona and Northern Sonora. Under the shadow of this dear home was written the *Favores Celestiales.* With Dolores as a base, a score of missions were established on both sides of the Sonora Arizona line, and starting out from Dolores, Father Kino made over fifty journeys inland, among wild tribes, through desert wastes where no white man had ever dared to go, crossing and recrossing all of the country between the Magdalena and the Gila, the San Pedro and the Colorado. He worked with suc-

cess among the wildest and most untamed savages. No cowboy of today could excel him in the saddle, his average trip being thirty miles a day for weeks and months.

Truly he seemed a Fra Angelico reincarnated and turned pioneer. His companion for eight years, Father Luis Velarde, writes of him that he was an ascetic in his daily life and would often pass whole nights in prayer; he never slept in a bed and Father Velarde once saw him being flogged mercilessly as a penance. "He was merciful to others but cruel to himself. While violent fevers were lacerating his body, he tried no remedy for six days except to get up to celebrate Mass and to go to bed again. And thus by weakening and dismaying nature he conquered the fevers." It is now two hundred years since this intrepid pioneer established stockraising in the valleys of the Magdalena, the Altar, and the Santa Cruz, where it has flourished ever since. He started stock ranches all about the region, to furnish a food supply for the Indians of the Missions, and to enable his missions to have a secure basis of economic prosperity and independence. As the "Celestial Favors" he desired most, he asked only that his missions should prosper and be rich in souls.

Favores Celestiales opens with a dedication to the very Catholic Majesty of Our Lord, Philip V., and consists of five parts, of greatly unequal lengths. It is a history of the main part of Kino's life—his life and labors in Pimeria Alta, with much attention also to affairs in California. Part I. is a history of affairs in Pimeria Alta, now the land known as Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora, with a discussion as to whether California was a peninsula or an island, always one of the most absorbing topics of Father Kino's life. He enters into a discussion of the benefits—spiritual and temporal—which might be obtained from further conquests in "this most extensive part of North America which is the largest and best portion of the earth." Parts II., III. and IV. cover the years from 1700 and 1707, with emphasis on Father Kino's own explorations in Pimeria Alta, along the Gila and Colorado Rivers and along the Gulf Coast. Part V. of the manuscript, incorporated during Father Kino's last days, as a fitting conclusion, is a report to the Spanish King, arguing for further conquests in California with the idea of establishing a new kingdom to be known as New Navarre. The general nature of the *Favores*

Celestiales is official, being written at the request of the Father General of the Jesuit Order. Compiled at various times over a period of ten years, it was all written at the mother mission of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores.

In the University of Ingolstadt Father Kino had been taught that California was a peninsula, but after his journey there, he changed his mind and wrote that it was the largest island in the world. After his visit to the Gila River, however, he went back to the peninsula theory because of the gift of some blue shells, which were exactly similar to certain other blue shells he had seen in 1685 on the Pacific Coast of the Peninsula of California, and there only. He argued that if the blue shells had come to the Yumas from the South Sea, there was probably some land connection with California and the ocean, by way of the land of the Yumas. He at once resolved to trace the "blue shell" clue down. He journeyed to San Xavier del Bac to found a mission there and also to call a convention of the principal governors and captains for more than forty leagues around, to find out whether the blue shells presented to him could have come from any other region than the opposite coast of California. They all asserted that there were none like them in this nearest sea of California, and that only along what they called the South Sea could such shells be had. The next year he made a trip as far as the Gulf of California and learned that he had come to the head of the Gulf. He found the natives in that region greatly resembled the Californians in the dress of the men and women. Here, as in California, the men cut their hair one way, and the boys another. Lastly, there were many trees there native to California, "such as the incense tree and the tree bearing the fruit which they called *medesse*."

In 1701, Father Juan Maria de Salvatierra, founder of the permanent Jesuit missions in California, who was a great personal friend of Father Kino, and who owed his inspiration for that work to Father Kino's unfailing enthusiasm and encouragement, came by sea from California to the Pimeria missions to discuss with his friend the advancement of spiritual and temporal conquests and new missions in California. His visit over, he decided to attempt to return home by the land route, in spite of the open hostility of the Apaches on the frontiers of Sonora. Starting from the pleasant mission of Dolores,

Father Salvatierra set out first, and Father Kino overtook him later. At thirty-one degrees latitude, they arrived at the Sea of California, but finding a sand dune more than sixty leagues around, situated at the head of the sea, and their pack animals being exhausted, they returned, having twice sighted California. Father Salvatierra went on through La Concepcion del Cabotca. As they parted company Father Kino writes: "The question then arose whether the Father Rector (Salvatierra) or I should carry the beloved picture of Our Lady of Loretto, and although I should have been content to have the Father Rector carry that great consolation with him, his Reverence determined that we should draw lots by writing on two little papers 'north' and 'south;' and as on drawing the little papers the one for the 'north' fell to me, to me fell the joy of carrying this great Lady of Loretto in the north of this Pimeria, she being our North Star."

He then describes a subsequent journey to the Quiquimas nation of California Alta. Reaching the top of the California Sea, he passed over to the other side, towed on a raft by the Indians and sitting in a basket, "taking only my breviary, some trifles, and a blanket in which to sleep, and afterwards some branches of broom weed which I wrapped up in my bandana to serve me as a pillow." The road led by many small and pleasant *rancherias*, where the people received him with great hospitality, and listened to his preaching with the keenest interest. The natives were lighter in hue than those he had met previously. The land was most fertile; he saw beautiful fields well cultivated with crops of maize, beans and pumpkins, with large drying places for the pumpkins. Among other gifts Father Kino received, were the famous blue shells from the opposite coast of California and from the South Sea.

In 1702, Father Kino was at last perfectly convinced that California was a peninsula. He again returned to the Yuma Junction, descended the Colorado to the Gulf, and saw the sun rise over its head. Father Kino's work as an explorer is remarkable in that instead of being accompanied by hundreds of horsemen in his expeditions, as were De Soto and Coronado, he traveled almost without military escort, often without any white men; sometimes, as on his three trips to the Gila River, with only his Indian servants.

Kino never failed to be impressed with the fertility and

beauty of the California lands. To him they seemed a veritable garden of the Lord, with large and spacious plains, beautiful meadows and fertile valleys. Everywhere abounded grain and fruit. "In order that sugar . . . may not be lacking to the Californians, heaven provides them with it in abundance in the months of April, May and June, in the dew which at that time falls upon the broad leaves, where it hardens and coagulates. They gather large quantities and I have seen and eaten it." Father Kino planted pumpkins, melons and watermelons in California, and the plants bore fruit sometimes three times a year. The pearls of this favored land also made her famous throughout the world. It was indeed a case of pearls before swine as far as the Californians were concerned, for he calls them a race "who live satisfied with merely eating." They slept in caves in winter, all huddled together, and in summer they took their rest lying under the shade of the trees. He recognized that their minds were quick and alert and capable of better things with training. The chief occupation of the men, as well as the women, was the spinning of thread and fibre, fine and coarse, of which they made bags and nets for fishing; of grasses the men wove baskets which served many purposes—plates for eating, hats for the women, and drinking glasses.

Father Kino was most zealous in bringing the Spanish Government to a realization of the immense and glorious field, both spiritual and temporal, which it possessed in the Pimeria district and in the Californias. The disaffected in his province hindered him by spreading false reports of revolts and all kinds of disturbances, which made the Government very loath to send more missionaries to aid his work. The fact was that the Pimeria was a comparatively peaceful district, and yet Father Kino complains that in the twenty-three years preceding his writing, false rumors had been a terrible hindrance to the good work. An interesting argument for the conversion of California was that a great port of call could be established there to receive ships from China, and to succor the many persons sick from scurvy which they usually had on board. He further remarks that in both the Californias and the Pimeria, the natives were easy to convert, as they had no particular sect or idolatry difficult to eradicate, such as polygamy, nor bonzes as in Japan or China, "and although they

greatly venerate the sun as a remarkable thing, with ease one preaches to them, and they comprehend the teaching that God Most High is the All Powerful and He Who created the sun, the moon, and the stars, and all men, and all the world, and all its creatures." He also writes the King of Spain that in the twenty-one years since conversions began, more than 30,000 souls have been brought into friendly relations with the Fathers, and to the desire of receiving the Catholic Faith. He means in the region between the Pimas, Yumas, and Quiquimas alone.

The value of the *Favores Celestiales* as a source may be judged from the fact that Father Kino quotes from about two hundred documents, drawing upon the correspondence of many years. The larger portion of the documents quoted are letters from his superiors, associates and friends, such as Father Salvatierra, the founder of the permanent Jesuit Missions in California. Seven diaries of exploring expeditions are also cited at considerable length, Professor Bolton says that nearly all of these diaries, and the whereabouts of quite all, have been hitherto unknown. The discovery of the manuscript furthermore discloses the chief source of extant secondary works; Ortega's *Afanes*, from which all information concerning the history of this period in the Pimeria region has hitherto been drawn, is merely a summary of Father Kino's *Favores Celestiales*. From the founding of Mission Dolores in March, 1687, to January, 1691, very little has been known of Father Kino's doing. Again, from April, 1701, to Father Kino's death, in 1711, there had been a complete lack of primary sources. In fact the *Favores Celestiales* puts the early history of a large part of our Southwest on a new basis. Professor Bolton, whose editing and translation is an admirable piece of scholarship, opens his preface by saying that in publishing Father Kino's great work, he is carrying out a wish expressed in 1705 by Father Tamburinji, Father General of the Society of Jesus. Thanking Father Kino for his noble work, he acknowledged receipt of the first part of *Favores Celestiales:* "I heartily rejoice that your Reverence may continue your treatise on those missions, entitled *Celestial Favors*, the first part of which you sent us here. I hope to receive the other two parts which your Reverence promises, and that they may all be approved in Mexico, in order that they may be published."

The work should be of interest to all students of American history, and of intense value to scholars of the past of our Southwest. Aside from historical considerations, it is valuable as a personal portrait of one of the greatest of our pioneers, who stands revealed in this autobiography. In all his splendid work as missionary, church builder, pioneer explorer and ranchman, Father Kino never loses sight of the ideals which brought so many of his Order to the New World as our first agents of civilization—the knowledge that there was but one thing in this world worth striving for—the saving of immortal souls.

BEAUTY.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

. . . and The Good, which lies beyond is the Fountain at once and Principle of Beauty: the Primal Good and the Primal Beauty have the one dwelling-place and, thus, always, Beauty's seat is There.—PLOTINUS.

THE sun shines bright in many places,
Beauty stoops into the vault;
One Light illumines many faces,
Shows perfection through the fault.
And every mountain, sky or river
Holds one heavenly reply
To my questions, from the Giver
Of the Gift that cannot die.
Yet I destroy my purest pleasure
While I hesitate, compare.
God is the undivided Treasure . . .
Timeless Beauty is my share.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER III.

AN imposing spectacle greeted Marjorie's eyes as she made her way, in company with the Shippen girls, into the ballroom of the City Tavern. The hall was superb, of a charming style of architecture, well furnished and lighted, and brilliantly decorated with a profusion of American and French flags, its atmosphere vocal with the strains of martial music. Everywhere were women dressed with elegance and taste. The Tory ladies, gowned in the height of fashion, were to Marjorie a revelation at once amazing and impressive.

On a raised dais sat the Governor in his great chair. He was clothed in the regulation buff and blue uniform of a Major General of the Continental Army. On his shoulders he wore the epaulets and about his waist the sword knots General Washington had presented to him the preceding May. He bore also upon his person the most eloquent of martial trophies, for his leg, wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, rested heavily on a small cushion before him.

Marjorie, who saw him for the first time, was attracted at once by his manly bearing and splendid physique. His frame was large, his shoulders broad, his body inclined to be fleshy. His presence, however, was magnetic, his manner simple and without affectation. He looked the picture of dignity and power as he received the guests in turn and greeted each with a pointed and pleasant remark.

"Isn't he a handsome figure?" whispered Peggy to Marjorie as they made their way slowly to the dais.

Marjorie acquiesced in the judgment. He was still young, hardly more than thirty-five, his weather-beaten face darkened to bronze from exposure. His features were large and clean-cut with the power of decision written full upon them. A firm and forcible chin, with heavy lines playing about his mouth, eyes, large and black, that seemed to take toll of everything that transpired about them, suggested a man of extravagant energy, of violence and determined tenacity in the face of opposition. No one could look upon his imposing figure without calling to mind

his martial achievements—the exploits of Canada, of the Mohawk, of Bemis Heights.

"So this is your little friend," said he to Peggy, eyeing Marjorie as she made her presentation courtesy. He was now standing, though resting heavily on his cane with his left hand.

"Mistress Allison, this privilege is a happy one. I understand that you are a violent little patriot." He smiled as he gently took her hand.

"I am very pleased, your Excellency," softly answered Marjorie. "This is an occasion of rare delight to me."

"And are you so intensely loyal? Your friends love you for your devotion, although I sometimes think that they miss General Howe," and he smiled in the direction of Peggy as he turned to her with this remark.

"You know, General," artfully replied Peggy, "I told you that I was neither the one nor the other; and that I wore black and white at the Mischienza, the colors now worn by our American soldiers in their cockades in token of the French and American alliance."

"So you did. I had almost forgotten."

"And that there were some American gentlemen present, as well, although aged non-combatants," she continued with a subtle smile,

"For which reason," he responded, "you would I suppose have it assume a less exclusive appearance."

"Oh, no! I do not mean that. It was after all a very private affair, arranged solely in honor of General Howe."

"Were some of these young ladies at the Mischienza? And who were they that rewarded the gallant knights?" he asked.

"Well, the Chew girls, and my sisters, and Miss Franks. There was Miss White, and Miss Craig," she repeated the list one after the other as her eyes searched the company assembled in the hall. "And that girl in the corner, Miss Bond, and beyond her, her sister: then there was Miss Smith. Miss Bond I am told is engaged to one of your best generals, Mr. John Robinson."

"We are accustomed to call Mr. Robinson, General Robinson in the army," he ventured with a smile.

She blushed slightly. "We call him Mr. Robinson in society or sometimes Jack."

"And who might have been your gallant knight? May I ask?"

"The Honorable Captain Cathcart," she proudly replied.

"And who has the good fortune to be your knight for this occasion?" he questioned, seeking in their hands the billet of the evening.

"We do not know," Marjorie murmured. "We have not as yet met the Master of Ceremonies."

He looked about him, in search evidently of someone. "Colonel Wilkinson!" he called to a distinguished looking officer on his right, "have these fair ladies been assigned their partners?"

The Colonel advanced and presented them with their billets, which were numbered and which bore the name of the partner who was to accompany them during the entire evening. Peggy opened hers and found the name of Colonel Jean Boudinot, a young French officer. Marjorie saw written upon hers a name unkown to her, "Captain Stephen Meagher, aide-de-camp."

"Captain Meagher!" exclaimed the Governor. "He is one of General Washington's aides, detailed for the present in the city. Do you know him?"

"No," replied Marjorie timidly, "I do not, I am sorry to say. I have never had the privilege of meeting him."

"There he is now," said he, indicating with a gesture of the eyes a tall young officer who stood with his back toward them.

Marjorie looked in the direction indicated. A becomingly tall and erect figure, clad in a long blue coat met her gaze. Further scrutiny disclosed the details of a square cut coat, with skirts hooked back displaying a buff lining, and with lappets, cuff-linings and standing capes of like color. His bearing was overmastering as he stood at perfect ease, his hand resting gently on a small sword hanging at his side; his right wrist showed a delicate lacen ruffle as he gestured to and fro in his conversation. As he slightly turned in her direction, she saw that he wore his hair drawn back from the face, with a gentle roll on either side, well powdered and tied in a cue behind. His features were pleasant, not large but finely chiseled and marked with expression. Marjorie thought what a handsome figure he made as he stood in earnest conversation, dominating the little group who surrounded him and followed his every move with interest and attention.

"Let me call him," suggested the Governor to Marjorie who at that moment stood with her eyes fixed on the Captain. "I am sure he will be pleased to learn the identity of his fair partner," he added facetiously.

"Oh! do," agreed Peggy. "It would afford pleasure to all of us to meet him."

The General whispered a word to an attendant who immediately set off in the direction of the unconcerned Captain. As the latter received the message he turned, looked in the direction of the dais and gazed steadily at the Governor and his company. His eyes met Marjorie's and she was sure that he saw her

alone. The thought thrilled her through and through. He excused himself from the company of his circle, and as he directed his footsteps towards her, she noted his neat and close fitting buff waistcoat, and his immaculate linen revealing itself at the throat and ruffled wrists. Nor did she fail to observe that he wore a buff cockade on his left breast and gilt epaulets upon his shoulders.

"Captain Meagher," announced General Arnold. "I have the honor of presenting you to your partner for the evening, Mistress Allison."

Marjorie courtsied gracefully to his courtly acknowledgment.

"And the Misses Shippen, the belles of the Mischienza!"

Stephen bowed profoundly.

"I was just remarking, Captain, that General Washington has honored you with a special mission, and that you have run away from your duties tonight to mingle with the social life of the city."

"Or rather, Your Excellency, to acquaint myself with its society," good naturedly replied Stephen.

"Then you do not relax, even for an evening," inquired Peggy, with a coquettish turn of the head.

"It is the duty of a soldier never to relax," answered Stephen naïvely.

"And yet one's hours are shortened by pleasure and action," continued Peggy.

"As a recreation it is far sweeter than as a business. It soon exhausts us, however, and it is the greatest incentive to evil."

"But you dance?" interrupted the General.

"Oh, yes, Your Excellency," replied Stephen, "after a fashion."

"Well, your partner is longing for the music. Come let ye assemble."

And as the dance was announced, the first one being dedicated to "The Success of the Campaign," Stephen and Marjorie moved off and took their places. Peggy and her sisters were soon attended and followed. They were lost at once in the swirl of excitement among the throng.

"And you live alone with your father and mother?"

Marjorie and her partner were sitting in a distant corner whither they had wandered at the conclusion of the dance. Stephen began to find himself unusually interested in this girl and was inquiring concernedly about her home life.

"Yes. Father's time is much consumed with his attention to

the shop. Mother and I find plenty to occupy us about the house. Then I relieve father at times, and so divide my hours between them," quietly answered Marjorie.

"You have not as yet told me your name," observed Stephen.

"Marjorie," was the timid reply.

"Marjorie Allison," repeated Stephen. "That sounds like a Catholic name."

"It is," replied Marjorie. "Our family have been Catholic for generations."

"Mine have, too," volunteered Stephen. "Irish Catholics who have left a history behind them."

"Is your home here?" asked Marjorie.

"Here in this country, yes," admitted her escort. "But I live in New York and it was there that I volunteered at the outbreak of the war and saw my first service in the New York campaign."

"Are your parents there too?" inquired the girl.

And then he told her that his father and mother and only sister lived there, and that when the war broke out he determined to enlist in company with a number of his friends, the young men of the neighborhood; how he took part in the campaign about New York and his "contribution to our defeat," as he styled it; of the severe winter at Valley Forge and his appointment by Washington to his staff. She listened with keen interest but remained silent until the end.

"And now you are in the city on detailed duty?"

"Yes. Work of a private nature for the Commander-in-Chief."

"It must be a source of satisfaction to be responsive to duty," observed Marjorie.

"It is God's medicine to detach us from the things of this world. For, after all has been said and done, it is love alone which elevates one's services above the domain of abject slavery. In such a manner do the commands of heaven afford the richest consolations to the soul."

"And still, a certain routine must weary at times."

"Not when the habit is turned to pleasure."

"You are a philosopher, then?"

"No. Just a mere observer of men and their destinies."

"Have you included the duration of the war in your legitimate conclusions?"

"It is not over yet, and it will not terminate, I think, without an improvement in the present condition of affairs. The proposed help from France must become a definite reality of no ordinary proportion, else the discordant factions will achieve dire

results. Tell me," he said, suddenly changing the topic of conversation, "were you in attendance at the Mischienza?"

"No, I did not care to attend."

"I would I had been present."

"You would have been expelled in your present capacity."

"Ah yes! But I would have affected a disguise."

"You would expect to obtain important information?" She fingered her gown of pink satin as she spoke, oblivious of everything save the interest of the conversation.

"I might possibly have stumbled across some items of value."

"None were there save the British officers and their Tory friends, you know."

"A still greater reason for my desire to be present. And why did you not dance attendance?" he frankly asked.

"Do you really want to know my sole reason?" She looked at him somewhat suspicious, somewhat reliant, awaiting her womanly instinct to reveal to her the rectitude of her judgment.

"I should not have asked, otherwise," Stephen gravely replied.

"Well, it was for the simple reason that my soul would burn within me if I permitted myself to indulge in such extravagance and gayety the while our own poor boys were bleeding to death at Valley Forge."

Stephen grasped her hand and pressed it warmly. "You are a true patriot," was all he could say.

Whether it was his emotion for the cause of his country or the supreme satisfaction afforded him by the knowledge that this girl was loyal to the cause, Stephen did not know, nor did he try to discover. He knew he was thrilled with genuine gratification, and that he was joyously happy over the thought which now relieved his mind. Somehow or other he earnestly desired to find this girl an ardent patriot, yet he dared not ask her too bluntly. From the moment she had entered the hall in company with the other girls, he had singled her out in the midst of the company. And when the summons came to him from the Governor, he had seen her standing at the side of the dais, and her alone. Little did he suspect, however, that she bore his billet, nor did he presume to wish for her exclusive company for the evening.

She danced with grace and was wholly without affectation. How sweet she looked, and how interesting her conversation, yet so reserved and dignified. But she lived in the city and the city, he knew, teemed with Loyalists. Was she one of these? He dared not ask her. To have her declare herself a patriot, enraptured him. She was one of his own after all.

Moreover she was one with him in religious belief—that was a distinct comfort. Catholics were not numerous, and to preserve the Faith was no slight struggle. He was thoroughly conversant with the state of affairs in the province of New York where Catholics could not, because of the iniquitous law and the prescribed oath of office, become naturalized as citizens of the State. He knew how New Jersey had excluded Roman Catholics from office, and how North and South Carolina had adopted the same iniquitous measure. Pennsylvania was one of the few colonies where all penal laws directed against the Catholics had been absolutely swept away. To meet with a member of his own persecuted Church, especially one so engaging and so interesting as Marjorie, was a source of keen joy and an unlooked-for happiness.

"You will not deny me the pleasure of paying my respects to your father and mother?" Stephen asked.

She murmured something as he let go her hand. Stephen thought she had said: "I had hoped that you would come."

"Tomorrow?" he ventured.

"I shall be pleased to have you sup with us," she smiled as she made the soft reply.

"Tomorrow then it shall be."

They rose to take their part in the next dance.

As the evening wore on Peggy, wearied of the dance, sought a secluded corner of the great room to compose herself. She had been disappointed in her lottery, for she detested the thought of being a favor for a French officer and had taken care to so express herself at home long before. She could not rejoice at Marjorie's good fortune, as she thought it, and found little of interest and less of pleasure in the evening's doings.

She was aroused from her solitude and made radiant on the instant at sight of the Military Governor, limping his way across the hall in her direction. He had seen her seated alone, and his heart urged him to her side. With the lowest bow of which he was then capable, he sought the pleasure of her company. Her color heightened, she smiled graciously with her gray blue eyes, and accepted his hand. He led the way to the banquet room and thence to the balcony, when they might hear the music and view the dancing, for his lameness made dancing impossible.

"I hesitate to condemn a young lady to a prison seat, when the stately minuet sends a summons," he said as he led her to a chair a little to one side of the balcony.

"You should have thought of that before you made us cast

lots," she replied quickly. "I was wearying of the rounds of pleasure."

"Is the company then, all too gay?"

"No, rather extravagant."

"You insisted on the Mischienza ladies being present."

"And can you not distinguish them? To what better advantage do they not appear than the others? Their gowns are superior, they give evidence of more usage in society, their headdress is higher and of the latest fashion."

"And their hearts, their hopes, their sympathies! Where are they?"

"You know where mine lay," she adroitly replied.

"True, you did wear a French cockade," he laughed.

"Please do not call it 'French.' I scorn all things 'French.'"

"They are our allies now, you must know."

"For which I am most sorry. I expect no mercy from this scheming Papist country," she replied bitterly.

"But they have lent us much money at a time when our paper currency is practically worthless, and the assistance of their fleet is now momentarily expected," the General went on to explain.

"And to what purpose? Lord North has proposed to meet our demands most liberally and with our constitutional liberties secured, I fail to see why further strife is necessary."

"But our independence is not yet secure."

"It was secure after your brilliant victory at Saratoga. With the collapse of Burgoyne, England saw that further campaigning in a country so far removed from home was disastrous. It only remained to formulate some mutual agreement. We have triumphed. Why not be magnanimous? Why subject the country to a terrible strain for years for a result neither adequate nor secure?"

She talked rapidly, passionately. It was evident from the manner of her address that the subject was no new one to her.

"You can be court-martialed for treason," he remarked with a slight smile playing about the heavy lines of his mouth.

"Is it treason to talk of the welfare of the country? I look upon the alliance with this Catholic and despotic power as more of an act of treason than the total surrender of our armies to King George. To lose our independence is one thing; but to subject our fair land to the tyranny of the Pope and his emissary, the King of France, is a total collapse. Our hopes lie in England alone."

The Governor was struck by this strange reasoning. Why

had this mere child dared to express the very thoughts which were of late intruding themselves upon his mind, but which he dared not permit to cross the seal of his lips? She was correct, he thought, in her reasoning, but bold in her denunciation. No one else had dared to address such sentiments to him. And now he was confronted with a young lady of quick wit and ready repartee who spoke passionately the identical reflections of his more mature mind. Clearly her reasoning was not without some consistency and method.

"I am afraid that you are a little Tory." He could not allow this girl to think that she had impressed him in the least.

"Because I am frank in the expression of my views?" She turned and with arched eyebrows surveyed him. "Pardon me, if you will, but I would have taken no such liberty with any other person. You gave me that privilege when you forbid my alluding to your former exploits."

"But I did not want you to become a Tory." He spoke with emphasis.

"I am not a Tory I tell you."

"But you are not a Whig?"

"What, an ordinary shop maid?"

"They are true patriots."

"But of no social standing."

"Tell me why all the Mischienza ladies courtsied to me after so courtly a fashion," he asked.

"They like it. It is part of their life. You must know that nothing pleases a woman of fashion more than to bow and courtesy before every person of royalty, and to count those who precede her out of a room."

"Surely, Margaret, you are no such menial?" He compressed his lip as he glanced at her sharply. He had never before called her by her first name nor presumed to take a liberty. It was more a slip of the tongue than an act of deliberate choice, yet he would not have recalled the word. His concern lay in her manner of action.

"And why not a menial?" Evidently she took no notice of his presumption, or at least pretended not to do so. "Piety is by no means the only motive which brings women to church. Position in life is precisely what one makes it."

"Does social prestige appeal to you then?"

"I love it." She did not talk to him directly for her attention was being centred upon the activities on the floor. "I think that a woman who can dress with taste and distinction possesses riches above all computation. See Mrs. Reed, there. How I envy her!"

"The wife of the President of the Council?" he asked, apprehensively bending forward in the direction of the floor.

"The same. She enjoys a position of social eminence. How I hate her for it." She tapped the floor with her foot as she spoke.

"You mean that you dislike her less than you envy her position?"

Just then her young squire came up and she gave him her hand for a minuet, excusing herself to the Governor as graciously as possible.

Scarcely had she disappeared when he began to muse. What a fitting companion she would make for a man of his rank and dignity! That she was socially ambitious and obsessed with a marked passion for display he well knew. She was not yet twenty but the disparity in their ages—he was about thirty-seven and a widower with three sons—would be offset by the disparity of their stations. No one in the city kept a finer stable of horses nor gave more costly dinners than he. Everybody treated him with deference, for no one presumed to question his social preëminence. The Whigs admired him as their dashing and perhaps their most successful General. The Tories liked him because of his aristocratic display and his position in regard to the Declaration of Independence. Why not make her his bride?

She possessed physical charms and graces in a singular degree. She dressed with taste; her wardrobe was of the finest. Aristocratic in her bearing, she would be well fitted to assume the position of the first lady of the town. Peggy, moreover, possessed a will of her own. This was revealed to him on more than one occasion during their few meetings, and if proof had been wanting, the lack was now abundantly supplied. She would make an ideal wife, and he resolved to enter the lists against all suitors.

Her mind was more mature than her years, he thought. This he gleaned from her animated discussion of the Alliance. And there was, after all, more than an ounce of wisdom in her point of view. Mischief brewed in the proposed help from a despotic power. His own signal victory ended the war, if only the Colonists would enter into negotiations or give an attentive ear to the liberal proposals of Lord North. The people did not desire complete independence and he, for one, had never fully endorsed the Declaration. Her point of view was right. Better to accept the overtures of our kinsmen, than to cast our lot with that Catholic and despotic power.

His musings were arrested by the arrival of an aide, who announced that he was needed at headquarters. He arose at once to obey.

Chapter IV.

Stephen awoke late the next morning. As he lay with eyes closed, half asleep, half awake, the image of his partner of the evening sweetly drifted into his dreamy brain, and called up a wealth of associations on which he continued to dwell with rare pleasure. But the ominous suggestion that her heart could not possibly be free, that perhaps some gay officer, or brilliant member of Howe's staff, or a gallant French official, many of whom now infested the town, was a favored contestant in the field, filled his mind with unwholesome possibilities, and chased away the golden vision that was taking shape. He sat upright and, pulling aside the curtains of the little window that flanked his bed, peered into the garden behind the house. The birds were singing, but not with the volume or rapture which is their wont in the early morning. The sun was high in the heavens and flung its reflecting rays from the trees and foliage; whence he concluded that the morning was already far advanced and that it was well past the hour for him to be astir.

And what a day it was! One of those rare July days when the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky, though varied in color, seem to blend in one beautiful and harmonious whole. The cypress and the myrtle, emblems of deeds of virtue and renown, had already donned their summer dress. The many flowers bowed gently under the weight of the fitful butterfly or the industrious bee, or tossed to and fro lightly in the arms of the morning breeze. Overhead maples, resplendent in their fabric of soft and delicate green, arched themselves like fine-spun cobwebs, through which filigree the sun projected his rays at irregular and frequent intervals, lending only an occasional patch of sunlight, here and there, to the more exposed portions of the garden.

But nature had no power to drive Majorie's image from his mind. Try as he would, he could not distract his attention to the many problems which ordinarily would have engaged thoughts. What mattered it to him that the French fleet was momentarily expected, or that the Continental Congress was again meeting in the city, or that he had met with certain suspicious looking individuals during the course of the day! There was yet one who looked peculiarly suspicious and who was enveloped as far as his knowledge was concerned, in a veil of mystery of the strangest depth. She was a flower too fair to blush unseen or unattached. His own unworthiness confounded him.

Nevertheless he was determined to call that very day, in response to her generous invitation of last night, and in accordance

with the custom of the time. He would, perchance, learn more of her, of her home, of her life, of her friends. But would he excite in her the interest she was exciting in him? The thought of his possible remoteness from her, pained him and made his heart sink. The noblest characters experience strange sensations of desolation and wretchedness at the thought of disapproval and rejection. Esteem, the testimony of our neighbor's appreciation, the approval of those worth while, these are the things for which we yearn with fondest hopes. To know that we have done well is satisfaction, but to know that our efforts and our work are valued by others is one of the noblest of pleasures. Stephen longed to know how he stood in the lady's esteem, and so her little world was his universe.

Dispatching the day's business as best he could, the expectant knight set out to storm the castle of his lady. Ere long the little white house of her describing rose before him. He had seen it many times in other days, but now it was invested with a new and absorbing interest. There it stood, plain yet stately, with a great pointed and shingled roof, its front and side walls unbroken save for a gentle projection supported by two uniform Doric pillars which served as a sort of a portal before the main entrance. Numerous windows with small panes of glass, and with trim green shutters thrown full open revealing neatly arranged curtains, glinted and glistened in the beams of the afternoon sun. The nearer of the two great chimneys which ran up the sides, like two great buttresses of an old English abbey, gave indications of generous and well fed fireplaces recessed in the walls of the inner rooms. The lawns and walks were uncommonly well kept, and the whole atmosphere of the little home was one of comfort, simplicity and neatness, suggesting the sweet and serene happiness reigning within.

Stephen closed the gate behind him. A moment later he had seized the brass knocker and delivered three moderate blows.

"Captain Meagher!" said a soft voice. "I am so pleased you have come."

"Mistress Allison, the pleasure is indeed mine, I assure you," replied Stephen as he grasped her hand, releasing it with a gentle pressure.

She led the way into the narrow hall.

"Mother!" she addressed a sweetly smiling middle-aged woman who now stood at her side, "I have the honor of presenting to you, Captain Meagher, of the staff of General Washington, my partner of last evening." And she betrayed a sense of pride in that bit of history.

Stephen took the matron's hand, for among the Americans the custom prevailed of shaking hands, albeit the French visitors maintained that it was a "comic custom." Stephen thought it democratic and in keeping with the spirit of the country.

The parlor opened immediately to the right and thither Stephen was conducted without further ceremony. Mr. Allison would be in shortly; he was as yet busied with the trade at the shop. The old clock at the corner of the room with its quaint figure of Time adorning the top, and its slowly moving pendulum proclaimed the hour of five, the hour when the duties of the day came to a close and social life began. The old fireplace, black in this season of desuetude, but brilliant in its huge brass andirons like two pilasters of gold, caught the eye at the extreme end of the room, while, in the corner near the window, a mahogany round tea-table stood upright like an expanded fan or palm leaf.

Stephen seated himself in a great chair that lay to one side of the room.

"I had the good fortune of being your daughter's partner for the evening, and I am happy to be enabled to pay my respects to you." He addressed Mrs. Allison, who was nearer to him on his left.

"Marjorie told me, Captain, of your extreme kindness to her. We appreciate it very much. Did she conduct herself becomingly? She is a stranger to such brilliant affairs."

"Splendidly!" answered Stephen. "And she danced charmingly," and he glanced at her as he spoke and thought he detected a faint blush.

"I did not attend on account of its extravagance," remarked Mrs. Allison. "I had duties at home, and Marjorie was well attended."

"Indeed!" pronounced Marjorie.

"It was magnificent, to be sure," went on Stephen, "but it will excite no uncertain comment. Republican simplicity last night was lost from sight."

"Which I scarce approve of," declared Marjorie.

"You did not suit your action to your thought," smiled her mother.

"True," replied the girl, "yet I told you that I was anxious to attend simply to behold the novelty of it all. Now that it is over, I disapprove of the splendor and extravagance especially in these times of need."

"Yes," volunteered Stephen, "she did voice similar sentiments to me last evening. Nevertheless she is not alone in her

criticism. The *Gazette* today publishes a leading article excoriating the Military Governor for his use of the teams, which he had commanded under pretence of revictualling the army, for the transportation of his private effects to and from the City Tavern. It spells dissatisfaction at best."

"There has been dissatisfaction from the first day on which he took up residence at the Slate Roof House," said Mrs. Allison.

The figure of Mr. Allison appeared in the room to the rear. Stephen rose quickly to greet him, expressing his extreme pleasure.

It was a great day for a tradesman when an officer of the Continental Army supped at his table. The house was in a mild uproar since Marjorie announced the coming distinction, on her return from the ball. From the kitchen chimney went up a pillar of smoke. Mrs. Allison and two of her neighbors, who were proud to lend assistance on such an important occasion, could be seen passing in and out continually. A large roast lay simmering in the pan diffusing savory and provoking fumes throughout the house. And it was with distinct pride that Mrs. Allison announced to the company that they might take their places about the festive board.

The discourse bore on various matters, prominence being given to politics and the affairs of the army. Mr. Allison took care to ask no question that might embarrass Stephen. The complaints of the tradesmen, the charges of the Whigs, the murmurings of the Tories and the annoying articles in the morning *Gazette,* all were touched upon in the course of the meal. Stephen volunteered the information that Conway and Gates were in hiding and that Clinton was driven to New York, where Washington was watching his every move, like a hawk, from the heights of Morristown.

"General Washington holds General Arnold in the highest esteem," remarked Mr. Allison.

"As the bravest General in the Continental Army," quietly replied Stephen.

"He would make a poor statesman," went on the host.

"He is a soldier first and last."

"Should a soldier be wanting in tact and diplomacy?"

"A good soldier should possess both."

"Then General Arnold is not a good soldier," declared Mr. Allison.

"A criticism he hardly deserves," was the simple reply.

"You saw the *Gazette?*"

"Yes. I read that article to which you undoubtedly refer."

"And you agree with it?"

"No. I do not."

"I am sorry about it all. Yet I am inclined to hold the Governor responsible to a great extent. He would be an aristocrat, and it is the society of such that he covets."

"Perhaps jealousy might inspire criticism. Envy, you know, is the antagonist of the fortunate."

"But it is not his deeds alone that cause the unrest among our citizens. It is not what he does but what he says. It helps matters not in the least to express dissatisfaction with the manner of conducting the war, neither by criticizing the enactments of the Congress, or vehemently opposing the new foreign alliance. This does not sound well from the lips of one of our foremost leaders and we do not like it."

"I was not aware that he voiced any opposition to the furtherance of the alliance with France," declared Stephen.

"He might not have spoken in formal protest, but he has spoken in an informal manner times without number," replied Mr. Allison.

"I am sorry to hear that. I did not expect such from General Arnold," muttered Stephen.

Marjorie had as yet taken no part in the conversation. She was interested and alive, however, to every word, anxious, if possible, to learn Stephen's attitude in regard to the common talk. She took delight in his defence of his General, notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence against him, and was proud of the trait of loyalty her guest disclosed in the face of her father's opposition.

Mrs. Allison and Marjorie participated in the conversation when the topics bore, for the most part, on current events, uninteresting to Mr. Allison, who munched in silence until some incomplete sentence called for a remark or two from him by way of a conclusion. Stephen's animated interest in the more common topics of the day, led Mrs. Allison and Marjorie to the conclusion that he was a more practical and a more versatile man than the head of their own house.

All in all he made a profound impression on the family, and when the repast was finished and the table had been cleared, they sat long over the fruit and the nuts, before retiring to the sitting room for the evening.

"You are not in the habit of frequenting brilliant functions?" Stephen asked of Marjorie when they were quite alone. It was customary for the older folks to retire from the company of the younger set shortly after the dinner grace had been said. Of

course, grace had to be said; Mr. Allison would permit no bread to be broken at his house without first imploring benedictions from heaven, and, when the formalities of the meal had been concluded, returning thanks for the good things enjoyed.

"I never have attended before," answered Marjorie, smoothing out a side of her apron with her hand.

"You are quite friendly with the Shippen family, I understand."

"Oh yes! For several years we have been united. I am invited to all their functions. Still I am not fond of society."

"And you spend your time alone?" Stephen was persistent in his questions. He sat opposite to her and studied her expression.

"Between here and the store, and perhaps with Peggy. This is about all, for I seldom visit. I am hopelessly old-fashioned in some things, mother tells me, and I suppose you will say the same if I tell you more," and she looked at him with her head half raised, her lips parted somewhat in a quizzical smile.

"Not at all! You are what I rather hoped to find you, although I did not dare to give expression to it. You can, possibly, be of some assistance to me."

"Gladly would I perform any service, however humble, for the cause of our country." Marjorie sat upright, all attention at the thought.

"You remember I told you that I was detailed in the city on special work," Stephen went on.

"I do."

"Well, it is a special work but it is also a very indefinite work. There is a movement afoot, but of its nature and purpose I at this moment am entirely ignorant. I am here to discover clues."

"And have you no material to work on except that? It is very vague, to say the least."

"That and suspicion. Howe found the city a nest of Tories; but he also found it swarmed with patriots, whose enthusiasm, and vigor, and patience, and determination must have impressed him profoundly as portending disaster for the British cause. With the morale of the people so high, and renewed hope and confidence swelling their bosoms, a complete military victory must have appeared hopeless to the British General. What was left? Dissension, or rebellion, or treason, or anything that will play havoc with the united determination of the Colonists."

She breathed heavily as she rested her chin on her hand absorbed in the vision that he was calling up.

"Arnold's victory at Saratoga has convinced Britain that the war over here cannot be won," he continued. "Already has Lord North thrown a bomb into the ranks of the proud Tories by his liberal proposals. Of course they will be entirely rejected by us, and the war will continue until complete independence is acknowledged. True, we had no such idea in mind when we entered this conflict, but now we are convinced that victory is on our side and that a free and independent form of government is the most suitable for us. We have enunciated certain principles which are possible of realization only under a democratic form of government, where the people rule and where the rulers are responsible to the people. Such a system is possible only in a great republic, and that is what England must now recognize. Otherwise the war must go on."

"Have our aims taken such definite form? I know—"

"No! They have not," interrupted Stephen, "they have not and that is where trouble is to be expected. But such is the state of mind of many of the more experienced leaders and their opinion will bear much scrutiny. But it is because all are not united in this, that there is room for treason under the motive of misguided patriotism. And it is to scent every possible form of that malignancy that I have been sent here; sent to the very place where the Tories most abound and where such a plot is most liable to take root."

"And you expect me to be of assistance to you," asked Marjorie, proud of the confidence which she so readily gained.

"I expect much. But perhaps nothing will eventuate. I can rely on you, however. For the present, naught is to be done. When the time comes, I shall tell you."

"But what can I do. I am but a mere girl."

"Did I think you to be ordinary, I might not have asked you," quickly exchanged Stephen.

Marjorie dropped her head and began studying the stitches in her gown. But only for a second for she as quickly raised her head and asked:

"Wherein then can I be of service to you?"

"Listen!" He brought his chair to a point nearly opposite hers. She was seated on the settee, yet he made no attempt to share it with her.

"You are friendly with the Shippen family," he went on. "Now, do not misinterpret me. I shall require no betrayal of confidence. But it is generally known that the Shippens are Tories, not avowedly so, yet in heart and in thought. It is also generally known that their house was the centre of society dur-

ing the days of the British occupation, at which all manner of men assembled. The walls of that house, could they but speak, are able to relate many momentous conversations held over the teacups, or in quiet corners. The family themselves must know many things which might be invaluable to us."

"And you want me to learn that for you?" inquired Marjorie, in alarm, as the horrible thought forced itself upon her.

"I want you to do nothing of the kind," quickly answered Stephen. "Far be it from me to require you to barter your benevolence. I should deplore any such method as most dishonorable and unworthy of the noble cause in which we are engaged. No! I ask this, simply, that through you I might be permitted the honor of visiting the home of Miss Shippen and that by being acquainted with the family I might acquire a general entrée to the Tory social circle. In this way might I effect my purpose and perchance stumble across information of vital importance. Thus, can you be of great assistance to me."

"I shall be delighted to do this, and I shall tell you more—perhaps you may ask me to do something more noble—sometime—" She hesitated to express the wish which was father to her thought.

"Sometime I expect you to be of real service to me and to our country—sometime—"

Marjorie did not answer. She knew what she would like to say, but dared not. Why should he unfold his mission to her at this, almost their first meeting? And why should he expect her to be of such assistance to him first, and then to the country? And then, why should she feel so responsive, so ready to spend herself, her energy, her whole being at the mere suggestion of this young man, whom, until last evening, she had never thought to exist. She felt that she was as wax in the hands of this soldier; she knew it and enjoyed it and only waited the moment when his seal would come down upon her and stamp her more to his liking. She was slightly younger than he, and happily his contrary in nearly all respects. He was fair, she was dark; his eyes were blue, hers brown; he was lusty and showed promise of broadness, she was slender.

Twice she opened her mouth as if to speak to him, and each time she dropped again her head in reflective silence. She did not talk to this young man as she might to any number of her more intimate acquaintances. Even the very silence was magnetic. Further utterance would dispel the charm. That she would enlist in his service she knew as well as she knew her own existence, but that he should arouse so keen an interest in her, so buoyant

an attitude, so secure an assurance, amazed her and filled her with awe. She had never before experienced quite the same sensation that now dismayed her, nor had any one ever brought home to her her worth as did this young soldier. Yes, she would help him, but how?

So they sat and talked. They soon forgot to speak of His Excellency, or the Army, or the Shippens. Neither did they resolve the doubts that might have been entertained concerning the manner of men who frequented the home of Peggy and her sisters; nor the Alliance which had just been established, nor the vital signification of the event. They just talked over a field of affairs, none of which bore any special relation to anyone save their own selves. At length the old clock felt constrained to speak up and frown at them for their unusual delay and their profligate waste of tallow and dips.

Stephen rose at once. Marjorie saw him to the door, where she gave him her hand in parting.

"We have indeed been honored this day, Captain, and I trust that the near future will [illegible] see a return of the same. I am entirely at your servi[illegible]vely [illegible]ll see," whispered Marjorie wondering why the words did not come to her more readily.

"On the contrary, Miss Allison, it is I who have been privileged. My humble respects to your parents. Adieu!" He bowed gracefully, wheeled, and went out the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

ST. JOAN OF ARC. The Life Story of the Maid of Orleans. By the Rev. Denis Lynch, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.50.

The canonization of Joan of Arc is the occasion of this publication. Moreover, the searching examination of her process, has resulted in setting the personality, the purity, the sanctity of the Maid of Orleans in such high relief as to attract biographers.

Joan has never lacked admirers—admirers of her chivalrous career, her courage in devoting herself to all her nature shrank from, at the call of God; men not always of her own faith, but capable of appreciating nobility wheresoever found, such as de Quincy, Lang, Clemens, Quicherat; to name but a few. But the researches of the last fifty years have brought to light many new documents, all tending to the honor of Joan. In this task of investigating the true sources of her life, the name of Père Ayroles, S.J., is prominent. If history is often a conspiracy against the truth, it would seem that the worst enemies of the God, Who is Truth, is the hypocrite who lies. The task of investigating the truth with regard to Joan, was made more onerous by the suppression or destruction of testimony. It is hard enough to unearth documents, but it becomes well-nigh impossible when they have been tampered with by those who, not content to blacken a reputation for their own day, were so wise in their generation as to leave little trace of their treachery. Joan's worst enemies were not, to our mind, the violent English, but the traitorous Burgundians, the supine French, who lifted not a finger to save their own champion, and, worst of all, the tribunal masquerading as the Church, which condemned her. Her death was a foregone conclusion. Arrayed against her were the hatred of the enemy, the fanaticism of the University of Paris and the traitor's fear lest his victim escape to tell the tale.

Chapter III. gives us a depressing view of the state of France, nor must we forget that Joan's lot was cast towards the close of the Middle Ages—she died in 1431. On page forty-seven some error has crept in concerning a date, 1812—probably a misprint. In Chapters XIX. and XX. one is struck by the fact that the same ground fought over by our soldiers in the late War, was contested by Joan, and for the same prize—the possession of Paris.

Few of the actors come out of the story with much honor,

save their victim; but we think the blame has not been quite fairly apportioned, and the defence of Charles VII., St. Joan's "gentle Dauphin," is not conspicuous for its success.

THE REFORMATION. By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. Chicago: Extension Press. $1.25.

In a modest preface, the author states that his book was primarily designed to meet a local need, to combat the partisan teaching of history in the public schools. Since this same difficulty is multiplied throughout the country, the book also fills a very definite, universal need. It is one of the sanest and soundest, as well as one of the most readable commentaries on the Reformation and its connection with modern American Protestantism that we have seen. It appraises fairly and intelligently the natural good consequent on the advent of Protestantism and at the same time spares no denunciation of the great harm it has done. It is a vigorous attack on the Reformers and their systems, but shows no bitterness. To belie any criticism as to its truthfulness, it proves its contentions and statements by numerous quotations, almost exclusively from recognized Protestant sources.

The scope of the book is wide, while its bulk is comparatively small. After an enlightening chapter on the causes of the Reformation, or more properly religious Revolution, it sketches the Reformers and their systems as they developed in ten various countries. It then analyzes the tenets and expansion of the modern American Protestant sects. We confess that we are particularly partial to the chapters on Protestantism, taken collectively. The author has clearly sensed its weaknesses, and as clearly and forcibly exposed them. The book will prove helpful to all who are called upon to answer "the constant and unabashed misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and history, of which local schools have been persistently guilty."

THE MIND OF ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. By Wilfrid M. Short. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

It is a reverent mind, a large and luminous intelligence operant in the domain of religion, philosophy, science, letters, politics which is here revealed. The volume, consisting of comprehensive selections from the writings and speeches of Mr. Balfour, covers every phase of his keen mental activity exercised through several decades on the supreme concerns of humanity. His two chief works, *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, and *The Foundations of Belief* are especially laid under contribution. The passages chosen are at once a record and a memorial of noble service ren-

dered the cause of Theism against the systems of Naturalism, Positivism, and Evolution. The relations of reason and authority, of science and religion are definitely elucidated; the philosophy of æsthetics is made the subject of incisive discussion.

In other departments we witness the same virile play of mind —on problems of education, of eugenics, of medical and psychic research, and on diplomatic and political issues of the day, involving the alliance with America, and the War with Germany. The exquisite sense of form evidenced throughout these pages, and the justness of the estimates in the literary papers testify what a litterateur was lost in Mr. Balfour, whose distinction in so many different fields of endeavor entitles him to be regarded as "one of the most able and unusual intellects of our day."

POEMS. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.

It is scarcely more than a year since life, for the present scribe, was made considerably more joyous by the duty of reviewing a small volume entitled *Folly*, by a young English poet named Theodore Maynard. If we remember rightly, we hailed him straightway as one of the blithe band of "modern mediævalists," and were carried on to declare that the book seemed destined not only to provide beautiful things for the present but to promise great things for the future.

And now this future—or rather this reviewer—or rather, indeed, this poet—is more than justified, not by new work, but by a much richer, fuller and fatter gathering of his past achievement. For the present volume contains the lovesome Patmorean dedication and nearly all of *Folly*, with what the author himself thinks best worth preserving from his two earlier books, *Drums of Defeat* (1915) and *Laughs and Whiffs of Song* (1917). It also carries the strong and sonorous introduction, which Gilbert Chesterton contributed to one of the former volumes, and which drew immediate attention to the fervid and colorful work of the young poet. Altogether it is a precious book—a book in the main new to American readers, and one which no lover of the best in modern poetry can afford to be without.

Not, indeed, that its contents are all in the poet's best vein—no volume from a youthful and living poet is ever, probably, wholly in his best vein. But it is splendidly a part of the vital man—and the not less vital child—who happens to dwell in Theodore Maynard. There are rumors of the "Chesterbelloc" in many of the charming ballads, and the poem "Folly" will inevitably recall Joyce Kilmer's "heart-remembered" lyric of the same title—

in spirit if not in letter. But there is a distinctly new voice and a new mystical vision in such poems as "Apocalypse," or the "Divine Miser," or in that ringing song of Gothic spaciousness and bold final couplet, his song of "Laughter." To voice and to vision, here's hoping a long life—and in all seriousness, a merry one!

LO, AND BEHOLD YE! By Seumas MacManus. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.60 net.

In these tales culled apparently at random from the stores of Irish legend and Irish experience, we have Seumas MacManus at his best—high praise for even a good book. In their unforced drollery, their quaint, elfin, tongue-in-the-cheek wisdom that will have its laugh in the end at human nature, they seem the very embodiment of the mother-wit of this people, above all laughable and above all lovable, whom this native author knows so well. He tells his stories in the manner that best of all matches their material—the leisurely manner which suggests boundless time and limitless good nature, the straight-faced manner of the rogue who, with a perfectly grave countenance, presents to you the astounding adventures of Billy Burns on the moon, the irresistible manner which somehow manages to convey the radiance, the unquenchable happiness of the Irish temperament. The tales are delicious throughout, and the book might well be suggested as a general antidote to certain types of "realistic" fiction.

AMERICAN PAINTING AND ITS TRADITION. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The nine painters, to each of whom Professor Van Dyke devotes a chapter of his volume, are Innes, Wyant, Martin, Homer, La Farge, Whistler, Chase, Alexander, and Sargent. He treats each one sympathetically, partly from the point of view of the art critic, partly from that of the biographer. One could wish that certain other painters had been included, and that the development of each of those selected for treatment had been pointed out in more detail. Little is done to trace the continuity and growth of American art traditions. The book is rather a series of separate chapters sufficiently isolated to have appeared as a series of readable magazine articles.

Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be interested to know that Homer Martin was a Catholic and for years lived and worked in a house adjoining the Paulist Fathers' House, and that John La Farge, for whom Professor Van Dyke feels keen admiration, did extensive and remarkable work in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York City. Of Homer Martin, Professor Van Dyke well

says: "His landscapes were deserted of man; they were silent, forsaken places, with a solemn stillness about them. Only God and Homer Martin had seen them." Professor Van Dyke treats La Farge enthusiastically: "In the arts he was our first great scholar and spoke as one having authority. With his learning, his imagination, and his skill he gave rank to American art more than any other of the craft. For that reason he is today hailed as master, and written down in our annals as belonging with the Olympians. He deserves the title and the separate niche."

Not the least valuable of Professor Van Dyke's chapters is that on James McNeil Whistler, whose *Ten O'Clock* and *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* exacted the penalty by their amazing brilliance of winning him repute as a wit who happened to paint, instead of as an artist who achieved an occasional witticism.

As Professor Van Dyke had a personal acquaintance with all the painters of whom he writes, there is about his studies an air of intimacy which lends charm to the volume. The reader on laying it down may feel that the last word on the traditions of America painting has by no means been said, but he will have learned much of value regarding a select and brilliant group of American painters.

A SUBJECT-INDEX TO THE POEMS OF EDMUND SPENSER. By Charles H. Whitman. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.50.

As one of the soundest of American Spenserians, Dr. Whitman has long been known and widely honored by scholarly students of earlier English literature. This fine Index to his favorite poet's works is the fruit of years of careful investigation and intimate loving knowledge of Spenser's text, and of painstaking analysis of the results achieved by other scholars. The author has been able to revise his manuscript since the recent publication of Professor Osgood's fine Spenser Concordance. In these two works the student of the great Elizabethan poet has now a splendid apparatus with which to approach his task.

This *Subject-Index* is at once an index and a dictionary. "It is an index," writes Dr. Whitman, "in so far as it includes the names of persons, places, animals and things; whatever, in fact, has a function and a definite meaning—whatever, in the compiler's judgment, would be likely to prove of interest to the student of Spenser and his age. It partakes also of the nature of a dictionary in that it includes brief explanations, allegorical and otherwise, whenever such explanations seem necessary." Like so many of the more valuable results of American scholarship in the field of

English, this Index owes its inspiration to, and was undertaken at the suggestion of, Professor A. S. Cook of Yale.

From recent indications it is not, perhaps, rash to predict for Spenser a growing constituency among modern readers of poetry. Too long has he been regarded solely as "the poet's poet." Much, of course, yet remains to be done for his elucidation. As Dr. Whitman points out, there is need of a Dictionary of Spenser as complete and definitive as Toynbee's magisterial Dante Dictionary. One might add also that the time is surely ripe for an extended treatment of Spenser's mind and art such as Sir Sidney Colvin has lately done for Keats. Cory's recent book is unsatisfactory, and unworthy of Spenser's genius. Meantime Dr. Whitman is heavily the creditor of all who love poetry and appreciate sound and vital scholarship.

MY ROSE AND OTHER POEMS. By Euphemia Macleod. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $1.25.

The present volume has imaginative quality, and its author, except for occasional slight metrical lapses, is mistress of the finely cadenced line. She has what seems to be rare for poets in these days, a spiritual outlook, and—which is rarer still—spiritual insight. A number of the poems are written in behalf of dumb animals or in protest against vivisection, but unlike many anti-vivisectionists, Miss Macleod does not restrict her tenderness simply to the brute creation. Though in several places she would appear to disclose a distinct pantheist tendency, her work as a whole betokens what our Anglican friends call the "sacramentalist attitude." One of the most charming poems in the collection is "The Word Made Flesh," a colloquy between the Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant. Other pieces of distinction are: "My Rose," "Communion," "Your Little Flower," and the sonnet "Friendship." In the long poem "The Spell of Casals," there are passages showing, in cadence and phrasing, the influence of Francis Thompson.

OUR AMERICA. By Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00 net.

The author tells us in a foreword that he has written this book to interpret America to France. It is a unique work, probably without competitors; most Americans would scarcely know themselves in its mirror. To say that it is without interest would be to say what is not true; to say that it is thoughtlessly written would be a hasty comment on an author whose work everywhere evidences the pale cast of thought. It is, indeed, an interesting,

thoughtful book, written in an easy, somewhat emotional style. But it is nothing if not pessimistic in its historical backward glancing and in its view of the present. And it is often lacking in a sense of perspective and proportion. Of the old school of writers Mr. Frank has little to say, but he is full of the *Spoon River Anthology,* of Dreiser, Anderson and Frederick Booth. New England is redeemed in Thoreau and Robert Frost and Amy Lowell, who is, by the way, "the first true man of letters of our America." And "the song of Whitman's vision was the orchestra of life."

There is much to be gained by a perusal of Mr. Frank's interpretation of *Our America.* But in reading the book we cannot help being careful in the matter of where we place the emphasis. Perhaps the author will agree that the pronoun in his title is important. He surely does not say that he is speaking of *your* America. And if your conception of America in history and art and literature differs at all from his, well, you are not of the elect of whom he is the prophet. What could be simpler?

DAVID BLAIZE AND THE BLUE DOOR. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00 net.

The *David Blaize,* to whom Mr. Benson introduced his readers some months ago, was such a lovable little fellow it is not strange his creator should cling to him. Many would have welcomed his second appearance under conditions more or less like those of the first, for *David Blaize* was an interesting picture of life in an English public school. Mr. Benson has not followed this plan, however, but presents his hero at the age of six and leads him through a blue door of phantasy into a fairy tale. The story is told in a manner that so strikingly resembles Lewis Carroll's, it is hard to believe the likeness unintentional. The inevitable comparisons thus challenged are not favorable to this book, which is scarcely to be counted among Mr. Benson's most successful achievements. His qualifications are many and increasingly command respect; but to hit the mark in this special line of endeavor requires a touch of unanalyzable magic which we do not find in *David Blaize and the Blue Door.*

IBSEN IN ENGLAND. By Miriam Alice Franc. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $2.00 net.

Miss Franc writes with a refreshing vigor and although she admires the Norwegian dramatist, her admiration has nothing of the hectic about it. Her book involved a considerable amount of research which has been carefully done. Miss Franc brings into

sharp contrast the two seemingly irreconcilable groups of English critics; the one led by William Archer, who was among the earliest heralds of Ibsen, the other by Clement Scott, who saw in Ibsen "a foe to decency and a reviler of sacred things." As Miss Franc pictures the situation one is reminded of an exciting Rugby game with the critics fighting vigorously on opposing teams, the great theatre-going public looking on, and the Norwegian dramatist playing the unenviable part of the football.

The question as to whether Ibsen belongs with Sophocles and Shakespeare or whether he sinned against truth by portraying psychological anomalies instead of real men and women is one which remains unanswered, even after a perusal of Miss Franc's volume. To the minds of many the laudations of Mr. Archer and the pro-Ibsen critics prove nothing except that a cult may arise, and the clamorous insistence of its worship may win a reverent hearing and a large adherence. Whether for good or ill Ibsen's influence, as Miss Franc points out, has shown itself unmistakably in the work of Pinero, Jones, and George Bernard Shaw.

One does not need to be a devotee of Ibsen to appreciate this interesting volume, which is unquestionably a worth-while addition to the history of modern day drama.

TROUPING FOR THE TROOPS. By Margaret Mayo. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Much has been said of that new element introduced into the War, the employment of the actors' art for the preservation of morale among our troops; but little of this has come at first hand from any member of the profession whose name has long been proverbial for swift answer to appeals of charity, and is now no less honorably associated with ideals of patriotism, fervent and practical. This slender volume is Miss Mayo's personal account of the adventures that befell her and her fellow-players on their mission of entertainment at the front. There is not the slightest trace of exploitation of anyone concerned in the undertaking; it is a straightforward narrative of what they did and saw, light and amusing in its general tone. Yet, though its seriousness is reserved for the distressing scenes witnessed, its lively wit is exercied mainly upon the hardships endured by the performers. It is clear that this contribution of gayety was made at the cost of sacrifice. Response to the significance underlying its humor is aroused by the remark of the young actress whom Miss Mayo cites as having, midway on the return journey from a specially exhausting experience, revived sufficiently to sigh her thankfulness that she had only one life to give for her country.

FRENCH WAYS AND THEIR MEANING. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Here, in subject-matter at least, is an appropriate counter-blast to *Madame de Treymes*, the brilliant novelette of French life with which Mrs. Wharton gratified some of her ardent readers and piqued other some, perhaps a dozen years ago. The earlier book presented an interpretation of the French moral and social code which was certainly anything but flattering. Even those who suspected that the sinister and all-devouring family depicted so tellingly in *Madame de Treymes* represented, in reality, a few instances erected into a generalization against whose darkness the simple Anglo-Saxon virtues of the hero might shine the more resplendently, could hardly have been indifferent to the result. Mrs. Wharton is so completely the master of her effects that one puts down the book, half convinced, at least imaginatively. In this present volume of studies, a totally different reading of the same society is presented—a reading which appeals to one as being probably much more faithful to reality. It leaves us in a mood which, if not always understanding, is, for the most part, profoundly respectful of a heroic, disciplined race, at once brilliantly homogeneous and brilliantly varied. Mrs. Wharton is particularly worth reading on the nature of French civilization.

THE GROPER. By Henry G. Aikman. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.60.

SINGING MOUNTAINS. By A. B. Cunningham. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

These two novels are minor examples of a type of literature very prevalent in our country at present, and always deserving of respectful consideration—the class of writing which strives to present honestly and lucidly some particularly phase of our national existence. *The Groper* has its locale at and near Detroit, and traces the fortunes of a rather unusually sensitive youth who comes to that city just as the automobile business has begun its boom. The struggles and initial failures of Lee Hilquit, the sordid avenue by which he finally arrives at success, his presumptuous and windy folly as a millionaire, and the salutary crash with which the book closes, are told with a good deal of fidelity to fact, and some considerable humor. The book does not, as the saying is, "get anywhere," in spite of its faint flavoring of didacticism, however, and it leaves one in a state of uncontented speculation as to what particular significance the life of its chief character can have had to its author, to spur him on to record with so much truth a career which seems, after all, to have no message of permanent, or even passing, value.

Mr. Cunningham's novel is much more of a success. His chapters, in mere outline, would make tiresome reading, it is true. Their incident would never seem to rise above the level described in *The Vicar of Wakefield*—"all our migrations were from the blue bed to the brown." And yet, unremarkable as it is for either fine writing or inventiveness of plot, his book possesses a sort of homespun distinction quite unusual among novels of its class. This quality is partly a reflection of the native wholesomeness of the characters with whom he deals, and proceeds partly from his ability to deal with them convincingly and truly. Into his rambling account of the fortunes of the family of Peter Rhodes, the Baptist minister of Barren Rocks, of their calm existence in which squirrel hunts and prayer meetings furnish an exhiliration almost too lively to be seemly, going away to school becomes a dark and daring adventure, and seeking a job in Charleston takes on the aspect almost of a cataclysm—into his chronicle of this rude and patriarchial existence Mr. Cunningham has infused a refreshing reality. He knows not merely his background here, but his human beings as well. The book is good—not excitingly good, but good enough to leave on the reader a pleasant and unqualified impression of restfulness and sincerity.

A HISTORY OF THE NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT. By Horatio W. Dresser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00.

The "New Thought" is known to one outside the fold rather by parody of it than by its cardinal principles. Because of the decidedly superior attitude of its devotees and its insistence on mind-power over physical realities, it offers an easy target for the humorist. Such a volume as the present, therefore, detailing the historical as well as the philosophical development of the movement, will prove interesting to those who wish to know, seriously, in what the New Testament consists. It is no easy task to compass, within definite and dogmatic limits, a system whose basis is intellectual irrestraint and in which each succeeding author, disclaiming his master, asserts his own originality. Mr. Dresser, however, who has been identified with the movement almost since its inception, endeavors to discover the connecting link between the various divergent stages of opinion. The movement had its origin some sixty years ago, when P. P. Quimby discarded the mesmerism he had been practising, and discovered in the Bible the validity of the mental cure. After the death of Quimby, Rev. W. F. Evans found an affinity between Quimby's teaching and that of Swedenborg, and later prepared the way for the incorporation of Fichte and Hegel's philosophy. About

this time, the commercialism of Mrs. Eddy created a schism in the ranks of the mental healers. Though her branch is the better known, it was from the more liberal wing of the movement that the New Thought, in the early nineties, began to take form. Gradually it spread throughout the United States and in some foreign lands, until, in 1915, an International New Thought Alliance was founded. The modern movement is a far call from the doctrine first enunciated by Quimby. It is a distortion of some few psychological truisms, an exaggeration of false idealistic philosophy in which the mind is deified, and an arrogant assumption that it alone has the true interpretation of Christ's mission and spirit. Its appeal is to those choice spirits of the day who are hungry for something esoteric and distinctive.

SWEDEN'S LAUREATE. Poems of Verner von Heidenstam. Translated with an Introduction by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: Yale University Press. $1.35.

That interest in pure literature has survived the pressure of war-times; that the student and singer, like the poor, are always with us even in our worst catastrophes, we have evidence in Mr. Charles Wharton Stork's translations from the Swedish of the poems of Verner von Heidenstam. "As a poet of content rather than of form, Heidenstam loses a little in transmission," we are told on the jacket of the book; yet there may be some question whether Mr. Stork's rather acrobatic performances in English verse are altogether warranted by the original verses he is translating. The volume shows Heidenstam to be well worthy of a place in English. He is strong, noble and sensible enough to avoid red outbursts and patchwork philosophies. This selection of Heidenstam's poetry for English translation continues the fashion set by Mr. Stork in his *Swedish Anthology,* followed in Jessie Lamont's versions from Rainer Maria Rilke and in Thomas Walsh's announced volume, the *Hispanic Anthology.*

EUNICE. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75.

Eunice, one of Miss Clarke's most perfect heroines, is the daughter of a Protestant English officer in the Indian service, who has the lucky chance of being brought up in the pure atmosphere of a perfect Catholic home. Both boys of the house fall in love with her, and they have as a rival a Protestant suitor who almost carries off the prize. She breaks off her engagement at the last moment to care for her mother—a worldly, immoral drunkard. After years of sacrifice her tender solicitude wins the grace of

repentance for her dying mother, and her own eyes are opened to the light of the true Faith. The playmate of her early years wins her hand at last, although, as ever, the path of true love is not at all smooth.

It is a story of infinite charm, perfectly told, and remarkable for its clear cut drawing of the contrast between the spirit of this world and the spirit of the Church of God.

THE SHAMROCK BATTALION OF THE RAINBOW. By Matthew J. Hogan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

This is the story, as the title imparts, of the old Sixty-ninth Regiment and the valorous part it played in the recent War. Its author was only seventeen when recruits were sought to swell the ranks of the famous Irish unit. He aged himself by a year and was accepted with other striplings somewhat derisively by the drill sergeant because of their youth.

However, what he and his fellows did is now a matter of history that is magnificent in its great lines of courage, sacrifice and power. It is a story that cannot be told too often, especially when given in the simple, manly fashion that marks this volume. The book is splendid in every way and deserves the highest commendation.

The reviewer can pay no higher compliment than to say that Corporal Hogan writes as well as he fights—and that is high praise, indeed.

MODEL ENGLISH. Book II. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.20.

The first book of this series concerns the earliest problems confronting the young idea, which is invention; this second book treats of the qualities of style which the author holds are best learned by imitation. Accordingly he has placed before the student approved masters of various styles of narrative, description, exposition, argumentation and persuasion. These lessons are inculcated, roughly speaking, by the choicest examples of the best writers of the last two centuries. The models selected are the result of a wide acquaintance with the greatest speakers and writers of an extremely prolific period, and form a literary education, even should the student fail to profit by the method of imitation. These model passages are chosen from seventy-two authors, twenty-one of whom are American, the rest British. Though the writer nowhere states for what age he writes, the book would seem best fitted for the last two years of high school and the first college year.

MARRIAGE WHILE YOU WAIT. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.60 net.

This is the story of a war marriage which, contrary to the usual run of its kind, deals with the working out of the marital problem, rather than ending with the soldier-husband's return from France. The couple whose fortunes we follow, marry on short acquaintance, the bridegroom leaving immediately for the front. Their ultimate happiness in mutual confidence is not quickly or easily won, but is frequently jeopardized during the course of events that lead, at last, to full understanding of each other, as a basis for their love.

There is acceptable originality in the main proposition, the tale is plausible and the characters well indicated. The novel has interest, even though it must be confessed that something is missing of the quiet humor and charm we are accustomed to receive at Mrs. Buckrose's hands.

WALLED TOWNS. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.25.

We are all somewhat discontented nowadays with what we see about us. The rather general idealism of the war days has gradually lessened, save in the case of those to whom it was native. All the world is crying out against the evils which seem to be as encircling as the cannon at Balaklava. Everybody has something to rail against, and from which to seek escape. A lodge in some vast wilderness, or a town walled against the foes of happiness—either would seem a desirable refuge. Mr. Cram chooses the latter and writes down his ideas in a purple-covered book which is a delight to the eye. The walled town he would build is not another San Gemignano, or Rothenbourg, or olden Oxford, but one something like them in effect. Justice would reign there, as in Camelot. Production would be for use, not for profit. Mental and physical labor would divide all the profits of industry over and above a limited interest on capital. Hours of employment would never exceed more than thirty a week. All the dwellers in any one town would be members of the same religion; and religion would enter into all the affairs of life as it did in pre-Reformation times. Society would be organized under the guild system. In the system of education, primary schools would be "conducted largely along the lines first developed by Doctor Thomas Edward Shields in the early twentieth century."

It is a charming picture, and has the possibilities of becoming as real as we wish to make it. It is a plea for the simpler life, the return to days when our cravings were satisfied without

the vanities and useless toys now deemed so vital and necessary. Doctor Cram has love and praise for mediæval days, and for the monks, who formed centres of righteousness and beauty and salvation, which "radiated circle after circle of ever-widening influence." So now, he argues, the walled towns are needed to redeem the world from selfishness and greed and all the ills that are bred in the lure of gold.

SMALL THINGS. By Margaret Deland. New York. D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.

The author of *The Iron Woman* will always have readers for whatever she chooses to write. This present volume, however, will probably cause a good deal of murmuring, even among the faithful. It gives the effect of having been written while the writer was very much "on the spot"—that is, while she was seething with the emotions inspired by her first-hand encounter with the realities of the War in France, and before she had had the leisure to think out, or through, her reactions and establish their relation to her philosophy. A few memorably vivid bits reward our perusal, but the main part of the book leaves an impression on the mind of insignificance and confusion. Certainly it seems to be true that the best novelists have not invariably produced the best war books.

"MY LITTLE BIT." By Marie Corelli. New York: George H. Doran & Co. $1.75 net.

This title is unduly unpretending, for when culled from the various periodicals in which they appeared before and during the War, and bulked together into one volume, these essays make quite a big "bit." To be exact, they add three hundred and eighteen rather long pages to our contemporary literature of ejaculation—certainly not a contribution to be despised when one realizes the pitch of vivacious enthusiasm or resentment which Miss Corelli sustains almost unbrokenly throughout. The essays cover a wide field, ranging from the nature of war to the glory of Shakespeare; but whether she be lauding the sea-power of England or animadverting upon the Christian Church, the writer's lively personality forces her to lean heavily upon the exclamation point in order to make the intensity of her emotions clear. Some of the essays, dealing with the work of women in war, the crime of hoarding, and so on, must undoubtedly have proved very useful at the time of their first appearance. It is a question, however, whether any great service has been done either writer or reader by this cold dishing-up of war-time fare.

FIELDS OF VICTORY. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This volume, together with *England's Effort* and *Toward the Goal*, make up the trilogy which Mrs. Ward has dedicated to recording England's service in the Great War. As we should expect from a writer of her attainments, her style and her power of vitalizing her material, make the book first-class reading. Undoubtedly she will find dissenting voices raised against her pronouncement on "Who won the War." It is a pity that that puerile question should continue to be agitated, and an especial disappointment to find it raised (and answered, of course) in the course of any writing which has the generous breadth and distinction of Mrs. Ward's.

STORM IN A TEACUP. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

Mr. Phillpotts has written another striking story of Devon and its dull, drab Protestant workers. The reader is initiated into all the mysteries of paper making and is introduced to a number of well-drawn characters who act on impulse and are swayed by the most primitive passions. The tragedy of the tale centres around a wife who tires of her husband, and thoughtlessly deserts the home to live with a former suitor. She finally realizes her mistake, although the immorality of her conduct does not bother her in the least. An old friend of the family succeeds in bringing her back to her husband—and the storm blows over. It is at best a most improbable and unconvincing tale, and is characterized by the worldly and pagan philosophy that dominates all the author's novels. As a piece of character drawing the book is perfect, although it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Some of its realistic pages are worthy of the most decadent of the French novelists.

IRON CITY. By M. H. Hedges. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

The late Randolph Bourne, so the publisher asseverates on the paper wrapper of this book, considered *Iron City* "the finest first novel he had ever read, and one of the few great American novels." With this amazing verdict we are decidedly not in accord. Mr. Hedges recounts, without distinction of style, the story of his hero's experiences as an instructor in a small denominational Middle-Western college, situated in Iron City, where he is brought into contact with various manifestations of social and industrial unrest. "In the end," the publisher's announcement

dithyrambically proceeds, "he flings everything into the great adventure of the generation—a dauntless quest for some solution of the world's ills, the remaking of the world's life." We grow weary of these youthful remoulders of the universe.

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING. By Frederick Niven. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

The Lady of the Crossing, whom the hero loves at first sight, turns out to be a heartless girl without one redeemable trait. Luckily he finds this out in time, and the perfect maiden appears on the scene just as the woman of his dreams marries the detested rival. The story is rather a commonplace story of life in a boom town of Western Canada. It may be founded on facts, as the author hints, but they are most trivial and uninteresting.

A KNOWLEDGE of the Psalms and thoughtful consideration of their exceeding spiritual treasures is one of the great blessings, as well as one of the most fruitful exercises of the Christian soul. The Rev. Ronald A. Knox has just given us, through Longmans, Green & Co., New York ($1.25 net), a small volume of instructive, practical meditations on a number of the Psalms, and we earnestly wish for it a wide circulation.

The arrangement is according to a plan that proceeds from the lower to the higher levels of the spiritual life. The leading idea of each Psalm is taken, and upon this are offered enlightening suggestions that stimulate both thought and action. The text is printed on one page: the meditation on the opposite. The Douay Version is used throughout. But Dr. Knox's small volume is but another evidence that the present Douay text should, at least in a few instances, be clarified and simplified. The reader will wish that an index were added to enable him to find, at once, a particular psalm.

LOST WITH LIEUTENANT PIKE, by Edward L. Sabin (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), is an addition to *The Trail Blazer Series,* and, as its name indicates, is concerned with the great peak which bears Lieutenant Pike's name. The volume contains adventure a plenty to satisfy the most exacting, and many lessons in the endurance and self-control so absolutely necessary for the formation of a hero. The Lieutenant himself is a fine type of a soldier, and the lad who has been adopted by the Pawnees is the hero, who makes abundantly clear his appreciation of the honor of being "lost with Lieutenant Pike."

PRIESTS and seminarians who have advanced to the higher courses in moral theology will find of special benefit *The Epitome of Moral Theology,* by Dr. Carlo Telch, published by Frederick Pustet & Co., New York, price $1.50. The volume is handy in size, covers in a summarized way the entire range of moral theology and has a very satisfying index. Much of it is taken from the well-known work of Father Noldin, S.J. The little work is up-to-date, well printed, and well bound.

THE sketch of *Mother Anne of Jesus, of the Congregation of the Servants of the Most Blessed Sacrament,* published by The Sentinel Press, 185 E. 76th Street, New York City, (55 cents) tells the story of a hidden but fruitful life. Anna Marie Pineau, born in 1854, devoted her days to the adoration of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. She joined the Congregation when it was still in its early years and spent her life in its beautiful work till 1911, when the Master called her home. Externally her life was uneventful, but the riches of her harvest, none may reckon save the Lord, at Whose feet her days were passed, in Whose service her lamp burned unfailingly, to win light for souls seated in darkness and in the shadow of death.

A WORLD OF WINDOWS, Charles Hanson Towne's new collection of poems (New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net), is described by the publisher as "every day life through a poet's eyes." But it is precisely the property of the poet's eyes that every day life takes on distincton and poignancy while passing through them. Much of the life here described is shaken by the winds of the Great War. To its interpretation the poet brings warm sympathy, a scholarly and experienced facility of expression, and that eternal rightness of vision which one has learned to associate with his name.

NOT the least of the many evils incident to the War is the high cost of books. Popular series at popular prices have become unpopular series by reason of their unpopular prices. But books are still sold, and will continue to be. The *International Pocket Library* (Boston: The Four Seas Co. 25 cents each) has entered the field with the challenge of low prices, a challenge which is bound to attract attention. The plan of the new venture calls for modern classics rather than the veterans, and a glance at the books in their heavy, waterproof paper covers shows how modern they are. Many people will surely believe many of them to be classics as well. It is certainly an interesting array of authors

and titles which the initial offering presents. Guy de Maupassant, almost an ancient now, is on the list with a selection of tales; as are Kipling and Hardy and Poe. A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad* rubs elbows with Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest;* there are five tales from the Russian; there is a collection of five stories by the now well-known Ibañez; three short tales by the less well-known John Trevens; and the present list is complete with the *Gitanjali* of Tagore. While there is bound to be a difference in taste in the matter of selecting a series of this kind, the idea of publishing low-priced paper-covered volumes is a good one, and the second offering will be awaited with interest.

IN POEMS, by Francis X. Doyle, S.J., we have collected, in a little volume, many short lyrics, meditative or religious in tone, some of which have appeared in *Extension, Ave Maria* and other Catholic periodicals. Father Doyle modestly styles himself a "weaver of words," but he does not forget that even simple words may bear "God's gold" about with them. (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. $1.00.)

ROBERT BURNS, by Edward Winslow Gilliam (Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.25) is a four-act play, more painstaking than dramatic in quality, covering the life of the Scottish poet from his peasant youth, through the dissension raised by his work in the "Auld" and "New" Light Kirks, up to the moment of his triumphant social début at the Duchess of Gordon's home in Edinburgh.

AMONG the pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society of special interest are *The Will to Believe,* by B. Gavan Duffy, S.J., an admirable exposition of the right attitude toward truth in a very readable up-to-date story form; *Religion,* by Rev. R. Traill, which builds up simply and clearly the scheme of religion as revealed and understood by the Catholic Church. Two stories of conversions printed for the Catholic Guild of Israel: *The Conversion of Jules Lewel* and *The Conversion of Isadore Goschler,* two Jewish students at the University of Strasbourg, are remarkable chapters in the story, ever old yet ever new, of the wonderful workings of Divine grace.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

From the Libraire Gabriel Beauchesne:

Le Dieu Vivant. La Révélation de la Sainte Trinité dans le Nouveau Testament, by Jules Lebreton. After having treated the *Origines du dogme de la Trinité* in a large work well known to theologians, M.

Lebreton has now taken up the same subject briefly in a volume intended for all believers.

Leaving aside the study of the Hellenic and Jewish milieus, and the discussion of real or supposed antecedents of the Christian dogma, he clings solely to the doctrine of the New Testament; he explains it according to an entirely different plan from that followed in the earlier work, and eliminates all technical discussions which, although indispensable for the theologian, are a burden for the ordinary reader.

Every Christian who wishes to nourish his faith will find interesting matter in this book; he will learn to know better the mystery he believes, to cling to it more closely, to desire more earnestly to contemplate it in heaven.

Le Gouvernment de l'Eglise, by Gustave Neyron, S.J. The chapters composing this volume appeared, at somewhat rare intervals, in the *Etudes;* hence they lack continuity, but, at least, they turn about one central idea—the Government of the Church—the excellence of which the author shows by considering its different aspects. He writes to defend the Church, and as he defends it with arguments borrowed from reason, rather than from revelation, he performs to a certain extent the work of an apologist. His views are very conservative, and many will not agree with him on all points, although the work, as a whole, is highly commendable. The author is especially fortunate in the chapter on the centralization of the power of the Church.

Two appendices, one on the Vatican Council, and the other on Tolerance, serve to complete the ideas explained in the chapter on the Church and the government of thought.

From Pierre Téqui:

Consignes Catholiques (*Sociales, Pédagogiques, Patriotiques*), by Monseigneur Tissier. With this volume of *Consignes Catholiques* the Bishop of Châlons closes his pastoral teaching of War time. It is made up of allocutions, letters and discourses delivered before audiences of every description: peasants, laboring men, soldiers, school teachers, and priests. While its contents are interesting chiefly to French Catholics, the pastoral: *"Sur les pas du Maître"* might be read with profit by anyone.

The Librarie Bloud et Gay presents, in *brochure,* the *Discours de Reception of Monseigneur Baudrillart* delivered before the French Academy and the *Réponse* of M. Marcel Prévost, the Director of the Academy. The former gives an intimate picture of M. de Mun, Monseigneur Baudrillart's predecessor. M. de Mun's high-minded and progressive efforts for industrial organization and the awakening of social conscience were potent in averting Socialism in France, and hence of interest to American Catholics in this time of reconstruction. Also M. Prévost's summary of the past relations of Church and State in France and his earnest and hopeful prognosis of future relations.

Recent Events.

Russia.

The successes of the Bolshevists continued during the past month. They succeeded in sweeping their adversaries back on three fronts to the south and east. These successes constitute the most decisive turn in the Russian situation since Lenine and Trotzky came into power.

In Siberia the Soviet armies have advanced over six hundred miles west of Kolchak's capital, Irkutsk. In Turkestan they have taken Bokhara, seat of the most powerful of Tartar emirs, situated only two hundred miles from the Afghan frontier. They have made important gains on the Caspian coast, where their advance is menacing Persia. In Southeastern Russia they inflicted what seems a telling defeat on the volunteer army of Denikin, captured Novo Cherask, capital of the Don Cossacks, and a line of other cities on the Sea of Azov. As a partial offset to Bolshevist victories in the east, southeast and south, the combined Lettish and Polish armies have dislodged the Bolshevists in the northwest from the important river fortress of Dvinsk, thereby establishing the superiority of the anti-Soviet forces in the Baltic region.

Dispatches received in the Allied countries admit the fatal character of the blows inflicted by the Bolshevists on Kolchak and Denikin. The former is variously reported as having been captured by the Bolshevists and as having been deposed and made prisoner by Col. Victor Pepaliaeff, the new premier of the All-Russian Government. Whatever his individual fate, it seems certain that his army has been decisively beaten and is now practically out of the field. In less than two months the Bolshevists have swept from the frontier of European Russia eastward along the Siberian Railway, captured Omsk, the original seat of the Kolchak Government, and advanced beyond Irkutsk, whither Kolchak's headquarters had been removed. The precarious situation of the latter was turned into disaster, particularly through the failure of the Czecho-Slovak troops, who had originally helped him to secure power, and the revolt of Social Revolutionaries (formerly the adherents of Kerensky) in Vladivostok, Irkutsk and other towns. Thus the hope that Kolchak would be able to make a stand at Lake Baikal was shattered, and the rescue of Transvaikalia and the Pacific provinces of Asiatic Russia would now seem to devolve entirely on the Japanese.

Whereas the weakness of Kolchak's position was apparent

ever since last August and his elimination reckoned with, the hopes of anti-Bolshevist Russia were built upon the strength of General Denikin's volunteer army, holding Southeastern Russia and supported by substantial shipments of tanks, munitions, and other war material from the British. At the time of the evacuation of Omsk last November, Denikin was making gains against the Bolshevists in the Ukraine. His position was undermined, however, by desertions, and chiefly by disorders and banditry prevailing in his rear, and rendering his disproportionately long lines of communication nearly untenable. In the last month, Kief, the capital of the Ukraine, was reconquered by the Bolshevists; Rostov-on-Don, formerly Denikin's seat, was taken also, and the fall of Novo Cherask, Berdiansk, Mariaupol and Taganrog followed. According to unconfirmed reports Denikin himself has been ousted by a coup of his followers. His successor in supreme command is variously reported as the Cossack General Romanovsky and General Wrangel, but this report has been denied.

As against the Bolshevist conquests in the east and south, some solace is offered by the apparent consolidation of the anti-Bolshevist Western front. The capture of Dvinsk by the Poles and Letts now establishes a line running from Courland to the Western Ukraine, where the Poles possess the railway line, in apparent agreement with the Ukrainian directorate.

The situation thus created has a bearing reaching far beyond the immediate fortunes of the opposing parties in the Russian civil war. It indicates a general change in Bolshevist strategy, both political and military. Briefly, the events of the last month signify that the Bolshevists have abandoned the hope of settling accounts with their enemies in the west, and are concentrating all their efforts and energies in establishing their power in the east, with a southward sweep through Afghanistan and an invasion of India as a possible ultimate goal.

The Bolshevists seem to have adopted the German plan of trying to smash their most powerful enemy, Great Britain, by a blow directed against India. This design has been evidenced for some time by their negotiations conducted with the Emir of Afghanistan, an implacable enemy of England, and their campaign among the tribes of Turkestan and in Persia. The conquest of Bokhara, only two hundred miles from the Afghan frontier, would indicate the ripening of the Bolshevist plans in this direction.

Politically the result of the month's disasters has been to necessitate a new orientation in the Russian policy of the Allies, and within the next month definite steps towards at least a partial *rapproachement* with the Soviet Government may be expected.

The most stubborn opponent of any plan for negotiations or truce with the Bolshevists has been France, and more particularly Clémenceau, who was holding out for the total defeat of the Bolshevists and the reconstitution, if possible, of Russia on the All-Russian plan of Kolchak. The reason for this policy was the large number of Russian bonds and other investments held in France, and the repudiation of former governmental obligations by the Soviet Government. Great Britain, on the other hand, has always tended toward a more conciliatory policy. Now that Clémenceau has been eliminated from the direction of affairs by his recent defeat for the French Presidency and by his retirement from the Premiership, and also because of the collapse of the Kolchak and Denikin offensives, the indications are strong that English views will prevail, and that there will soon be a more or less complete change of attitude towards the Bolshevist Government and at least a partial lifting of the Russian blockade.

Beyond the Polish-Lett success against the Bolshevists referred to above, there has been no great change in the Baltic situation. The armistice between the Esthonian and Russian Soviet Governments still continues, and negotiations preliminary to peace are expected soon to reach a successful conclusion. Recently, however, Esthonia sent representatives to Helsingfors, Finland, to join in a conference with Letvia, Lithuania, Poland, and Finland, which is expected to have an important effect on the Rumanian situation. The principal aim of the conference is to discuss organization by all five states of a defensive alliance against Soviet Russia, and a second defensive alliance against Germany. It appears, however, that Finland will not be a party to the second project, believing that, owing to her geographical position, she has nothing to fear from German encroachment in the Baltic. Moreover, it is declared, Finland feels such gratitude toward Germany for aid given in the spring of 1916 in saving Finland from the "Red" Terror, that she could not join in a movement which might be regarded by Germany as hostile.

Withdrawal at an early date of the American Expeditionary forces from Siberia has been definitely determined on by the United States Government, and official notification of this fact has been communicated to the Japanese Government. The American forces were sent into Siberia for the stated purpose of aiding the Czech forces to make their safe exit out of Siberia, at a time when the Bolshevists were trying to impede their progress eastward more than a year ago, and secondly to assist in keeping open the Trans-Siberian railroad and to protect certain supplies. The situation has reached a point where, with the repatriation of the Czechs

and the withdrawal of the Stevens Siberian Railway Commission, the purpose for which the expedition was sent into Siberia will have been fulfilled. There are approximately 9,000 American regulars in Siberia, all the drafted men having been replaced.

France.

The two outstanding features of the month's news in France have been the defeat of Clémenceau for the Presidency, and the final ratification of the Peace Treaty with Germany, together with the setting up of the League of Nations and various other business consequent on the ratification of the Treaty.

Premier Clémenceau, who only a few days before the election of the President on January 17th declared his candidacy, and had been considered as an easy victor for that office, was defeated by Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies. The presidential electors in France consist of the three hundred Senators and six hundred and twenty-four Deputies, who were elected in December, independently of any presidential issue. It appears that Deschanel had the support of the Left, including not only the conservative Socialists, but the radicals as well, with whom Clémenceau was extremely unpopular. From this it must not be inferred that Deschanel is a radical, or that he leans that way, but merely that the radicals were willing to do almost anything to defeat Clémenceau. Deschanel received support also from the left wing of the Centre, the Centre being composed of the Bloc National which controls both the Chamber and the Senate. Deschanel's candidacy had the backing of former Premier Briand, Edouard Herriot, the new President of the Radical party, and André Lefevre, Vice-President of the Chamber.

The World War ended formally on January 10th, when representatives of the Powers which had approved the Versailles Treaty deposited their certificates of ratification and signed the *proces-verbal* which put the Treaty into effect. The signatories were the fourteen Allied and Associated Powers on the one hand and Germany on the other.

After the documents were signed, a letter from the Supreme Council was handed to the German representative, Baron Kurt von Lersner, promising that the Allies would reduce from 400,000 to 275,000 tons their demand for maritime equipment to pay for the Scapa Flow sinking. This was in reply to the German contention, that the enforcement of the Allies' original demand would have vitally affected Germany's economic interests.

The United States took no part in the ceremony, and is at present the only nation in a state of war with Germany. For-

mal notice has been served on Germany by the American State Department that conditions of the armistice still govern relations between the United States and Germany.

In answer to the call of President Wilson, the first meeting of the League of Nations opened in Paris on January 16th. England, France, Italy, Japan, Spain, Belgium and Brazil are the nations comprising the Supreme Council of the League. Léon Bourgeois, representative of France, presided at the first session. The general opinion of the European Press seems to be that the League will be a failure without the active coöperation of America.

One of the most significant things that has happened since the signing of the German Treaty is the continuance of the high command of Marshal Foch. The functions of Marshal Foch as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies automatically lapsed when the Peace Treaty went into effect, but immediately afterward the French, British, and Italian Governments—with which Belgium will probably be associated—decided to continue the Military Council of Versailles, with Marshal Foch as President, and to extend his sphere of activity. The Military Council will be concerned not only with the general application of the Treaty, but with questions of general interest, such as the menace of a Red Crusade from Bolshevist Russia, and though its powers at present are purely consultative, French observers see in it "the embryo of an inter-allied military organization about which may be formed a solid alliance of France, England, Belgium, and Italy as a beginning."

Italy.

After a month of agitation over Fiume, latest advices indicate that the prospect for an agreement on the Adriatic question has been accepted by Italy. The agreement, which was the result of deliberations by Lloyd George and Clémenceau with the Italian Premier Nitti, has been handed also to the Jugo-Slavs, who have forwarded the text of the accord to Belgrade.

It is understood that this plan will make a free city of Fiume, placing it on much the same footing as Danzig, under the control of the League of Nations, and will give to the Jugo-Slavs a strip running between Fiume and Trieste, the latter of which will be Italian. It is understood further that it provides for the division of Adriatic islands between Italy and Jugo-Slavia. In return for concessions Italy would get a mandate over Albania. Minor geographical adjustments are now in progress, and in addition the Premiers are hearing the claims of the Greeks, who now desire to get some share in the Adriatic division.

The settlement is understood to represent the limit of Italian concessions, and Premier Nitti places the responsibility for further difficulties on the Jugo-Slavs, who, at present, have the plan under consideration. Certain sections of Italian opinion believe that acceptance of the plan will mean the fall of the Nitti Government, but it is held, nevertheless, that Italy will have to agree to any settlement reached at this time. One interesting feature stands out, and that is, if Italy does not get Fiume—and it seems certain now that she will not—the French project of an alliance of England, France and Italy will have to fight its way in the Italian Parliament.

This invitation to Italy to participate in the Peace Alliance with Great Britain and France suggests not only the conclusion of reciprocal military and naval agreements between the three countries in the event of armed aggression, but also a definite reshaping of Italian policy on lines affecting the common interest of the three great Western powers. The acceptance of such a proposal would involve also a formal pledge from Italy that she will persevere steadfastly in her after-war political tendencies by more effective coöperation in the solution of national questions, colonial problems and economic difficulties.

Meanwhile d'Annunzio after his agreement last month with the Italian Government for withdrawal from Fiume, and the replacement of his troops by Italian regulars, has announced that he would resist any efforts that might be made to expel him from Fiume. Two plebiscites have already been held in the city, but these have been declared unsatisfactory by d'Annunzio, and a new plebiscite ordered by him to determine the future status of the city. The National Council of Fiume has reversed its previous decision to accept the Government's proposal, and has voted to support d'Annunzio, who says he has come to the conclusion that the guarantees offered by the Government were insufficient to warrant his leaving. The general opinion of the Press and the Government, however, is that d'Annunzio has ceased to be an important factor in the problem and that, in the event of the acceptance of the new plan by Jugo-Slavia, he will be removed without much difficulty and without serious disturbance to Italian popular feeling.

Despite labor disorders and the recent success of the Socialists at the elections, close observers are of opinion that Italy affords a poor ground for Bolshevism, and it is said that the chance of a revolution in Rome is less than in any other great capital. The success of the Italian loan is taken as one indication of the failure of revolutionary sentiments to take deep hold of the people.

The subscriptions at the end of the first week passed the 8,000,000,000 lire mark, and it is believed the total will exceed 15,000,000,000 lire, the amount set as the goal. That the Italian working people are animated by the spirit of thrift, is further shown by the fact that 13,000,000 lire has been deposited in postal savings banks and small popular banking institutions.

Premier Nitti at present is the nation's big man and enjoys the same advantage as Lloyd George in England—there is no one in sight to succeed him. His chief concern is to put Italy in train for economic and industrial revival and development, and he believes that, within a short period, interest in war questions will give place to a keen spirit of business enterprise and that Italy will experience great industrial activity. He has somewhat placated the Socialists by consenting to the abolition of the oath of allegiance to the King, and has promised to present a bill by which the King will be deprived of the right to declare war, reserving it exclusively to the Italian Parliament. This means a radical change in the Italian Constitution. The Premier added that not only the declaration of war, but the conclusion of treaties, must be submitted to Parliament.

Austria.

Of all the suffering European countries Austria, and more particularly Vienna, seems to be in the worst material plight, and conditions there during the last several months have grown steadily more desperate, till, at last accounts, the people were literally on the verge of starvation. The following has been given as an authentic picture of the situation:

For a year the 2,250,000 population of Vienna has been existing on a dole of bread a day. One hundred grams of bread and seven grams of fat have been the daily ration. Theoretically every person was allowed one hundred grams of meat every three weeks, but, in nine cases out of ten, it was impossible for the people to get it for their coupons. Of late conditions have become even worse, so that the population has undergone a reduced ration which allotted each week 1,027 grams (about two pounds) of bread and one hundred and twenty-five grams (one-fourth of a pound) of cooking flour to hard workers, and five hundred and eighty-seven grams (a little over one pound) of bread and one hundred and twenty-five grams of cooking flour to other people. The fuel ration has been eighteen pounds of coal a week per family, but the supply has fallen so low that only a small percentage of the population has been able to obtain its share. The people have stripped Vienna, and every other

large city in the country, of every combustible article—sign-boards, park benches, fences, everything that will burn. Daily there is a huge exodus of miserable, pinched creatures, young and old, men and women, armed with hatchets, axes, and saws, who pour out of Vienna and swarm over the countryside, cutting down trees for firewood. They will walk ten to twenty miles, then carry back all the fuel they can bear. They have cut down thousands of fruit trees, and shade trees which line the great highways. The starving population has long ago consumed all animals in the country. The people have eaten their pets—dogs, cats, even canary birds and gold fish. They hunt rats and eat them, and horse meat is a luxury which few can afford.

Children are dying of hunger and cold. The infant mortality rate in Vienna is sixty per cent, and eighty-five per cent of those between nine months and three years of age are suffering with rickets. The majority of women in childbed die, while among those who survive, the loss of weight is serious, resulting in diminution of the nursing capacity. It is affirmed that statistics show that in Vienna alone there were 150,000 deaths from starvation in 1919.

As a result of Chancellor Renner's pleas for relief before the Supreme Council, the Allies in the middle of December decided to go to the aid of the starving people. They agreed to the delivery of 30,000 tons of grain from Trieste, the granting of a credit to Jugo-Slavia to send a further quantity of grain to Austria, and permission to Austria to continue negotiations with Holland for a loan of thirty million guilders, for which the Austrian tobacco monopoly is to be set free from the general pledge of Austrian assets to the Reparations Committee. Later reports are to the effect that of the 30,000 tons of food at Trieste, only 16,000 had so far been made available, due to transportation difficulties, and it was said that at the present rate of consumption, Austria would be able to feed her people only to the end of January on half rations. After that, if nothing is done meantime, it was declared the nation would face absolute starvation. Among other relief measures, Italy recently received at Trieste one thousand Viennese children, to be assigned to Trieste families for care and possible adoption.

Of course the industrial and economic life of the nation has come to similar desperate straits. The lack of coal is as bad as the food shortage and has stopped nearly all manufacturing. Austria is buying wherever it can, but is manufacturing nothing. As a result its currency has continuously fallen, and the banks are imposing further and further difficulties in the way

of such trade as is still possible. Paper notes still circulate in the country but at steadily decreasing values, the Austrian crown now being worth about one-thirtieth of its normal value.

Germany.

Of course the most important German event in the past month was the final ratification of the Peace Treaty at Paris the middle of January, but nothing particular occurred to mark the occasion in Germany itself. The press comments were bitter or gloomy, but the general opinion seems to be that Germany must make a combined and determined effort to carry out the terms of the Peace Treaty, no matter how severe they may be, and that if only the Government can establish internal order, the country will be able to bear the economic conditions imposed.

Serious disturbances occured in Berlin on January 13th when a mob of communists and radicals endeavored to storm the Reichstag buildings on the occasion of the second reading in the Upper House of an act creating factory councils. The police at first tried to hold off the rush, but shots were fired by the mob and finally the guards were compelled to retaliate. In the ensuing struggle forty-two persons were killed and one hundred and five wounded.

The original cause of the riot was the dissatisfaction of the Independent Socialists over the failure of the Government to provide a method for the establishment of the workmen's councils called for by the Constitution, but the immediate cause was indignation at the attitude of the Government towards strikers. This resulted in the organization of the demonstration in front of the Reichstag building. The violence that followed, however, is declared to have been due to Communist agents, who took advantage of the assemblage and worked on mob psychology to start the riot. The firm conduct of the Government has apparently checked the spread of disorder.

The beginning of the new year was signalized by strikes and lockouts, chiefly among railway and telegraph employees. The Independent Socialists and Communists are charged with responsibility for the strikes, which, while they are ostensibly economic measures are, in reality, it is declared, political measures to accomplish the introduction of an industrial system on the Communist plan. There are also other causes at work, notably the unparalleled rise in the prices of all foodstuffs and other commodities in consequence of the continued depreciation of the mark. The United States War Department has fixed its official rate of exchange for all army accounting purposes, for January,

at two cents. Moreover, the lack of raw materials and coal has compelled many factories to close against the will of their owners, though there are plenty of orders to fill.

Evacuation of the first zone of the Province of Schleswig has been started by Germany, as required by the Peace Treaty, preliminary to the plebiscite there to determine whether the province shall be reunited with Denmark. The International Schleswig Commission, which left for its headquarters at Flensburg on January 18th, has appointed prefects to administer the five administrative districts in the first zone.

Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan are reopening their diplomatic relations with Germany as a result of the exchange of ratifications of the Treaty of Versailles and the restoration of peace between them and Germany. The United States is not reopening diplomatic relations at this time, and will not be able to do so until after a formal peace has been concluded with Germany. Secretary Lansing, however, has announced the appointment of an American Commissioner at Berlin.

Hungary.

Since Hungary was last treated of in these notes, a new Hungarian Cabinet has been formed with representatives of all political parties. The Christian Socialist, Karl Huszar, is Premier, while his predecessor, Freidrich, to whose government the Allies objected, has been given the post of War Secretary. As a result of this change, the Supreme Council on January 15th finally received Count Albert Apponyi, head of the Hungarian delegation, and presented to him the Hungarian Peace Treaty, which has been ready for months, but has been held in abeyance because of the lack of a government at Budapest in which the Allies had confidence. Hungary is accorded fifteen days to consider the Treaty and send its reply to Paris.

The Treaty provides that Hungary shall formally waive claim to Fiume and all the former Austro-Hungarian territories awarded to Italy, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia. Hungary must adhere to the clauses of the Treaty with Austria, signed at St. Germain, concerning national minorities. Under the terms of the Treaty the Hungarian army must not exceed 35,000 men, with guns of not more than ten centimetre calibre. Hungary is to assume a proportional share of the Austrian debt.

Most of the remaining clauses of the Treaty are similar to those of the Treaty of St. Germain. A special economic clause provides that an arrangement shall be made for the exchange of foodstuffs, raw materials and manufactured goods between Aus-

tria and Hungary. By the provision of this clause Hungary undertakes not to restrict the export of foodstuffs to Austria, and insures to Austrian purchasers terms as favorable as those given to the Hungarians.

A great contrast exists between the formerly united countries, the social-democratic Austria and the strongly monarchist Hungary, and particularly between the capitals, Vienna and Budapest. In Vienna the Government stands more through the general apathy of the country than through vigorous measures of its own, but in Budapest the reaction from Bolshevism and the departure of the Rumanians have induced a strongly national, even a chauvinistic temper among the people. Large sections of people, including even business men, speak freely of the inevitable *revanche* against the Rumanians and of certitude that the Slovaks will soon come back automatically to Hungary. It was for this reason that, among the conditions of recognition of the Huszar government, Sir George Clerk, the Allies' representative, stipulated that the Hungarians were to abstain from making any attack upon their neighbors, and were to respect the provisional boundaries of the country, pending the final delimitation by the Peace Conference.

An indication of the reaction from Bolshevism is the repeated demand on Austria for the extradition of Bela Kun, the former Communist dictator of Hungary, whom the Austrian Chancellor so far refuses to give up, his reason being that the removal of Bela Kun from Austria would be the signal for the wholesale murder of Austrians in Soviet Russia. It is said that nearly ninety-five per cent of the Hungarian people would vote for the return of a monarchy, a plan to which no objection is anticipated from the Allies, with the possible exception of Italy, but it is still uncertain who will become king.

In Budapest the food conditions seem to be better than in Vienna, though reports are conflicting as to the actual difference. The poor do not get a regular supply of bread and sugar, and potatoes are practically unobtainable, but there is a sufficiency of vegetables and other farm products, and meatless days are unknown.

January 19th.

With Our Readers.

SINCE the ending of the War we have on more than one occasion referred in these paragraphs to articles in different periodicals on the relation between religious belief and military service. "The Christian Under Fire," "The Religion of the Trenches," "The Failure of Christianity" are sample titles of such articles. The uniform trend of them was one of doubt, of questioning, and even of pessimism. "The Failure of the Churches" might be an appropriate title for a volume that would gather them together. This failure of the churches was almost synonymous with the failure of Christianity itself, for according to such onlookers and critics, men in the service, brought face to face with reality, saw the emptiness not only of the preaching "back home," but of all and everything resembling Christian dogma and definite belief about Christ and His teachings. Their new experience, in the judgment of these critics, had made the men not only more careless about, but also indifferent to religion. It is perhaps needless to state that all of these criticisms mentioned were from Protestant sources. Indeed they furnished a very strong indictment of the Protestant churches from the pen of their own members, and a true indictment, since the observers and critics were evidently sincere and spoke from what they had seen or heard.

Confirming such criticism there has now appeared the General Report made by the chaplains of the British Army and entitled, *The Army and Religion*, which gives no comforting or hopeful view concerning the influence on the non-Catholic soldier of his religious belief.

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THIS report did not include any account concerning the Catholic soldiers. Father Plater has just edited and issued a volume which fills the gap. It is entitled, *Catholic Soldiers by Sixty Chaplains and Many Others*. Its inquiry is concerned almost entirely with the Catholic soldiers in the service of Great Britain, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand and Canada. Definite questions, so framed as to bring out information on the particular effect of his religious belief on the man in service, were sent out by Father Plater. Sixty chaplains and a number of officers answered. Thousands of letters, written by Catholic soldiers, containing evidence to the point have also been used in the compilation. The very wording of the questions shows a spirit and an outlook

different from the non-Catholic criticism on the soldiers' religion which has appeared in the magazines.

* * * *

RELIGION here is something real. The horror of battle makes it more real. Religion is a power that draws the soul to God. There in the crowded battle-front or in the lonely watch, religion brings a man nearer to God. Religion elevates and sustains standards. It helps us resist and conquer the strong lustful appeal of the flesh; it gives the sinner hope; it sustains even the hero; it comforts the wounded; it throws the light of heaven on this otherwise darkened world. It is real: a living force, all but tangible. It is not a vain aspiration: a sentiment and an emotion that begin and end with desire, and have no sure eternal foundation. It is as evident as the hills and as impregnable; it is as certain as the sun and equally illuminating. It is as nourishing as food, and as refreshing as drink, and more necessary than either. It shows the hand of death parting the curtains of heaven, and makes direct the now obscured vision of God.

* * * *

BUT this, it will be said, is religion as it ought to be: such a power in the world all men's souls would yearn to possess. If anyone will read this book by Father Plater, he will see this religion consistently illustrated in the standards, the failures, the penance, the self-discipline, the heroism of men. There is no question here of mere speculation nor of anxious worrying about Christ and His truth. Conviction: certainty and peace attainable are reëchoed here in the answers to the questions of how the Catholic Faith influenced these men.

* * * *

TO the question has the War created any difficulty for the men's faith, the full answer is, "Not one clear case appears in all the reports and letters in which a Catholic soldier has been unsettled in his belief in God by the War." Indeed, a chaplain who saw four years of service at more than one point states: "On the whole the War has probably increased the faith . . . of the average Catholic soldier. It has deepened his perception of the spiritual, the immortal, and the eternal." Another, of three years' service, says of the Catholic soldier: "His faith becomes a philosophical necessity to him, and he gets deep insight into it from his own experience. And another of two years' experience, whose testimony is supported directly by eight other chaplains, writes: "Actual warfare increases the faith of Catholics. They are pleased to manifest it. They will go to confession in trenches and open places."

In some letters there are illuminating sentences telling eloquently of the grandeur of the writer's faith: "I am the only Catholic boy in this hut. When I go to early Communion, I have to listen to sneers, but I don't mind if I can only love God, and make myself humble to Him." And another, a private, writes: "I should say one's faith is deepened, and the sense of the presence and the nearness of God increased. When in danger I often had the feeling that the Holy Family were walking a few yards ahead of me, and any minute I might find myself in their presence."

* * * *

THEIR faith was a thing alive: they were the brothers of Christ: the sons of the eternal Father. "'God's will,' is the clear settler of all their 'fates' in the minds of our Catholic men. It comes out again and again in their letters home, in talking over the prospects of going over the top, in speaking of their comrades who were killed and in every other way. Their attitude is in sharp contrast with the impersonal fatalism of so many non-Catholics to whom the question of their own or their comrades' deaths is just as insistent when living under shell fire." This from a chaplain who had served for five years.

Nor did the Catholic soldier manifest any *superstitious* dependence on medals, rosaries or other articles of devotion. The chaplain last quoted testifies: "It (the article) did not give him an assurance that he was safe from shells: but it was for him a continued, unconscious prayer for safety: and if he was to 'be taken' (not 'go West') he was comforted to think that his soul would leave a body that bore on it the badge of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady's medal and scapular."

* * * *

THE training of the Catholic school bears its fruit in the testimony furnished by this book. The majority of these Catholic soldiers, drawn from every walk of life, were "fairly well instructed in their religion." A chaplain who had served four years writes: "The greatest consolation I have had is to find our men so well instructed in their religion. They generally know all the essentials, how to hear Mass, go to the Sacraments, pray, etc.; and I take this to be a great tribute to our Catholic schools, and a reward for our labor and sacrifices in erecting, maintaining and defending them."

Of course this encouraging picture has its dark shadows, but it has its high lights. "One Manchester lad spent an hour at a barn chapel every night and received Holy Communion. He used to come two miles to get there."

* * * *

WITH regard to moral falls, the majority of chaplains, judging from the years of service with the troops, state that they do not believe that such falls were more frequent in military than in civil life. Almost all testify to the fact that when such falls did occur, they were followed quickly by repentance and that continued falls were the rare exception. In this chapter an officer contributes a paragraph which is singularly important in view of the various pleas, other than religious, used by many and esteemed by them as effective. "Catholicism," he writes, "stands as something unique, as the only system capable of influencing in every aspect man's motivation. Various influences may act as powerful deviating influences in some one especial direction. Patriotism for example, or *esprit de corps* may make a man do brave things, the instinct of self-preservation may make him appear a Paladin of courage. Love of a woman may keep him chaste, or ambition may compel him to put forth his best efforts. But the *one* thing which can and does energize that infinitely faceted thing, motive, which can and does make a man brave, courageous, chaste, or painstaking, is Catholicism. It is my candid belief that, in the acts of men, Catholicism and its teaching acts as often as a motivating factor as all other influences added together: more than that, its influence is always towards what is best."

* * * *

"THERE are many real saints among the men," wrote Father Doyle: and one most encouraging portion of this report is that which tells of the return of many Catholics to the practice of the faith. The section on "Prodigals and Saints" should rouse every reader of it to a more intelligent appreciation of his faith and to increased personal devotion.

In the chapter on "The Wounded" a chaplain cites the following as one example out of many hundreds: "I was called to a cellar in the line, which was being used as a medical aid post. A young soldier had had his leg half torn away. It was necessary to amputate. When I got to the place, the surgeons were already operating. I gave conditional absolution, and waited, holding a candle for them to work by. After about three hours, the young fellow came to. He was in dreadful agony, and I said a few words of sympathy. 'Are you a priest?' he said, 'Yes.' 'Well, Father, I am suffering terribly, but Jesus Christ suffered on the Cross far more than I am doing.' Then in a moment: 'I want to go to confession and Holy Communion.' The confession over, I hurried away to fetch the Blessed Sacrament, some miles away. I got back, and there in that deep cellar, lying on a stretcher,

that young soul received his Viaticum. Never a word of complaint on his lips, but just the holy names of Jesus and Mary, uttered in little gasping sobs, with wonderful devotion. An hour after he was dead."

* * * *

THE faith of the Irish soldier stands out in preëminent splendor. He has an intelligent understanding of it. A chaplain of four years experience, comparing the soldiers of different countries, gives Ireland first place for religious instruction: "In Ireland practically every one (is instructed)." Another chaplain writes: "The difference between the Catholics of an Irish battalion and an English one is startling. As a rule, the former come to confession, and know how to make it, the latter have to be hunted up, and if, after much pressure, they do consent to make a confession they have to be helped considerably. Naturally, there are exceptions." And another chaplain: "Ninety-nine out of a hundred Irish would explain correctly the Immaculate Conception, the difference between the Resurrection and Ascension, who was Pontius Pilate, how do you baptize—in fact everything." "I remember," writes another, "giving Holy Communion one morning in a village church to nine hundred men of the Connaught Rangers. The *curé*, with tears streaming down his cheeks, helped me. At the end he said: 'Those strong men have all the faces of children as they kneel to receive their Lord in Holy Communion.'" Of the "saints" another states: "If I said hundreds, you would think I was exaggerating, but I'm not. Young, innocent boys and old soldiers from India, living the holiest, most supernatural lives, devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, men of prayer. I admit they are mostly Irish or Scotch-Irish, but there are some English as well, and, as usual, I exclude Lancashiremen, who count as Irish."

Their faith was astounding and their gentleness amazing. "They apologize to doctors for trouble given, and thank them. Most wounded men seldom get *out* of themselves so far."

* * * *

THIS volume does not seek to present anything like full testimony with regard to the American Catholic soldier and his religious faith. But from the limited testimony it does furnish, the American Catholics may well glory in the faith of their own.

"It is my opinion," writes an American chaplain, "that the faith of our Catholic soldiers in the ranks of the American Army has been strengthened, rather than otherwise by their experiences in the War." The highest praise is accorded to the Catholic American soldier for the faithful practice of his religion. "The Americans of New York," writes a British chaplain, "whom I saw

whilst in training, before they had seen the line and afterwards in hospital, were all well instructed and very fervent."

The volume makes us only the more eager to see in print the full glorious record written by our American Catholic soldiers, under the inspiration of the Cross, in the service of our Country.

AT a meeting held in Cleveland, Tuesday, December 30, 1919, some sixty Catholic writers and students of history formed a new national historical society which henceforth will bear the name—The American Catholic Historical Association. The object of the new Association is to promote study and research in the field of Catholic history.

The reawakened interest in international politics which the World War has aroused, has contributed very largely to a better appreciation of the part the Catholic Church has taken in the march of civilization. Students and teachers of history realize that the War has added vastly to the significance of the Church's presence in the world; and there is a greater desire on the part of all who labor in the field of history to approach the problem of Catholicism, in the past and in the present, with a more honest and a more sincere critical spirit.

* * * *

THE centre of world politics has been changed from the capitals of Europe to the capital of the Republic, which our fathers, as the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore said, builded wiser than they knew, the Almighty's hand guiding them. America has passed beyond her growing years and her destinies are for the future in the world-stream of humanity, where alone national character can be formed. To open any volume of this historic past is to read another page of the history of the Catholic Church. Civilization, progress, idealism, all are interwoven with the Catholic Church; and in the same measure as new demands will be made upon our educators to interpret to us the background of our history, so in like measure will American Catholics be expected to know the Catholic past of the world.

* * * *

SUCH an Association as the one just founded, makes it possible to bring into one body all the Catholic historical scholarship of the United States. There are six local Catholic historical societies (those of New York, Philadelphia, Portland, Me., St. Louis, Chicago, and St. Paul), devoting their energies to local Catholic history. They are all publishing excellent historical quarterlies. We have also the *Catholic Historical Review*, published at the

Catholic University of America, which is now the recognized organ of all American Catholic historical activity. But all these publications are local or national in scope. What was needed was a society that would bring into one fold all those interested in Catholic history, without limit of time or place.

* * * *

IN October, 1919, letters were sent out to some seventy Catholic teachers of history in our Catholic Colleges, Academies, Seminaries, and Universities, and a response which surprised the one who had projected the Association, proved the opportuneness of the scheme. Accordingly, the meeting to organize the new society was called for Cleveland. Some sixty Catholic historical scholars were present. Papers were read by Rev. Dr. Guilday of the Catholic University of America, and by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, on the scope of the new project. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers elected: President, Lawrence F. Flick, M.D., LL.D.; Vice Presidents, Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S.J., and Rev. Victor O'Daniel, O.P., S.T.M.; Secretary, Carlton T. H. Hayes, Ph.D.; Treasurer, Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. C. O'Reilly, D.D., V.G.; Archivist, Rev. Dr. Guilday. The Executive Council includes, with the above-named officers, Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, LL.D., Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joseph F. Mooney, D.D., V.G., Rev. Dr. Souvay, C.M., Rev. William Busch, S.T.L., and Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

A meeting of the Executive Council was held recently and it was decided to organize the 1920 meeting, which will be held during Christmas week at Washington, D. C., into four Sections or Conferences, dealing with Ancient, Mediæval, Modern, and American Catholic history. The permanent headquarters of the Association will be the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., but the annual meetings will be held in a different city each year.

THE social value of spiritual qualities is admirably illustrated at this time when universal appeal is made for thrift. Thrift as an economic practice related to economic problems, whether individual or social, is much to be commended. But it does not begin and end with itself.

* * * *

IF we accept the spiritual values set for us by the Gospel and explained with compelling uniformity and clearness by spiritual writers, we learn to discipline wants, to practice renunciation, to be conscious of the claims of the needy and of our power to promote education and religion, and all of this is the result of

spiritual vision and impulse. As we gain in spiritual understanding, we become conscious of release from the tyranny of material things. Simple wants, refined taste, subtle self-control, joy in intangible things become our portion.

* * * *

IN this process thrift occupies a place, modest indeed, but important. Those who believe in God and love His ways, find in the teaching of Christ and the practice of the saints, the secret of higher life. They love and do noble things, because these fit into the harmony of the spiritual life. Seen in this light, thrift is not an end but an incident. It is good socially and much to be commended. But we should believe in it and practice it as a phase of our spiritual growth and not merely as an economic virtue.

* * * *

IF the national appeal now made can but convince the country of the foolishness of extravagance, it will serve an admirable purpose. Extravagance may have immediate social antecedents, but it, too, is a sign of the condition of one's soul. Sanctity moves always in the direction of simple taste, restrained desires, joy in renunciation and prompt acceptance of spiritual values. Extravagance knows nothing of these. We may bewail it as a social menace, but we must reject it infinitely more because it is a sign of spiritual decadence. We may borrow strength for the soul as well as for social life, from the remark of the good colored woman who said to a child in her care: "Not wanting things is better than having them."

OUR readers will recall that in his interesting article on "The Irish No Man's Land" in our November issue, Mr. P. G. Smyth deplores the ruin of Louvain which he thought involved the College of the Irish Franciscans, and consequently the tomb of the famous Archbishop of Tuam, Florence Conroy, the founder of the Irish College of Louvain. A letter from an interested reader, dated "American College, Louvain, December 8th," corrects this error and adds much interesting data concerning the relics of this foundation. We print it for the benefit of our readers.

* * * *

"FORTUNATELY the part of the city where the ancient College of Irish Franciscans was located was spared the horrors of August, 1914. Prompted by the article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD which referred to Archbishop Conroy, I made a pilgrimage there today. In the wall of the chapel is a stone bearing an inscription saying that Archbishop Conroy died in Madrid, 1629, in his 69th

year, the 21st year of his episcopate; that his remains were interred here (*hic*) 1654.

"In the wall of the corridor adjacent to the Chapel are the tombstones of Dominic De Burgo, Episcopus Elfinensis, a native of Ireland, died 1704; of Fra Tully, 1715; Fratres O'Donnell, O'Reilly and Lynch all of the eighteenth century; also the tombstone of "Illustrissima Rosa Docharty," 1660. The Brothers (since 1832 the house is occupied by the Brothers of Charity) knew little of the history of these relics. They had *heard* that these slabs, now cemented in the wall, were formerly in the floor of the chapel. May we believe then that the actual tombs are under the chapel?

"A slab near the door of the chapel tells us that the first stone of the chapel (the present chapel) was laid by the Archduke and Duchess Albert and Isabelle, 1617.

"Of the original walls one, facing the garden, is still standing. On this wall between the narrow Gothic windows of the monks' cells is the date again, 1617. Finally to corroborate the reputation for learning that the college enjoyed, some of the tombstones give the degrees—obtained at the University by the monks: Lynch, Licentiate in Philosophy; O'Donnell, Bachelor Juris Civilis et Canonici.

"So the tomb of the Archbishop of Tuam, as well as these other archæological monuments, escaped the fate that destroyed so many other souvenirs of the past intellectual glories of Louvain."

A LIGHT in the world of Catholic laymen went out with the waning of the old year. The death of the Hon. Thomas J. Lanahan of Albany on December 27th marks the earthly termination of a notable career in the service of Church and State, such a career as it is useful to record and to meditate. THE CATHOLIC WORLD mourns in him a faithful subscriber from its inception and a friend and admirer of its founder, Father Hecker. This sustained interest in Catholic literature was but an index of his whole-hearted and unflagging service in the Catholic cause. It is for us a satisfaction to quote some extracts from a summary of his life by those who knew and loved it in every detail—the Catholic press of the city where he was born and for eighty-three years gave example of what a Catholic layman may and should be.

* * * *

"HON. THOMAS J. LANAHAN received his education in the private school of Captain Michael O'Sullivan, in old St. John's parish. He was employed in the office of the *Albany*

Journal for several years after leaving school, and later in the *Merchants' Dispatch* office.

"In 1866 he was elected assemblyman from the first assembly district of Albany County and served until May, 1870, when he was appointed clerk to Mayor Thacher. Later he was appointed chief clerk of the board of contract and appointment, which was consolidated with the board of assessors, in which board he served until his recent illness. His service with the city of Albany lacked four months of completing a half century.

"Through his entire life he was a leader in Catholic Church and fraternal circles, devoting his splendid talents unselfishly to their service.

* * * *

"MR. LANAHAN was not only renowned as a public speaker and elocutionist, but also as a dramatist. He appeared many times on the stage with professional players, especially in 1872, when he appeared with Walter Reeble as ghost in Reeble's *Hamlet*. He was a friend of John Albaugh, Frank Lawlor and many of the famous actors of that day.

"Under his direction amateur theatricals were promoted in Albany academies and organizations. As an elocutionist he aided in the training of many speakers, and was often asked for assistance in the preparation of important addresses. His last great address was at the installation of Bishop Thomas F. Cusack four years ago. . . . His oratory was of the polished, graceful style of the great Daniel Dougherty, but there was a pathos and depth of feeling in his voice that was distinctly his own, and a fire which never failed to rouse his hearers to enthusiasm. He was at his best in the rendition of such poems as Mangan's 'Dark Rosaleen,' which he interpreted with splendid effect."

* * * *

THIS man of varied talents and multiple activities will be mourned in practically every parish of the diocese of Albany, for there are comparatively few places within its territory where his eloquent voice has not been heard, or which he has not visited.

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THE ATONEMENT IN ST. PAUL.

BY L. E. BELLANTI, S.J.

I.

WE place events in this world's history by relating them to its central event. For instance, we say that the strange tale of the Doomed Prince was written about 1500 years before Christ, and that More wrote his *Utopia* about 1500 years after Christ. The Christ-Event is, by convention, the measure for human history, as of necessity it is the only measure of our history in the supernatural plane. Christ is the Supernatural Man. He comes to raise men above themselves by achieving their redemption. That redemption is His life-work—its starting point the Incarnation, its culmination the Cross, its triumphant integration, the Resurrection. For, in a sense not to be lightly set aside, the atonement belongs to the whole life, death and resurrection. In Our Lord's eyes it is one steep road from Bethlehem to that Calvary whose dark summit is illumined by the after-glory of the resurrection, and always along that way His will is undeviatingly set.

This view of an atonement, which is co-extensive with the whole of Our Saviour's life on earth, is familiar to St. Paul, as it is to us, too, in the prayer: "O God, Whose only-begotten Son by His life, death and resurrection has purchased for us the reward of eternal life . . ." "God," says the Apostle, "has

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reconciled us to Himself by Christ . . . , for God indeed was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself."[1] "God being rich in mercy . . . even when we were dead through our sins quickened us to life together with Christ and raised us up with Him." "Christ Jesus, . . . though He was by nature God, did not set great store on His equality with God: rather, He emptied Himself by taking the nature of a slave and becoming like unto men. And after He had appeared in outward form as man, He humbled Himself, by obedience unto death, yea unto death upon a cross."[2] We see from this that though Christ is always actively the Redeemer, yet His incarnation and life on earth are more correctly anticipatory of the atonement. The essential reparation and vital atonement must always be found in His sacrificial death: while our restoration to sonship is effected through His life-giving resurrection.

That death is so full of meaning that we may well begin by summing up its value, and then clearing the ground of various misconceptions about it. It is a death both retrospective and prospective; that is, its effects are to reach both those who have gone before and the generations yet to be. Its saving value is for all times and places. It can be viewed from every angle and flash fresh significances from each new facet. On the cross the dying Christ is mediating between God in heaven and men on earth. To ignore any one of the vital terms of this relationship of God and man through the God made Man must lead to inadequacy and misconception; even to stress one note of the truth beyond others disturbs that perfect harmony.

Because of this we find the Church refusing her wholehearted approval to a teaching that would unduly extend man's bondage in sin into an enslavement by the devil, or again to an unbalanced rhetoric that would express God's loathing for sin by depicting the Father as waging war to the death against His Son—the substitutional Victim for our sins—and exercising a revengeful fury, as abhorrent as it is untrue. Yet an exaggerated idea of the devil's claims on us led to strange expressions on the lips of a Basil or a Gregory of Nyssa in the East, an Ambrose and an Augustine in the West, while equally forced presentments of God's anger against His Son, dying for us on the cross, may be culled by the

[1] 2 Cor. v. 18, 19. [2] Phil. ii. 6-8. Westminster Version.

curious from the published sermons of Segneri, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Monsabré and perhaps others.[3]

Such phrases and sentiments, unfortunate even when taken in their context, give some color and may even be used to reënforce the hoary difficulty of Socinus, with which, in its modern garb, we are all so sadly familiar. "It is urged that to suppose that Christ died for the remission of the sins of mankind is to suppose a thing revolting to all our ideas of the justice of God, since it means that in His wrath with men on account of their sins, He condemned the whole race to a cruel and unending punishment and was only induced to spare them . . . by accepting His own innocent Son as a substitute for the guilty race, transferring His wrath to that Son as though He were the guilty person and in consequence inflicting upon Him the cruel and revolting punishment of the crucifixion. How, they ask, can we believe in the goodness, still less the mercy, of such a God, all the more when, as the Catholic theologians agree in acknowledging, *it was easily within God's power to forgive the sins of all men without exacting any reparation whatever, in short by doing Himself what He requires all His creatures to do in regard to offences they have sustained from their fellow-creatures!*"[4]

Let us at once admit that the italicized words state the truth. God *could* have forgiven us all our sins and restored us to that lost pride of race, as easily at least as we, in our measure, forgive and are reconciled with one another. In fact, He did *not* do so, and the attitude that would demand so seemingly facile a reconciliation is born of human levels and is typical of a rationalism never more disastrously applied than when it is cramping and compressing the Godhead into some wretched pigeon-hole of our brain. The difficulty, however, remains and resolves itself to these two propositions:

I. So implacable is God in the punishment of sinners.

II. That He consents to transfer that punishment and to exact it from His Divine Son.

To this we reply is God so implacable? Sin is undoubtedly a violation of God's law and brings God's anger down on the sinner, but while admitting the anger, we wrong God by blinding ourselves to the co-existence, too, of His love. We must

[3] See Rivière's *Atonement*, vol. i., p. 9 *ff.*; vol. ii., p. 111 *ff.*; Hugon, p. 189 *ff.*

[4] *The Atonement*, by S. Smith, S.J. *The Month*, April, pp. 241, 242.

not forget that God never ceased loving man, even sinful man, and this before the atonement of Christ as well as after it; how otherwise explain His will to redeem Him? God's love is always manifest. It is as certainly the reason as it is the result of the atonement.

Further, we could say that the manner itself of the atonement—the substitution and punishment of Christ for us—is the greatest proof of God's love. By the sin of our first parents our fallen nature, as we know it, was passed on to us, a nature which—even apart from inherited evil tendencies—could never lay the least claim to see God or be united with Him. But God's infinite love will not be satisfied—these are human words—with less than such a union. Hence the wide-flung scheme of redemption divinely decreed, and, in time, to be carried out by the Incarnate Son of God. The will to redeem is one Divine Will, the motive of redemption is one Divine Love. God the Father did not lay His command on an eternal and co-equal but *unwilling* Son. Heaven forbid we should contaminate our minds by imagining an inequality of generosity or love in the Divine Persons. They are united and "at one" in their desire for our at-one-ment—the radical meaning of this fine word should not be lost—united and at one in their choice of the manner of our atonement.

The substitution of the innocent Christ for guilty man, the withdrawal of the Father's comforting presence, the desolations of Gethsemani and Calvary, the orgy of Jewish and Roman cruelty, the utter horror of the crucifixion have been decreed and embraced out of all time by the Divine Will, as in due time they are foreseen and embraced by Christ's human will, so much the more touchingly human for its successive ardors and reluctances and its unwavering fixity in the last abandonment.

Set if you will against this the easy alternative—that God should have forgiven us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us—(we owe these beautiful words to Christ, Whom, by hypothesis, we are trying to eliminate)—that there should have been no passion and death and logically no Incarnation, but that God's justice should have foregone satisfaction and forgiven our offences *by a word just as we do.* Would such a decree of mercy, such a single word, however mysterious and amazing in the ease of its pronouncement

and the fullness of its restoration, have appealed so forcibly to mankind, or taught us so much of the perversity of sin and the unaccountableness of God's mercy, or proposed to our imaginations the Divine Exemplar moving so gladly and sadly among men?

The Redemption is a mystery of love, just revealed to us in the creative love of God, incarnated in the love of Christ and triumphant in the victory of love over death. It is the meeting point of all the mysteries, good and evil, life and death, failure and triumph, and always love has the last word.

The Church and her accredited teachers, her bishops and priests, have always held and taught the clear facts of the atonement as revealed to us by Christ and set down in the inspired writings of the Apostles and Evangelists. Christians believed quite as explicitly in the first century, as they do in the twentieth, that men had fallen by original sin and needed a Messiah or Christ to save them and that, in due time, this promised Messiah came in the person of Jesus Messiah, God made Man. They believed, as we believe, that Our Lord and Saviour redeemed mankind, atoned for them and restored them to grace by the willing and obedient sacrifice of Himself on the cross, and by the inevitable complement and triumphant vindication of that sacrifice in His glorious resurrection.

His own words in life, as He dies and when He is risen again, reveal this truth: "I have come that they may have life . . . The Son of Man is come to give His life for the redemption of many. The good Shepherd lays down His life for His sheep . . . This is My blood of the covenant that is shed on behalf of many for the forgiveness of sins . . . I lay down My life that I may take it up again. I am the Resurrection and the Life." And on the Cross the single word τετέλεσται "It is done," that is "finished," "completed," "made perfect." I have completely washed away their sins in My blood; now they are able to receive My life in them; new creation is ready for instant birth. And on Easter Sunday evening, His rallying speech to that wistful confession of loyalty—"We had hoped He was going to redeem Israel,"—"How slow and dull of you . . . was not Christ bound to suffer all this and so come into His glory?"[6] Why labor the obvious by further testimonies from Gospels, Acts, Epistles to this revealed truth?

[6] John x. 10, 11, 17; xi. 25; xix. 30. Matt. xx. 28; xxvi. 28. Luke xxiv. 25, 26.

To be Christians we must believe this, and be convinced that to desert, however momentarily, this age-trodden way of the cross is to be lost at once in the crowd of those who do not know Christ. Without His sacrifice all atonement is illusory, without His resurrection all faith is vain.

Taking this common sum of revealed truth as their starting point, and holding steadily to the teaching of Christ and His Apostles in the Scriptures as assigning to them the limits within which their endeavors to explain the further significance of the atonement must be contained, the Fathers and Doctors and thinkers of the Church have gone on studying and restating and unfolding and developing part of the inexhaustible resources of this doctrine. Their faith—far from dulling—only added edge to their zest and sharpened their desire to search and probe amid the further perplexities. Every age has raised, in the measure proportioned to its needs, such grand inquisitors of Christian dogma—and they *quasi cursores, vitai lampada tradunt,* and the Church, while blessing the inquiry, that is founded on faith, has guarded us as jealously from loss as she has gladly adopted any permanent gain. She preserves the deposit of faith, teaching with authority what it definitely contains yet admitting quite frankly the limitations of revelation and its attendant obscurities.

Even if the Scriptures themselves did not expressly testify to such an obscurity,[6] one would only have to read Our Lord's discourses, some of His parables and prophecies, parts of the Epistles of St. Paul and the other Apostles or St. John's Apocalypse to realize how difficult it is to grasp the full meaning of many passages in the New Testament. "Nor will anyone be found to assert, even in our own day, after all that commentators have discussed and Church Fathers have explained and Councils have defined and the ordinary *'Magisterium'* has taught, that we have now fathomed the depth of Christ's and the Apostles' teaching, that we already understand clearly and distinctly all the doctrines which they intended to convey and which are, in fact, contained in the language they employed. It is not to be expected that we should. Our knowledge of God's visible creation is singularly limited. We observe and coördinate some facts; we rarely penetrate far beyond the facts themselves; it is only rarely, if ever, we can

[6] 2 Peter iii. 16. Mark iv. 34. Matt. xiii. 10.

satisfactorily explain them. And if God wills graciously to reveal to us higher things concerning the Divine Nature, the Mysteries of Grace, His supernatural Providence for men; what wonder that His revelation should be more pregnant of meaning than any man or any generation of men can fully comprehend?"[1]

The common starting-point for any further consideration of the atonement must be the clear doctrine of Our Lord's sacrifice and death on the cross, and His glorious resurrection. The meaning and value of that death and resurrection are clearly laid down in Scripture, and if we have here set them down very briefly it is because we assume that they are familiar concepts to the Catholic mind, as indeed they form an integral part of the Catholic faith. But much also of the teaching of Scripture on the atonement, while bearing a clear primary significance, implies conditions, reveals aspects, involves metaphors, and supplies considerations which are far from being so transparently clear. So, for instance, St. Paul tells us that we are "bought at a great price." No one has any doubt about the surface meaning of such words, but we may be excused some hesitation when pressed with such questions as: Who was the buyer and who the seller; was the price paid to the seller; was this purchase indeed a contract, etc.? The direct answers to such questions as these are not always to be found in the Scriptures. In supplying answers, one is passing from the teaching of revelation and the clear light of faith to the realm of theological theory. It was part of the great work of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church to work out these theories, make these implications explicit and try to show how the various aspects and views of the atonement are integral parts of the doctrine and find a place in the constructive whole.

The cross pointing to heaven, planted in the earth and branching outwards, the whole setting of the drama of the atonement, is symbolic of these fuller aspects and developments of the revealed doctrine. Christ on the cross is reconciling heaven and earth. To look at men on earth, the throng beneath the cross, is to see souls in bondage, enslaved to sin, about to be purchased or ransomed at a great price. To look at the heavenly Father is to be brought face to face with

[1] *Divine Faith*, by P. Finlay, S.J., pp. 228, 229.

the root idea of the theory of satisfaction, exposed and vindicated by St. Anselm. Finally, to rest our eyes on the central Figure poised between heaven and earth is to see in Him the substitutional Victim bearing the sins of the world, expiating for sin, propitiating Divine wrath, reconciling God and man. But further it is to see the inherent omnipotency of the atonement—God made Man uniting God and man, Christ the Head, Chief and Incarnate Representative of all humanity redeeming, atoning, wedding and incorporating that humanity into Himself.

These four aspects, respectively styled the theories of ransom, satisfaction, substitution and solidarity, and respectively stressing our bondage in sin, God's outraged justice, His mediation through the union in Himself of the Divine and human natures, and, finally, the way our own humanity is caught up in Christ and saved by Him, do not exhaust the manifold implications of the atonement.[8] But it is safe to say that they embody the most salient lessons of revelation as explicitly taught in the inspired text and gradually worked out, corrected and developed in the bosom of the Church.

Often the atonement is spoken of as the redemption, a term by which we mean, that we are ransomed or bought back by Christ our Ransomer or Redeemer. The Epistles of St. Paul are full of the word and of kindred phrases. We are "bought at a price"—"at a great price;" we are "the Church of God which He acquired with His own blood"—"the blood of the immaculate Lamb, Christ." We are ransomed from "the bondage of sin," "delivered from iniquity." Sinful mankind are all "in captivity:" the Jews bound by the Law and cursed for their infractions of the Law, the Gentiles given up and handed over to the perversity of their lusts. Christ is the Ransomer of both Jews and Gentiles. The shedding of His blood is itself in the nature of a compensation or payment.[9]

These root ideas of "bondage," "slavery," "ransom," "purchase" and "price" were at one time elaborated by some few Fathers into what they thought might prove a harmonious theory of the atonement. Agreeing that we were all in bondage to sin, they proceeded to suggest that we had given our-

[8] Thus every view of sin has its counterpart in the atonement, which cancels sin. Call sin our fall, our violation of God's justice, our crime, debt, bondage, disease and death. The atonement is correspondingly our resurrection, satisfaction, expiation, ransom, deliverance, healing and life.

[9] 1 Cor. vi. 20; vii. 23. Acts xx. 28. Rom. vi. 6, 18-20; vii. 23.

selves up to our master, the devil. Consequently he might be said to have rights over us which he would only forego at the price of Christ's Life-blood. Willingly Christ paid the price at which we were valued, purchased us from our captor and so ransomed us and made us free. This exaggerated amplification of the Scripture teaching on redemption into a so-called theory of the devil's rights, though championed by several advocates among the Fathers and Doctors in the fourth and fifth centuries, never won complete approval nor escaped damaging criticism in the Church. In fact, in the gross form in which it is here set down, it speedily lost general support. Yet it cannot be too strongly emphasized that there is a very true sense in which sin enslaves men and binds them to the devil in the bonds of a bitter apprenticeship and really puts them under his power. Equally truly the redemption is a ransom or purchase and can be described under that figure, and though the devil could never be one of the high contracting parties (for the ransom is offered to God) yet by the shedding of Christ's blood the devil's power is broken, and "captivity is taken captive"[10] by Christ's rising from the dead. The very incompleteness of the ransom theory is precisely in this, that, as Christ does not offer His life in ransom to the devil but to God Himself, the theory offers no shadow of an explanation why God should accept and exact such a painful ransom from His sinless Son. Clearly this redemptive view of the atonement must be supplemented and find its logical integration in a proper understanding of the *satisfactory* nature of that atonement.

The Scriptures also ascribe the atonement to the substitutional character of the mediation efficiently exercised by Our Saviour on the cross. God takes the place of man. He suffers and dies for man and in the place of man. He is our proxy, the substitutional Victim Who takes on Himself the iniquities of us all. St. John the Baptist sees Our Lord in this character from the very threshold of His public life and bids us, too, "behold the Lamb of God" (the sacrificial Victim), "Who beareth the sins of the world."[11] "Him Who knew not sin," says St. Paul, "God made to be sin for our sakes;" and in an obviously parallel and substitutional sense he says of the Jews, speaking himself as a Jew, that "Christ redeemed us from the

[10] Eph. iv. 8. Ps. lxvii. 19, Vulgate. [11] John i. 29.

curse of the Law being made a curse for our sakes." Whether then Christ becomes sin for us or incurs the curse of the Law for the Jews equally, in either case, He is our substitute, charging Himself with our debt and undergoing our punishment.

Absolutely true within the limits just laid down, this doctrine of Christ's penal substitution again affords only a partial and incomplete account of our revelation on the atonement, for while bringing into prominence the vicarious nature of Our Saviour's passion and death, it unfolds no principles by which we might explain to ourselves the infinite mercy that supports and transfigures that penal substitution. Indeed, if this teaching on Christ's vicarious sacrifice is considered apart and alone as some isolated and solitary fact, it is of all teachings most apt to lead to grave mistakes. Witness the painful development of the doctrine of atonement in the Reformed Churches. Yet, when we join to it the explanations already offered by the ransom-theory, it forms a solid basis and gives a firm Scriptural foundation to the widely-accepted and complementary teaching of the Doctors of the Church on the satisfactory nature of the atonement.

To St. Anselm we owe the first reasoned explanation of the doctrine of Christ's satisfaction for us by His sacrifice on the cross. In his exposition, this great Doctor takes careful account of the root-ideas of sacrifice, redemption or ransom, substitution or vicarious suffering so clearly taught by St. Paul. He then proceeds to combine and weld them together, building them into a solid foundation for his logical and harmonious deductions. It is necessary to explain and stress this fact in view of such current accusations as that of Auguste Sabatier, who has no scruple in saying that[12] "the Church's theory of expiation, far from translating the Apostle's thought, actually contradicts it." A few words on the Pauline approximations to St. Anselm's argument will serve to show the misleading character of this assertion, and may help us to realize that the undoubted development in doctrine expounded in St. Anselm's *Cur Deus Homo* neither implies nor demands a divorce from the, up to then, current tradition of the Church.

Briefly St. Anselm's argument amounts to this. As sin is an offence against God, which He in justice cannot allow to

[12] A. Sabatier, *L'Apôtre Paul* (1896), p. 323.

go unpunished here or hereafter, the sinner is a debtor till he has equivalently expiated for his offences. No mere creature, however, can offer such equivalent expiation, for a creature's acts are, in virtue of its created nature, finite—save only in the case of sin which, by being directed against the Infinite Good, contracts a sort of infinite malice. Sinful man, is therefore, helpless, but God's love would not leave him so. Consequently God made Man, took sin upon Himself and became our substitute. By virtue of His inherent Godhead, the human actions of Christ take an infinite value,[18] while His willing sacrifice and death redressed by their loving obedience the wrong done to God by the mutinous revolt of humanity, superabundantly expiated for all our sins and restored God's violated honor in so far as we have, by our sins, detracted from that honor which is His due.

The elements of this close-knit argument are Scriptural, but they also presuppose the divine plan of the Incarnation, while they involve a juridical principle, which is well outside the scope of both revelation and inspiration. The presupposition is that satisfaction must needs be made, or punishment exacted, before sin can be forgiven. The juridical principle is, that while the extent of the injury is measured by the ingratitude of the wrongdoer and the proportion of his dependence on the person he injures, the wrongdoer's capacity for reparation is measured by the extent of his independence and by the amount of compensation he can, of himself, afford to redress the disturbed balance.

Clearly, if satisfaction is necessary for forgiveness, and man, of himself, can never satisfy God, the Incarnation becomes inevitable. Yet, as Peter Lombard insisted, Christ's incarnation and death was not precisely the only way in which God could have saved man. St. Augustine's teaching on this subject had, we may be sure, already sufficiently expressed the mind of the Church. In the same sense, Alexander of Hales and St. Bonaventure toned down the excesses of a philosophical optimism which seemed to treat the Incarnation and atonement as just the logical outcome of God's desire to save fallen man, instead of reading in these mysteries above all else the free decree of His love.

[18] St. Thomas. Supp. A. 76, a. 1. "The Divine operations wrought their effect through Christ's body as a mediating organ—a truth exemplified by St. John Damascene in that physical contact by which Christ healed the leper." (Matt. viii.)

Apart from this easily corrected presupposition and legal principle the entire content of Anselm's argument on satisfaction is rooted in the Scriptures and is their natural outgrowth and development. It has the merit of combining the root-ideas of Holy Writ and helping us to understand more fully their meaning.

Far from being in contradiction to St. Paul's teaching, or at least alien from it, this doctrine of a sacrifice of satisfaction most nearly comprehends the Apostle's mind on the atonement considered objectively and in itself. The Scriptural elements of the argument of St. Anselm are vital elements of the Apostle's doctrine. Nowhere in the sacred text shall we find a firmer or more boldly-outlined summary of sin and its reparation than in the vivid list of contrasts drawn by St. Paul between the first Adam and Christ, the second Adam.[14] The bondage of sinners to sin, God's aversion from them, His wrath, His abandonment of them to their perversities, the helpless state of fallen humanity, are stressed by St. Paul, if only to show forth in relief the benefit of Christ's mediation in payment of our ransom and to enhance the unrealizable value of His substitutional, obedient and loving sacrifice. In virtue of the atonement, we are reconciled to God through our union with Christ. "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die—but God commendeth His own love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more then being now justified by His blood shall we be saved from the wrath of God through Him."[15] The very wealth of evidence in the Epistles on these heads makes any further Scriptural vindication of St. Anselm's views of satisfaction superfluous.

We have shown how this holy Doctor's statement of the doctrine underwent careful scrutiny, and even some slight correction, at the hands of later theologians. St. Thomas Aquinas himself, while whole-heartedly accepting St. Anselm's doctrine, drew attention to its subjective value through the application of Christ's merits to the human race. Once, says St. Thomas, the Eternal Father has accepted the satisfaction made by Our Saviour He binds Himself equivalently to restore men in the restoration of Christ, Who is the Representative, the Chief, the Head of that Mystical Body of which we are

[14] Rom. v. 12-21; 1 Cor. xv. 45-49.

[15] Rom. v. 8, 9. See also Eph. i. 20-22; Rom. iii. 25.

made members. In these words the Angelic Doctor is not merely echoing St. Paul but he is purposely directing our gaze to the most salient and faithful aspect of the Apostle's treatment of an atonement, by which we are made one with Christ through an absorption that gathers us up and incorporates us into His Mystical Body. And, indeed, however manifold and various the Apostle's premises, his conclusion is always this: that we are one with Christ.

To St. Paul, dogma and devotion, objective truth and subjective application, the facts in themselves and their effective meaning for us, are hardly distinct and severed truths—though so, too, they may be considered—but just aspects of one truth, through the interaction of the human and the Divine in that unity in which we are one with Christ. They are as some divinely-governed ebb and flow, the flux of Christ to the Christian and the reflux of the Christian to Christ. Once our human elements are vitalized and transfigured by the Christ-life, then are we one with Him, incarnated into Him, living in Him, suffering in Him, nay, making up in our own flesh what is wanting in His sufferings, co-crucified with Christ, dying with Him in the flesh that we may rise with Him in glory. "Ye are bought," St. Paul assures us, "at a great price." The Apostle will not minimize the cost or slur over the pain. His is not the way of conciliation and compromise but the higher aptitude for drawing out talent, good qualities, even unimagined heroisms, eliciting sympathy, quickening love, turning the will into the deed.

In a further article the writer hopes to enter more fully into this specialized aspect of St. Paul's teaching on the atonement. That teaching has a unique claim on the attention of all Christians, not so much for the light it throws on the atoning value of Christ's death and resurrection in themselves, as in the revealing way in which it explains how that atonement is extended to us. And as it is the inspired presentment of the truth falling from the lips of one in whom Christ lived and spoke, it is most expressive of that vital unity in which the suffering of the One is redemptive and atoning for many. It may lead us to verify more fully, perhaps, in our own experience what is so wonderful in the Story of Calvary.

THREE NEW IRISH NOVELS.

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN.

A SHORT time ago there came into the hands of the present writer a copy of *The Valley of the Squinting Windows*, the first novel of a new Irish writer, Brinsley MacNamara. Now there is not a single valid reason why this work of fiction should be recommended to any reader anywhere. As a piece of writing it is deplorably inartistic; perhaps the very worst example of pseudo-realism I have ever come across. In a grandiloquent prefatory note the author informs us that "the people of that part of Ireland with whom I deal in my writings became highly incensed. They burned my book after the best mediæval fashion and resorted to acts of healthy violence . . . The country as a whole did not dislike my picture of Irish life or say it was untrue. It was only the particular section of life which was pictured that still asserted its right to the consolation of romantic treatment . . ." The hoary dodge Mr. MacNamara employs is to paint some of his characters very, very black, and others impossibly white. People in the small towns of Meath are, as human beings, not extravagantly different from people in the small towns of Michigan or Mauritius, let us say. They probably talk about their neighbors—more or less charitably; it may even be that they are not wholly without interest in newcomers to their native scene. And skeletons in the cupboard are not confined to any particular latitude. The inhabitants of this myopically-windowed valley, however, are altogether void of resemblance to any people anywhere, unless indeed it be within the walls of an asylum for pathological freaks. It is not to be wondered at that these Irish people whom the author has so monumentally traduced should have burned his book. It is rather a testimony to their heroic self-control that they refrained from burning him.

And yet, the other day this book was being puffed *ad nauseam* as "the most realistic Irish novel of the decade, a merciless picture of Irish life, a biting and subtle analysis of

the rural temperament. The squinting windows are the eyes of the village through which every act is observed and treasured for gossip. The village watches unceasingly the three members of the Brennan family, who in turn spy upon and dissect every human secret, however sacred. And—as lilies grow in the muck—there arises from this background of small minds and petty acts a noble and ideal love. For superb realism and grim tragedy Mr. MacNamara's book is unexcelled in contemporary fiction. *He has fused the great trinity of vital forces, love, work and sin into an absorbing history of human passion.*"[1]

As for the reviews of this egregious novel not many have departed widely from the convenient publisher's headline; and at least one sectarian periodical—from which more might very reasonably have been expected—was content to applaud Mr. MacNamara's lurid pages as an indictment of the priestcraft, under which some gloomy souls persist in maintaining that Ireland labors. But of the book's hopeless lack of artistic quality, of the wild melodrama, the sheer sordidness of it all, I have so far seen no word of condemnation in any of the book-reviewing periodicals. Many readers in America, led astray by the publisher's modest claim for it and by sundry reviews echoing the said claim more or less fulsomely, have bought or will buy *The Valley of Squinting Windows.* Not every reader will have had sufficient literary experience to recognize immediately that the book offends clamantly against every sound canon of the art of writing, and that as a presentation of Irish human nature it is grossly libellous. There are many honest but imperfectly-informed people whose views about Ireland and the Irish it will seriously and unpleasantly affect. And there are yet others, already holding distorted views, whose bias will unfortunately be reënforced when they read it. Not for a century has it been so essential that America should view Ireland with unprejudiced eyes. *The Valley of the Squinting Windows* will do more injury than any half-dozen expert anti-Irish propagandists could possibly do in as many months. Had the author set out determined to harm Ireland as much as possible in the opinions of the unsophisticated American reader, he could not have more admirably

[1] Italics are the reviewer's, who commends this utterance as the most beatifically absurd that ever appeared upon a publisher's wrapper.

succeeded than he has here. He has written a thoroughly vicious book.

Glenmornan, by Patrick MacGill, is another new Irish novel, this time the work of a man who can write much better than Mr. MacNamara, but who is, nevertheless, very far indeed from being an artist of distinction. "Romance glimpsed through Irish doorways" is one of the statements on the paper jacket. Well, a glimpse through a doorway at any rate sounds more promising than a peep through "squinting windows." But why does this comparatively talented young writer serve up the ancient Michael J. McCarthy dish: the smug, self-possessed priest who "was an over-fed blatant tyrant, whom the people obeyed like sheep! Poor people, poor silly, stupid people!" This is Mr. MacGill's not very prepossessing picture of the pastor of the Glen: "Devaney was a covetous and crafty man, holding unlimited control of his flock. Though the peasantry did not love him, they feared him and he played on that fear. The poor were his legitimate prey, and not a soul in the parish dared gainsay his wishes or disobey his commands. He kept the parish under his thumb." This priest from the altar several times held up to ridicule and contempt a very poor woman who, when he was building his new house, was unable to pay all the dues. "When young Reelan"—the woman's son—"came home and heard of this, he was very angry and went and saw Devaney about the matter. During the interview he lost his temper and knocked the priest down. For this Devaney had his revenge. He spoke about the affair from the altar, pointing out the evil of which the young man, who had struck his own priest, was guilty. Needless to say, the peasantry were indignant; the villagers wouldn't speak to the young man afterwards and the women of the parish would not buy at his shop. In the end Reelan had to close up his business and leave the parish." Doalty Gallagher is preached against by this Father Devaney, or in the phrase of the Glen, "read from the altar," in an illiterate and vulgar discourse which is reported in full, and from which one culls the following choice specimens: (1) ". . . all papers away abroad, have, for their first aim and object, the destruction iv the holy Roman Catholic religion." (2) ". . . as a priest I must read the papers, a thing that none iv ye must do, bear in mind, for ye have not been educated up to it and ye might

fall into sin if ye do things that yer priest forbids you to do." When he writes like this, Mr. MacGill does a marked disservice to both his Faith and his native land.

As for the sinister portrait he has drawn in "Devaney" —what is one to say in criticism of it? This: that to submit such a portrait to us as that of a representative Irish country parish priest is a most audacious piece of impertinence. The Irish peasantry look upon their priests as fathers and protectors, as veritable ambassadors of Christ to them. They have always done so. It is not, perhaps, unlikely that, in the past, some of these priests have treated their unruly parishioners as many a tactless father has treated an unruly child. It is also possible that in more than one case real injustice to the parishioner may have resulted from such a kindly despotism. But Mr. MacGill's portrait is none the less a ruthless, even if unintentional, misrepresentation. Others who know the Irish priesthood much more intimately and thoroughly than this writer are urgent to deny the verisimilitude of the relationship he depicts as existing between priest and people in the rural districts of Ireland. Again one insists that this is no time to indulge in a perversion of Irish realities. Ireland is fighting for her life these days. In days to come it will not at all redound to any Irish writer's credit that in the dark hour of his country's agonizing struggle for justice and truth, he was numbered among those whose words strengthened the cause of her foes.

It is at once a joy and a relief to turn to a third Irish novel of the present day, in which a faithful and beautiful interpretation of the Irish spirit is set forth. To this reviewer it has been a source of great surprise that more attention was not paid by American critics and readers to Daniel Corkery's *The Threshold of Quiet*, an amazingly fine book by a new Irish writer, which was published on this side the ocean in 1918. Over in Ireland, where they rarely fail to appreciate a good piece of writing when they see it, this novel was instantly and permanently successful. One of the most brilliant of the younger Irish critics, Mr. Peter McBrien, did not hesitate to hail it as the finest Irish novel that had ever been published. With this opinion I am in cordial agreement, and several of the best critics of this country, to whom I lent my copy, privately expressed themselves with a like enthusiasm. "Daniel

Corkery," said Mr. McBrien, "has won the technique of the European masters, and at the same time caught the freshness and purity of the undying soul of Ireland." Hardly less emphatic was the verdict of Katharine Tynan: "He writes from the inside"—she declared—"and he sees within his people by the vision of genius." Mr. E. A. Boyd, the able and acute historian of Ireland's literary renaissance wrote thus—with a sympathy not ordinarily characteristic of his references in this kind—of the Catholic spirit that breathes through the pages of this novel of Catholic Ireland: "The religious note is particularly delicate and beautiful, spontaneous and reserved, eloquent but never didactic." There can, in short, be no doubt that *The Threshold of Quiet* was received more appreciatively by the Irish people than any novel that has appeared in years. And of all the generous commendations bestowed upon it there was no word that was not deserved.

The book is a faithful and discerning chronicle of the quiet, almost cloistral, lives led by a small group of Irish people, of what used to be called "the lower-middle-class," whose homes are in and around the second liveliest of Irish cities, Cork—hill-built above the pleasant waters of the River Lee—

> The spreading Lee that like an island fayre
> Encloseth Cork with his divided flood.

The Threshold of Quiet is full of the tender mellowness and soft serenity of this ancient Irish city. The story of the book, as Mr. Boyd has remarked, "is almost purely cerebral, so carefully does the author restrict its movement to what is passing in the minds of his characters. When the book is closed all one has seen happening is the departure of Finbarr Bresnan for America, after a hesitation as to whether he had not a vocation for the priesthood; the tragic ending to the story of Stevie Galvin and his brother; the crossing of the 'threshold of quiet' by Lily Bresnan when she finally feels free to enter Kilvirra Convent, renouncing life and the love of Martin Cloyne. Even these few dramatic moments are not developed, but just cause a slight stir of the deep waters of consciousness in which these lives are submerged."

Mr. Corkery's pages abound in the most magically beautiful evocations of the Irish scene. Of the lovely hillsides

around Cork, he writes: "Go but three steps up any of those old-time, wide-sweeping, treeless, cloud-shadowed hills and you find yourself even at mid-day in a silence that grows on you. You have scarce left the city, yet you raise your eyes, you look around and notice little gable ends that finish in little crosses of stone or arched gateways of sandstone or limestone, or both, or far-stretching garden walls that are marked with tablets of brass on which are cut holy emblems and sacred letters—and as you look the silence seems to grow deeper and deeper; indeed, you have come on the very fruitage of the spirit of contemplation—convents, monasteries, chapels, hospitals, houses of refuge. And to us these quiet hillsides are also Cork. Perhaps they are the quieter for the noise in the valley; perhaps, too, that little stir and bustle is quickened for those long slopes of quiet sunshine and peace." Mr. Corkery is nothing less than a most fastidious artist in language, and he invests everything he describes with a rare magic of words. This is only one of many of the beautiful minor nocturnes in a book the prevailing atmosphere of which is delicately and softly crepusculine: "The September night had set in. Winter had blown its first breath against the stars, chilling them, brightening them; as yet there was no moon." The note of peace and calm sounded at the beginning and maintained so subtly throughout, is as much an achievement in atmosphere as anything in George Moore's *The Lake*. The lovely Irish places-names, which the author so often mentions, enchant an exile's heart with their low chiming music: Clashavody, Shanabally, Curraghkippane, Knockahoogan, Youghal. What a litany! Out of the the mouths of his characters comes the pure Irish idiom of English, and in his own person he often writes a vivid and direct English as it is spoken in Ireland: "That letter he was after posting the very evening Martin and Finbarr visited him . . ." (He speaks, too, of the "quenching" of a candle.) Readers who remember the fine Dominican Church at Cork will read with joy Mr. Corkery's description of the Christmas Crib there. *The Threshold of Quiet* is simply saturated in a tranquil and mournful beauty.

And the characters of the story, the small handful of wayfaring souls we come to know with such affectionate intimacy, are Irish of the Irish. One has met them again and

again in Cork or Dublin. The gentle Lily, whose soul is a nun-like soul; "for such a soul to stay in the world is to run the risk of losing its gift of spiritual joyousness;" Lily, torn in twain by her practical certainty that she had a religious vocation and her desire to stay "in the world." "On the one hand, to stay and attend on her father and Finbarr was to choose the world. It seemed her duty to do so; no other course seemed reasonable; yet she leant greatly to the belief, common amongst Irish Catholics, that the right course in matters affecting the soul is that which does not seem to square exactly with what we call reason." The interview between Lily and Father Cummins is a masterpiece in little: an infinitely more truthful portrayal of the tender relationship between an Irish soggarth and his spiritual child than anything else of the kind in the whole range of modern Irish fiction. Of Lily Mr. Corkery writes: "It had never struck her that she had been sent into this world to have a good time." Self-sacrifice and the sense of duty to be done and a trust to be kept were ever the marks of Irish maidenhood. And when Lily and her friends talk in these pages, it is the talk of real Irish people we are listening to—not a literary confection of the MacNamara-McGill variety. "And so they continued, their method of talking about such subjects [religious vocations] quite characteristic of Irish Catholics—seriousness covered over with banter, lest by any possible mishap it fall into the whine so relished of the Puritan, so instinctively abhorred of the Celt." Mr. Corkery is obviously well aware that there is none more implacably realist than that same Celt!

To the Irish people their ancient Catholic faith is neither a picturesque superstition nor a dull disease. Synge and Yeats, great artists as incontestably they were, failed ultimately as interpreters of the Irish because they thought that an Irishman's religion was a fantastic and mythological affair, with no roots in his reason or will. They were not themselves Catholic and, therefore, they could not understand the souls of men and women who lived in and by the Faith. (Douglas Hyde, someone has truly remarked, was the only non-Catholic ever to bridge with full sympathy and comprehension this gulf of separation.) It takes a Catholic artist to understand and adequately to interpret Catholic life. Granted that his

artistry is not at fault—that he is an artist born and made—the better Catholic he is, the better artist he will prove to be. Corkery is only beginning his career. This novel, and a book of short stories, *A Munster Twilight,* are all that he has so far published. It may well be that he has not yet acquired the fullest mastery of his writer's craft. Ten years from now, if he continues to produce, there can be no doubt about the place he will occupy in Irish literature. He will be nothing more nor less than an Irish classic.

FRIENDS.

BY JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

LET me not whimper under blows
  Of adverse circumstance,
Nor let me meet whatever foes
  There be with poisoned lance.

Nor let me buffet ruthless fates
  With sullen moods of scorn,
Nor wish when pain breaks down my gates
  That I was never born.

My life has been a wild surprise
  Of kindnesses unsought,
Taking from gracious hands and eyes
  Much better than it brought.

Oh, it was kind of Kindliness
  Blindfold to seek my door,
I never could requite her less,
  She could not bless me more.

If the future scourge me with rope's ends,
  A glad humility
May make half what all courteous friends
  Were pleased to see in me.

IS THERE A CATHOLIC THEORY OF CRIMINOLOGY?

BY FRANCIS T. J. BURNS.

NOT long ago one of our leading newspapers in the Northwest reported that a certain venire-man, examined apropos of the most sensational murder case in Minnesota's history, had been excused from jury service because he affirmed that "crime is a disease of the mind;" while a second was dismissed, because, in his opinion, the prisoner ought to be classed as a "born-criminal." The fact that the two men were excused from juror's duty on the above grounds proves, first, that their theory of crime was unsatisfactory in practical life, at least; secondly, that some "other" theory of crime does obtain, even in quarters where the "born-criminal" theory may thrive. This other theory, the true theory, as far as fundamentals are concerned, is, I need not say, held by every sound judge of the day. It is peculiarly a Catholic theory. Its statement demands only the statement of well-known Catholic principles. Even if unacknowledged as Catholic, it remains, nevertheless, a great social lever, one of the innumerable "verities" of Catholic faith and morals, which non-Catholic, Christian fellows act upon. If perchance they do not return thanks, they may be classified as "parasites of Christianity" after Mr. Arthur Balfour's words.

The judge who dismissed the two venire-men for the theoretical views just quoted above, implicitly expressed the one and only tenable preamble of any rational criminological study, viz., man is a moral being because he possesses free-will.

The materialistic theories of crime, as put forth, for example, by Lombroso and Ferri, neglect altogether too much, if not completely, the chief factor in all crime, namely, the will. Thus criminological studies by disciples of this cult start, not at the beginning *ab intra*, but at the end—*ab extra*. Thus: Part I. Etiology.[1] Cosmic factors of crime (climate,

[1] *Cf. Causes and Cure of Crime*—Thomas Speed Mosby—and *The Offender and His Relations to Law and Society*. Burdette G. Lewis.

etc.). II. Social factors of crime (what others inflict upon us). III. Individual factors of crime (atavism, heredity-alcoholism, etc.).[2]

Without any attempt to treat adequately the subject of free-will, I say, as a fundamental postulate of Catholic faith, philosophy and experience, that the *chief* cause of crime and, with few exceptions, always the *efficient* cause of crime, is the free-will. I do not deny other causes, but I do class them as secondary and contributory. If it be said that I attempt, at one stroke, to simplify matters too easily and too quickly, I answer that the vagaries of free-will itself are often harder to classify and analyze than any secondary, contributory, and for the most part—if the literature on the subject is to be believed—material causes.

We may, in fact, underrate the value of the secondary causes, but we cannot overrate the chief cause, the will. In a broad sense, the whole discussion of so-called criminology must be a discussion of the will for the Catholic student. The doctrine of free-will, as is the case with all vital "life-doctrines," is like the circle of Trismegistus, whose centre is everywhere, whose circumference nowhere. That doctrine will not down even in the light of "criminological" researches. It must be kept in mind and reviewed, in company with St. Augustine and St. Thomas, by all who are not satisfied to take a part for the whole, an effect for a cause: all who are unwilling to accept Spencer's half-views of life for the basic and panoramic interpretations of the Fathers and Scholastics, old and new. A kind of illative sense, working throughout Christian civilization, seems ever and always to apply to the doctrine of free-will the familiar motto: *Nemo me impune lacessit;* because where an attempt is made to brush free-will aside, inconsistencies result throughout the different spheres of social, legal and economic order. Law governs civil and moral life. Is the law obeyed? If not, what is the reason? An ancient says, "man is the maker of his own acts;" a modern professor indicates "a biological necessity;" while a modern

[2]Mr. Lewis certainly speaks with authority in modern penology. If we judge rightly from his latest work, he believes rightly that religion is one of the big factors making for social amelioration; yet in his latest formal work, he criticizes society because "it has proceeded too long on the old *(sic)* eighteenth century conception of free-will and equality," in dealing with problems like those he proposes to discuss.

judge implies that, against the examination of a legal offence, a jury demands, for the time being if you will, as a pragmatic measure, moral liberty.

It may not be altogether superfluous, therefore, in the light of what has been said, to review the broad moral problem which the fathers of criminal sociology have had to face, but which they have not faced squarely. The problem fundamentally belongs to writers on ethics. The problem is, can a man determine his own thought and volition and through these, his character, the resultant of thoughts and volitions? Or are these already determined for him by chance, by circumstance, by the Creator, or whatsoever force you will? Voluntarism or Determinism? The answer readily places us in a position to determine most, if not all, the elements a jury would care to know in weighing a crime. To say nothing of the jury, the answer regulates, as Father Maher intimates, a man's whole life-philosophy.

We will not formally discuss here the Voluntaristic doctrine or that of Determinism. In the light of what has already been said, I submit the following as an outline for the study of criminal Sociology in any of its branches, from the viewpoint of Catholicism; that is to say, the viewpoint of Catholic philosophy and theology. The outline is necessarily incomplete, but it may serve, as did the old guide-post on English rural roads, to point the way.

The Voluntaristic doctrine of Will in man carries in its train such ideas as responsibility, merit, justice, remorse—fundamental notions, the mainsprings of social spheres of activity. Christian society could no more exist without these notions than man's body without food and air. These ideas of responsibility, merit, justice, remorse, etc., constitute the ethical relations generated in every day life, by the existence of the Voluntaristic doctrine of human will. These ideas, of course, impinge on the theological ideas or notions generated by the existence of free-will; so that it is not surprising to find that as late as the Vatican Council "we were reminded of the doctrine of free-will," lest perchance Catholics might forget that the ethical relations of free-will reached up beyond the stars from this mundane world of ours. These ethical notions inseparably connected with the existence of man's free-will, have a real objective entity and cannot be resolved "into thin

air" by any amount of personal equation, or of internal spiritual temperament in men; nor by external influences acting upon them. Under so widely different contemporaneous conditions as those which surround the Esquimaux toiling amid Arctic snows; the Indian basking in the sunlight before a pagan temple "along the banks of Ind;" or a modern Raffles, of the Beau Brummel type, passing a moth-like existence amid the social circles of a highly artificial society in this century—a law is violated. If the law thus violated be a Divine, a natural, or human law, the categorizing of the offence straightway is seen to depend upon the kind of law violated. The violation of a Divine, natural, positive, or ecclesiastical law may mean that in one or other degree, the violator is guilty of what Catholics know as "sin." The violation of some civil law, because the violation injures the social right of another, may add the additional note of what is known in common law and in civil courts as "crime." In Christian civilization, perhaps there is not a "crime" against the state or commonwealth where a law which binds in conscience is violated, which is not at the same time a sin. On the contrary, needless to say, there are innumerable sins which are not "crimes."

Now for the examination of "sin" and "crime"—the sociological term "vice" has been divorced from the idea contained either in sin or crime—two forums have been erected by the Creator. One is the internal forum—man's conscience over which the Catholic priest presides in the sacred penitential tribunal. The other is the external forum—the ordinary civil or ecclesiastical law by which all are made amenable to court examinations for "external violating acts." Both sin and crime, however, as man is a free agent, must spring from the same source, namely, the will. Whatever other differences there may be between them, in this respect they are identical. To be more specific, *a* sin and *a* crime have their roots respectively in man's free-will, his "*potestas, vis electiva,*" his faculty of choice. There ought to be naturally, from this viewpoint, some common ground of treatment or examination between the ideas of sin and crime. But I have emphasized the singular for the following reason. Crime (from Latin, *crimen,* accusation) is the general term for offences against the criminal law. It has been defined as a "failure or refusal to live up to the standard of conduct deemed binding by the

rest of the community;" or again, "some act or omission in respect of which legal punishment may be inflicted on the person who is in default, whether by acting or omitting to act" (Sir James Stephen). While *one* act or omission, in a *technical* sense, may render a person a "criminal," it is not so much this "technical" criminal, who is considered by the criminological school. It is rather the "instinctive" or "born" criminal, "a creature who had been sent into the world predestined to evil deeds and who could surely be recognized by certain stigmata, certain facial, physical and even moral birthmarks." He is not only foredoomed to crime, but to the habit of crime. This, the type of Lombroso. The other type presented by the Deterministic school, which took issue with his automaton theory, presents a man not so much "born" to crime as highly liable to it, because of the "milieu" into which he is thrust by fortune. The "technical" criminal begot by the one mistake of an otherwise apparently honest man is only interesting in so far as, more or less, he may be connected with these other two, namely, with the man who is a born criminal or the man who by force of surroundings becomes criminal in habit. In other words, law-breaking as a pre-ordained heritage or as an habitual thing, is the reason why this new study has found no little interest among men, since Lombroso first published his *L'Uomo delinquente* in 1876.

Evidently, therefore, the proper parallel term of a different, but correlated order, to place beside the word, crime, as it interests sociological students is not sin, but "vice." Vice, the opposite of virtue, is a habit which works for evil in man. It is "the product of repeated sinful acts; and when formed, is in a sense also their cause." The commission of isolated sins does not necessarily render a man "vicious" in the technical sense. A man may have many vices and yet be guiltless of sin, at *certain times*. St. Thomas adds, that the vice is outdone in wickedness by the sin. Vice in the theological sense, therefore, and "crime-making" in the criminological sense, *i. e.*, an ever present condition, an "urge," a conjunction of forces leading a man to break the external law, surely institute a striking, if not exact, parallel. Now we postulated against the modern class of social criminologists, the existence of free-will; hence, for the sake of our parallel, we can say that a "bad habit" of the vicious man and the criminal habit of the

"can't-be-helped" criminal, are the same fundamentally. Each habit seems to be a *sine-qua-non*, for the frequent and recurrent violations of one or another.

How, then, does the theologian approach the case of a man chained in a vicious habit? Of a man who has the habit of vice? The fact that the man may *seem* to be, or for practical purpose *is* helpless before the onslaught of certain temptations, does not lead the theologian to deny free-will. Rather the theologian re-asserts that, in spite of secondary forces, urging or withholding, a man can act or abstain from acting; that he can revert to his own condition or attitude of acting or non-acting; that if he is restrained from without, his mental and volitional status may be the same as if he were not so restrained from without.

But this is not all. The moral theologian, supported by the moral philosopher, goes further. He employs a technical distinction, distinguishing between two classes of acts as results of the will, namely the *"actus hominis"* and the *"actus humanus."* The *"actus hominis,"* the act of a man, is a physical act. It is an act placed by a man without, as a great moralist says, depending on his free-will, *e. g.*, some reflex acts and acts of an infant, acts of an insane person, etc.[3] An *"actus humanus,"* a human act, is one done by a *rational* being, man, which proceeds, as effect from cause, from deliberate free-will. Now, all conditions for action being present, a *man who enjoys sanity* is responsible morally for his act, in the direct proportion in which that act remains an *"actus humanus,"* or is, in other words, free and deliberate.

Free-will does not mean the capacity or capability of willing with absence of *all* motive. The will follows the intellect. Freedom of the will does not imply that man is constantly exercising his muscles. It does not exclude the restrictive influence of reflex actions or of acquired, distinct or associated methods of living. It allows that man is a social animal living in society. That society necessarily has some power over him.

The man enchained by a bad habit, a vice, may commit only, we will say, one sin a year, the result of the vice; or he may be guilty of frequently repeated acts against some virtue. In either case, presuming as the Catholic moralist does, that the

[3] Noldin, *Fundamental Theology.*

man is free, and capable of eliciting a moral act, the determination of his responsibility, is always an effort to answer this question: How far did he exercise his free-will, his faculty of choosing between good and evil? It is harder for him to refrain from sinning, after the habit of sin has been formed. But may not the formation of the habit of sin have been prevented? Cannot the single sin, the easy result of the habit of sin, be prevented *now* by his will acting under certain prudent conditions, etc.? Although in a different sphere, the man who is an habitual sinner, is correlated to the "born" criminal of Lombroso, or to the "formed" criminal, formed by the neglect of society, as the later followers of Lombroso assert. But the Catholic theologian starts out by searching for evidence for the exercise of free-will in the case put to him; while in the parallel case, put before the criminological school, we find not a search for the exercise of free-will, but a gratuitous denial of free-will, which for the most part lifts responsibility from the shoulders of the unfortunate criminal under consideration, fixing it wherever convenient, on society, education, poverty or heredity.

A Catholic theory of sin or crime does, of course, admit the restraining influences of impediments to the exercise of freedom. We have already intimated this without explaining, when we said that the doctrine of free-will takes man as a creature living in society, influenced by society. "Show me your company and I'll tell you what you are," is a colloquial adage that brings out this truth in a different way. Morality is defined as the "relation of human acts to the norm of morality, namely, God." The great error of the writers of the modern school of criminologists, apart from their suppression of free-will as a preamble of their study, lies in this, they fix their eyes so steadfastly on impediments to moral responsibility, that they find themselves, whether aware of it or not, dealing with acts or types of criminals altogether outside the pale of moral study or criminal ethics. For instance, cases of degeneration, physical or moral, spoken of by Max Nordau in *Degeneration*, are impediments rather for the study of the pathologist than the social philosopher. But ignorance, concupiscence, fear, violence, and the like, can be recognized as "diminishing" factors, in reference to responsibility, simply because, in greater or less degree, free-will and intellect are

impeded in their moral functioning. Under one or other of these heads may be grouped all the *immediate* impediments of a human act. Under remote impediments, may be included all the other forces which from Lombroso down to Mosby in our own day, have been made the basis of so much error and fantastic subjectivism.

A Catholic theory of criminology *does* exist, then, in so far as the Catholic theory of explaining the genesis and responsibility of sin, exists. This can be said to be the case, chiefly because the Catholic recognizes as a dogma of the Church and a tenet of philosophy, the doctrine of free-will in man.

In a preceding paragraph we emphasized that sanity is one pre-supposed condition without which there is no moral responsibility. A great proportion of the types of moral aberrance upon which modern materialistic criminologists build shining theories, are beyond the pale of sanity, and would not be considered by a civil court as capable of transacting business which involved the making of contracts. If the forces of a "cruel atavistic heredity," or the forces of a greedy modern society, present to us fearful types of the criminal instinct or achievement, we should first of all attempt to ascertain by means of an expert alienist, whether such enjoy the sanity a normal adult can claim. Not till such an examination was completed, would we endeavor to fix responsibility, or to set up theories of crime which rule out freedom of the will. Luther denied the freedom of the will and most modern sociologists have fallen into that pit. But it is interesting to remark that the spokesmen of the nations which fought against Germany are not acting according to the directive norms of any purely materialistic criminology, when it comes to the question of judging and fixing the crimes of the Central Powers against humanity. Whatever punishment be meted out to the leaders of Prussianism, it seems certain at least, that the Allies feel that those leaders are responsible for unnecessary suffering and bloodshed, and ought to be punished. But to talk of punishment without supposing freedom of the human will, is to talk nonsense.

Lombroso, Ferri, Maudsley, Mosby—all nearly in concert, if their works are proof, accept in some form or other, Determinism. Determinism says, "given all conditions needed

for an action, except the act itself, the act necessarily follows." Farther back still, the remote but certain cause of materialistic social study is Rationalism, proving, *e. g.*, that climate exerted the preponderating effect in shaping the life of nations! What Buckle used to be among historians, the school of criminal ethicians is among sociologists.

How shallow and how gloomy is all Deterministic and Rationalistic teaching compared with the Catholic doctrine of free-will! So long as the rational man *is* rational, he can place a human responsible act. These alone shall come up for his judgment. Moral judgment is not concerned with depravity tantamount to insanity. In the eyes of the Church, while man can really act with moral responsibility, even though he be morally weak, there exists no such thing as the "born" criminal. In the very freedom of man, though it is a responsibility, lies his opportunity for betterment. His moral power, like his mental, may be strengthened by exercise.

St. Philip Neri, seeing one day in Rome a prisoner dragged to the gaol, exclaimed: "There goes Philip, but for the grace of God." The Church can well insist upon Christian asceticism as an aid to free-will in reaching the goal of goodness. But while she can say *"facienti quod in se est, Deus non denegat gratiam,"* to one who does his best, God gives His aid in grace, she neither exaggerates the claims of grace, nor minimizes the claims of free-will; nor neglects to take into account the warp and woof of circumstances, amid which man, the sovereign free-agent, finds himself—often against his own choice. Rather she warns man, that though he knows what he *is*, he knows not what he may *become*, simply because he *is free*. She writes, so that he who runs may read, the words of St. Augustine, "God, Who created man without his consent, will not save him without his consent." Man, here, means mankind, every man, woman and child born into this mortal life.

A KELTIC POE.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.

ONE day in April, 1862, a young Irish lieutenant of thirty-four, attached to McClellan's army, wrote the following letter from Virginia, where he lay dying, to a friend in New York:

"The surgeons removed my shoulder bone and a portion of my upper arm. I nearly died. My breath ceased, heart ceased to beat, pulse stopped. However, I got through. I am not yet out of danger from the operation, but a worse disease has set in. I have got tetanus, or lockjaw. There is a chance of my getting out of it—that's all. In case I don't, good-bye, old fellow, with all my love. I don't want to make any legal document, but I desire that you and Frank Wood should be my literary executors—because after I'm dead I may turn out a bigger man than when living."

That pathetic sentence, half wish, half prophecy, was destined to come true, for the fame of Fitz-James O'Brien has survived the revenges of time's whirligig and steadily greatened, until he is known to the student as author of some of the most remarkable tales in American literature.

O'Brien came to New York in 1852 armed with letters of introduction to G. P. Morris, the "cis-Atlantic Tom Moore," from the brother of Bishop Collins of Cloyne. Morris was a member of the literary coterie, which included "Nat" Willis, Halleck, William Winter and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Poe and Cooper were in their graves; Irving was in retirement at Sunnyside; Paulding was alive but had abandoned literature for the consular service. Bryant, though nearing sixty, was still in the heydey of his power, but devoted more attention to diet and exercise than to the doings of literary Bohemia.

O'Brien was not reticent about his history. He was born in Limerick in 1828, and was fortunate in his parents; for his mother was beautiful and cultured and his father a barrister of ability. The lad was educated at Dublin University and on leaving college came into a not inconsiderable fortune. He might have become a gentleman idler had not the spur of

ambition urged him on, and it was to the great literary Mecca, London, that he turned in the first flush of boyish enthusiasm. The way to literary fame, alack, lay through as toilsome a Grub Street as ever confronted the drudges of Dryden's day or Johnson's, and the soaring wings of the young Irishman's ambition were denied all but the most limited of flights.

To Irishmen America has always been the land of allurement. In her generous bosom they found freedom and an opportunity for achievement, which were impossible at home. It is not surprising that the dissatisfaction which O'Brien felt with conditions in London should have turned his thoughts to America.

Morris and his friends accepted O'Brien without a question. And well they might. For whatever his weaknesses of temperament (he was aggressive almost to the point of pugnacity) his boyish ways, his enthusiasm, his irrepressible humor and his verve, gave a new and thrilling vitality to their circle. He was of middle height and athletic build, fair of complexion, with wavy brown hair, fine blue-gray eyes and small chin almost concealed by a heavy brown mustache. His voice was singularly sweet and persuasive—an excellent thing in man, no less than in woman.

There was nothing calculating about this exuberant youth; he knew little of the value of money and cared less, and when the remnant of his inheritance was gone he smilingly made the best of things. But for all that, he must at times have felt the pinch of poverty and the deadly days when melancholy succeeded to high spirits. He was a creature of moods to whom a steady routine was as impossible as a lone flower to a butterfly. Periods of delectable idling were followed by days and nights of amazing industry, when for eight or ten hours at a stretch he would work on poem or story with every energy of his mind fired to a passionate concentration.

O'Brien was not long in finding a welcome for his writings and soon became known to readers of the *Home Journal*, the *Evening Post*, the *Times*, the *Saturday Press*, *Putnam's*, *Vanity Fair* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. For ten years he poured out poems, tales, sketches, dramatic reviews, and even theatrical pieces, of which many have long been forgotten and might even defy identification. It is now thirty-eight years since

his old friend, William Winter, collected some two score of his poems and a dozen of his stories, but the volume has long been out of print. The poems have a faint aroma as of fine linen long laid away in lavender, but several of the tales have won him the fame for which he hoped in the face of death.

Like most men who are capable of original work, O'Brien was not ashamed to study closely the productions of other writers, and indeed to imitate their method and style when the humor seized him. He knew his Hawthorne, his Hoffmann, and his Poe, and caught some of the latter's tricks with surprisingly good effect. He did not stop there but imitated Poe in studying Hoffmann, to whom his obligations in *The Wondersmith* are unmistakable. Here his theme is of the kind which one tells to children in the glow of an open fire, creating an atmosphere surcharged with magic in which marvels can happen because time and place are not. The Wondersmith is a man of crime, who foregathers with fortune tellers and gypsy peddlers and directs their uncanny business of bottling up souls "the pick of a thousand births, which the midwife steals." In tiny wooden manikins these souls are lodged and do dark deeds at the command of the Wondersmith. But all this bizarre wickedness is futile to upset the devotion of two children, one the reputed daughter of the sinister magician and the other a poor little organ-grinder, whose crooked body harbors a soul all straight and shining. The Wondersmith and his crew are finally caught in their own toils and burned to death, while Anita and the Italian boy, like the lovers in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, make their escape, haply to a fairer land and joyous days. The story made a sensation when published in *The Atlantic Monthly* (October, 1859), but the reason is hard to find. It has neither the Keltic witchery nor the German glamour; it lacks, indeed, that touch of inevitable magic which gives soul to every tale of ghost and fairy. Perhaps it was but a *jeu d'esprit* written after an evening with the *Serapionsbrüder*. The conception, it must be confessed, has the Teutonic heaviness, not the Keltic lightness, and had no more place in O'Brien's genius than a leprechaun in Wilhelmstrasse.

While O'Brien handles a variety of themes, they are markedly unequal in value. In *Tommattoo* we have well worn

elements: a benevolent old Italian father, his beautiful daughter and two suitors, one virtuous, the other villainous, and virtue is not compelled to be its own sole reward. In *Milly Dove* we have the sentimental tale of the "Duchess" variety in which King Cophetua, in the person of the great Alexander Winthrop, falls in love with a beggar maid in the person of Milly Dove who, pretty and scarcely out of her teens, is clerk in a New England village candy shop. In *The Golden Ingot* the theme is alchemy, whose possibilities one might suppose to have been exhausted generations before, had not Balzac employed it in one of his greatest novels.

In *The Pot of Tulips,* O'Brien turns to the ghost story; in *My Wife's Tempter* to the diabolical influences of Mormon propaganda, a subject vastly more interesting in his day than in ours.

In *The Lost Room* he invades the realm of visions and beholds men and women in the garb of earlier centuries holding high revelry, only to see them melt away again into thin air. On reading it one conjectures that O'Brien had delved into the *Gesta Romanorum,* and found a romantic appeal in the story which William Morris was later to retell as *The Writing on the Image.* In *The Bohemian* the theme is mesmerism, a tempting morsel for every delver into the weird, and in treatment it is under obvious obligations to Hawthorne's *The Birthmark.*

Philip Brann (the Bohemian) possesses mesmeric power and finds a susceptible subject in Annie Deane, the fiancée of Henry Cranston. When hypnotized, Miss Deane makes revelations regarding a lonely spot on Coney Island, in which a treasure has been concealed for years. The cupidity of Brann and Cranston is satisfied when their expedition in quest of the booty is successful, but the price is tragically high; for Miss Deane, whose nervous energies are depleted by the trance, fails to rally and dies in her repentant lover's arms.

The ethical undercurrent of the story is evident in Annie's appeal to her lover against undertaking the quest. One recalls *The Birth Mark,* the trepidation of Georgiana at her husband's desire to remove the crimson stain from her cheek; his insistence and her loving acquiescence; the seeming success at first and the tragic *dénouement.* Cranston, on the one hand, and Aylmer, on the other, risk the lives of the

women they love, the one to gain wealth, the other to gratify his ideal of beauty, and their selfishness meets with a swift and terrible punishment.

In *Mother of Pearl*, O'Brien owes nothing to either Hoffmann or Hawthorne, but much to Poe, to whom his obligations are obvious. The story, told in the first person quite in Poe's manner, recounts the marriage of the narrator with a beautiful American girl, Minnie, whom he meets while traveling in the East. When Pearl is born both love the child with equal passion. On returning to America all is well for a time, but gradually an unaccountable languor succeeds Minnie's exuberant vitality and arouses the apprehensions of her husband. A holiday is planned to New York, where they attend the theatre and see Matilda Heron (an actress whose wild genius O'Brien admired), in a performance of *Medea*. Minnie is profoundly affected; her eyes never wander from the stage, her face is tense and her body sways with emotion. That night the husband unaccountably awakens to find his wife bending over him with a naked dagger in her hand. He has barely time to draw his body aside and escape the plunging weapon. To his bitter upbraiding his wife responds with stoical indifference, while he, bewildered and baffled, feels his love turn to loathing. He abandons his holiday plans, returns home with his wife, and lays her case before a physician, fearful that her mind is on the verge of collapse. Mystified by the case, the physician takes up his residence with the hapless couple and devotes himself to a study of Minnie, while the husband finds some measure of consolation in his child, Pearl.

One night the two men sit talking late. Outside the mournful winds of autumn stir the dead leaves and "chilly draughts come from unseen crevices, blowing on back and cheek till one feels as if some invisible lips were close behind, pouring malignant breaths on face and shoulder." Suddenly there comes a noise, which fills them both with terror. Springing to their feet they fling open a door commanding a view of the corridor. Tall and white, the figure of Minnie approaches, a candle in her hand, her white gown spotted with blood. She has murdered Pearl. Stately and calm as a goddess answering the prayers of her devotees, she makes her awful confession, smoothing her hair with her blood-stained fingers as she speaks. While residing in India she

contracted the hasheesh habit, which gradually bound her as with chains of steel; the greenish paste became her very existence. It was while under its influence that she attended the performance of *Medea* with her husband in New York, and "from that instant, murder became glorified in her sight. . . . Her soul became rapt in the contemplation of the spilling of blood. I was to have been her first victim, Pearl her second. She ended by saying, with an ineffable smile, that the delight of the taking away of life was beyond imagination." The closing paragraph is vivid and, like Poe, concludes the story with dramatic (one might say, *melodramatic)* finality.

Throughout this story, which still retains much of its original power, we have vivid touches which prove that O'Brien had studied Poe to advantage. Minnie is of the type so common in Poe, slender, beautiful, high-strung, with large dark gray eyes, transparent skin and mobile features. Her sinuous body possessed a strange and subtle grace; indeed, she had, to a striking degree, an "aërial serenity of motion." No less appealing was her voice, low, sweet, musical, and yet distinctive beyond any her lover had ever heard. Quite in the manner of Poe, O'Brien pictures the gradual change by which her buoyant joyousness fades into an inexplicable lassitude which, on occasions, becomes a brooding melancholy. He consults a physician despite whose optimism he feels (again like Poe) the shadow of impending disaster. In picturing the degenerate wife returning from the midnight murder of her child, O'Brien is thinking of that highly effective scene in the *Fall of the House of Usher,* when Madeline, escaping from the tomb, returns to her brother's chamber and reels across the threshold in the final agony of death. In each case we have two men, one with nerves wrought to the breaking point, the other a friend less agonized, but with every sense painfully alert; the time is the fateful hour of midnight; the autumn winds sigh mournfully without; then comes a strange sound which chills their hearts, and the door is flung open to discover the pallid apparition of a woman, whose white garments are stained with blood.

It was a pity that O'Brien did not follow his model in rigidly excluding every non-essential. Poe would have foregone the incident in which the infant Pearl is rescued from

a shark by a Malay diver, and have resisted all temptations to discuss histrionic art at the performance of *Medea*. Had O'Brien's exuberant genius been schooled to a stricter literary abstinence *Mother of Pearl* might have ranked as one of the best tales of its type in American literature.

But O'Brien was his own man after all, and it was not of his genius in his enthusiastic twenties to accept restraints, even artistic ones, with resignation.

Adequately to judge the brilliant young Irishman, however, we should consider his two best tales, *What Was It?* and *The Diamond Lens*. It is these which won him greatest reputation during his life, and upon which rests his chief claim for an abiding place in the history of the American short story. *What Was It?* was written at odd moments in the lodgings of his friend, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and like *Mother of Pearl*, shows unmistakably the influence of Poe. The narrator, when about to fall asleep one night, feels something drop as if from the ceiling upon his chest and two bony hands encircle his throat. The suddenness of the attack for a moment disconcerts him, but regaining his self-possession he struggles desperately in the darkness, until at last the murderous visitant is overpowered and pinioned upon the bed. The victor, gasping, gets to his feet and turns on the light only to feel his brain reel as he beholds—nothing. "I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape; my other hand gripped, with all its strength, a throat as warm and apparently fleshly as my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I beheld absolutely nothing! . . . Imagination in vain tries to compass the awful paradox." The creature was bound with cords which rose and fell with its breathing, while the clothes upon the bed were shaken by its convulsive efforts to escape. The next day the strange thing was chloroformed and a mold made which disclosed its form. "It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth and horrible—but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen . . . It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh." . . . As the days passed pathos was added to horror for there was

no way of feeding the strange creature, whose struggles for life grew weaker each hour. At last it died and was hastily buried, still a thing of mystery, sinister and invisible.

There is a fascination about this tale, which still remains, and it is worth noting that Ambrose Bierce, upon whose shoulders, in our generation, rests the mantle of Poe, has not hesitated to follow O'Brien's lead in at least two of his stories, *The Damned Thing* and *Staley Fleming's Hallucination.*

What O'Brien's story might have become in Poe's hands one may conjecture. That the Kelt had the American in mind as he wrote it is obvious in more instances than one. It was quite like Poe to make the narrator an addict to opium, as well as his friend, Dr. Hammond.

Like Poe also are O'Brien's occasional affectations, his pretenses of excursions into the recondite. Lying upon his bed, courting slumber, he read a *History of Monsters*—"a curious French work which I had lately imported from Paris." Despite such imitations of Poe, O'Brien committed a fundamental artistic blunder, which would have made the American shudder. One smiles, perhaps approvingly, at his cleverness in imitating the American's tricks. Would that he had mastered his artistry! Never would the crafty Poe have permitted a plaster cast to be made of The Thing (he made no mistakes after *Berenice)* any more than he would have named the undertaker who buried M. Valdemar or have made a daguerreotype of the reincarnated Ligeia.

It was in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1858, that O'Brien published his masterpiece, *The Diamond Lens.* Here his imagination, if not more daring than in *What Was It?* kept a more unfaltering flight and deserves the conspicuous place universally granted it for originality of conception, sustained interest and glow of poetic fancy.

The Diamond Lens is the story of a man whose interest in optics has become a very passion until he dreams of a lens so perfect as to defy all obstacles, and to penetrate the wonders of a life whose infinite minutiæ have thus far escaped every investigation of science. He consults a medium (a vulgarism, alas, of which the fastidious Poe would never have been guilty), and under the spur of her disclosures seeks out the Jewish Simon, owner of a perfect diamond. Though put on his guard by his visitor's questions, Simon is not immune to

the vintage of '48, and finally produces his treasured stone, which shimmers in the lamplight as if "all the glories of light, ever imagined or described, were pulsating in its crystalline chambers." The half-drunken Simon is dispatched by the blow of a dagger and the murderer, after skillfully arranging every detail to indicate that the fatal wound was self-inflicted, makes his escape with the diamond. During the succeeding three months he devotes night and day to his diamond lens and, with infinite toil and care, finally completes it. Trembling with excitement, he places it upon its platform and adjusts it above a single drop of clear water. At first he sees what appears to be a dimly lighted chaos, a vast luminous abyss. Depressing the lens with infinite care, he is dazzled by a scene of indescribable beauty. "On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms of unknown texture and colored with the most enchanting hues," like clouds of the highest rarity, which "undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendant branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half lucent ranks of many colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues, lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crown of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast amoral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealized by mere imagination." Surely such a scene were fit abode for animate beauty; and as if in answer to the thought there suddenly emerged from out the silken vista a creature of ineffable loveliness. "I can not (how often Poe 'could not and dared not' but *did!)* attempt to inventory the charm of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors . . . Her motions were

those of some graceful naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of will, the clear, unruffled waters that filled the chambers of the sea." Bewildered by this vision, he steps back from his lens and his eye falls upon the tiny drop of water below it. What a harrowing thought possesses him! Animula (for so he names this radiant divinity) dwells worlds apart from him, in a sphere which only his vision can invade, imprisoned in a drop of water. Through the hours that follow his eyes scarcely leave the lens; a rapturous adoration thrills him to behold her, with more than a goddess' grace, float like a flash of light through the glimmering avenues of her dwelling.

In his worship of this glorious divinity he becomes oblivious of the passage of the moments, the hours, the days. His life is absorbed in a passion of admiration; but it is all in vain. As well reach for the stars at night as for this tiny creature disporting in that luminous world at once so near and so infinitely far. He must break himself of this mad fancy before it destroys his reason. He tears himself away, seeks the world outside and attends the theatre, only to leave in disgust and return to his lens—and Animula. But during his brief absence she has undergone a tragic transformation. Her face is thin and haggard; her limbs trail heavily; the wondrous lustre of her golden hair has faded. The thought of his impotence maddens her lover with grief. To him, hers is a world forbid, and with the anguish of despair he beholds her in the pangs of dissolution. Her limbs shrivel, her eyes are quenched, her golden hair becomes lank and discolored, the last throes are come—for the tiny drop of water is at the point of evaporation. He faints, to recover hours later amid the wreck of his instrument, shattered in mind and in body. They call him madman now, but he insists that they are mistaken. He lives on charity, yet his eyes behold no sordid realities of every day, but that world of gorgeous color in which Animula had her brief but radiant existence.

The daring imagination which conceived this story is worthy of O'Brien at his best; from the moment when the diamond comes into the hands of the mad optician, it never falters or loses its poetic fire. For this Poe might have been proud to claim it. But in structure it is weak—an indictment always true of O'Brien, but never of Poe. How relentlessly the American, like a surgeon with his scalpel, would have cut

away the visit to Madame Volpes, the medium, and pruned down the incident of Simon to a single paragraph! That done, he would have recognized in many a touch a skillful student of his own methods. There is the preliminary self-revelation in which the scientist declares that his imagination supplies the limitations of his microscopes and that, lying awake at night, he has dreamed of a lens so powerful as to pierce through all the envelopes of matter down to its component atoms. There is the marshaling of the names of great scientists to whom the homage of a devotee is paid; the discussion of references to scientific discoveries, which are thrown off with the nonchalance of the savant; the confession early in the tale that the narrator "supposes he is mad; for every great genius is mad upon the subjects in which he is greatest." In the murder episode, moreover, Poe would have beheld a student of his *Cask of Amontilado.* For here is the same cold-blooded determination to compass a murder, the same success in plying the victim with wine, the same skillful inuendoes, the same torment of soul deliberately inflicted on the victim, the same moral blindness on the part of the destroyer, and finally, the same diabolical minuteness in recounting the catastrophe, colored in the one case by exultation over the triumph of vengeance and in the other over the attainment of the diamond. In the description of Animula and her gorgeous dwelling he would have found a choice of diction and a poetic fervor worthy of his own genius, and yet vitally different; for here was no pensive melancholy such as evermore cast its shadow over the soul of Poe, but a fervor by which O'Brien (and the universal Kelt) claims kinship with the stars.

O'Brien, indeed, was as emotional as Poe and gifted with as rich an imagination. Both men were opinionated, but Poe was vastly more the egotist. Both had the dramatic instinct to a marked degree; O'Brien employed his in writing for the theatre, Poe his in arranging his world as a stage upon which he himself played the leading rôle. Thus in his own eyes he became invested with a kind of mournful dignity and drew about him the mantle of a conscious superiority, which marked him as a soul apart from the multitude. Playing up to his part he made pretence to a depth of knowledge which he did not possess, and falsified facts about his life in order to lend it the color of Byronic romance and make his

poetic talent appear to have flowered in childhood. O'Brien was sociable; he liked life and delighted to feel the hum and thrill of it about him. Poe, with his peculiar attitude of mind, spent lonely years and, self-centred and self-pitying like Rousseau, tended as inevitably as the Frenchman to become suspicious even of his friends and to confine his society to persons (chiefly women), upon whose sympathy (one might almost say, pity) he could unfailingly rely. With Poe melancholy was a habit of mind; quite typical was his insistence that the finest poetry must be tinged with sadness. O'Brien's melancholy was a phase of his Keltic temperament which, in the ardor of today, plays joyously among the stars, only to find itself on the chill morrow plunged in the slough of despond. We dwell, after all, in a world of brick and stone and mortar, of trials and accidents and sickness, and it were not compatible with the great scheme of things that the Kelt should everlastingly forget the din of the marketplace and dwell with garlanded head among the fields of asphodel.

All of which must not be thought to imply that O'Brien was a mere dreamer of dreams. Even a poet may die for his vision, and the brilliant Irish lad who offered his sword to the Government at the outbreak of the Civil War had, within a year, repaid with his ardent young life for the generous adoption of America. Scarcely more than a boy, he was dead in his early thirties, before he had fully learned how important is form in literature and how rigid are the bounds which art prescribes to the imagination, even in its loftiest flights. What he might have accomplished had years been granted him, we can only conjecture. Perhaps he might have achieved a place beside the triumvirate of American short-story masters, sharing unchallenged honors with Irving, Poe and Hawthorne.

"PETERING OUT."

BY FRANCIS AVELING, S.T.D.

WHEN restrictions are removed from traveling and the shipping shortage is over, without doubt there will be a great flood of visitors from the United States to the battlefields of the western front. Already there are visitors in considerable throngs—soldiers of the Allied Armies, for the most part, and voluntary War Workers, as well as civilians from Belgium, France and England, in lesser number. Last Whitsuntide the tragic ruins of Ypres were full of people, who had come from all the countryside around in all sorts of vehicles and by all sorts of ways, to gaze upon the silent ruins and try to reconstruct for themselves the meaning of war. And so it was at Douai and Arras; at Lens and Albert and, doubtless, at all the famous towns and villages and historic sites along the winding, twisting belt of harassed ground over which, for so long, and so short a time ago, death brooded and wrought.

But even when the Treaty of Peace was still wet with the ink of the signatures, it was not easy to reconstruct. The cobbled roads in the towns and villages were already tidied and made smooth. The pitted, pock-marked fields were lush with coarse vegetation. Where gaunt, dead trees thrust their snapped trunks and broken branches, like accusing fingers, up towards heaven, the bright green of the new grass and unconquered undergrowth rioted beneath the turquoise blue of the perfect summer sky. And on the miles and miles of open plain, where stands never a tree, where almost hidden barbed wire entanglements, still clinging to their rotting posts and rusting supports, were just discerned beside the snaky white chalk lines running here and there, up and down the rolling surface of the land, the shell holes and the old trenches were falling in and becoming smoothed and rounded off by the luxuriance of the growth.

Here, where men struggled and fell and died, are brilliant patches, acres in extent, of scarlet poppies. Wild mustard flings its golden flowers far and wide. Bright blue cornflowers

almost put the very sky to shame. Nature has done her best to cover up and hide the hideousness and shame that man put upon her. Little by little, day by day, she toils on to restore. In winter her rains and frosts break down the sharp lines of the trenches; the shelters and the dug-outs tumble in; the wooden supports rot and crumble away. In spring and summer her roots twist and grip in the loosened earth and chalk; her grasses and flowers cast their mantle of beauty over the charnel houses of the War.

You who will come to see these battlefields, in reverent journey to visit some beloved grave, whose pilgrim steps will lead you over the bloody field on which he fell: you, too, who are led thitherwards by idle curiosity, will never see it as it was. The very places which the soldiers knew so well, the places where they lived for weeks and months at a time, were already unrecognizable after one short year.

So, as the quiet, insistent work of nature goes on and the gangs of British, French, Russian, Chinese and German labor "clearing up" are withdrawn, the whole aspect of the country changes, and, with it, the mentality of those who are looking on. If the War has left its marks upon the face of nature, marks which its wonderful and indomitable vitality is quietly smoothing away, so has it left its marks, no less deeply graved upon the minds and souls of those who took their part in it. But those barbed entanglements of the mind, those deep scars seared into the very soul, are undergoing changes, too; slowly, perhaps, but none the less resistlessly than those that disfigured the smiling fields of France.

You who saw the War only from afar off, reflected in the columns of the daily papers, brought closer and more intimately home by the letters that came to you from the fighting-line: you have experienced, to some degree, at any rate, some of the mind and heart changes of which I write. Far from the crash and din of the battle, far from the instant dangers threatening by night and by day, far from the ceaseless movement and feverish business of the fighting part of the War, you none the less felt the strain of it and bore your share of its horror. No one who realized at all what it meant could have borne it without the most profound emotional changes taking place within him. But for most of you the ties that bound you to the War were far closer than this, far more personal than the

mere knowledge that it was going on. Your flesh and blood were there. Your anxieties and fears kept pace with their dangers. You had some insight, faint perhaps and blurred, but no less real, into what they were experiencing.

But for them, the fighters! The instincts which thrust their roots the furthest into the deeps of human nature were aroused and let loose. With their disturbance the connected emotions were brought into unfettered play. Conscious, they wrought a new arrangement into the texture of mental life. Unconscious, they burrowed into those unexplored chambers of the mind in which the powerful springs of conduct, and of life itself, have their hidden lair. Self-assertion, self-preservation, fear, anger, hate, wove their strands as never before into the living fabric of the consciousness. The mental energy unloosed flowed in unaccustomed channels and stimulated unusual passions. Outlooks and values changed, so rapidly and so unaccountably sometimes that one was horrified to see of what thoughts one was capable, what desires he could countenance. The whole emotional life, usually so placid and uneventful, save for those mimic gusts of self-raised storm, was stirred and lashed into very maelstroms. Likes and dislikes followed one another without reason or obvious justification. Things highly prized were cast lightly away; while those of no real value claimed, for the moment, our every thought. Happy, indeed, were they who had some one fixed solid interest or value at which to anchor the frail barque of their souls: something so fixed and so stable that it could defy alteration and withstand all the shocks of disordered feeling, all the buffetings of abnormal emotions. Of such, one, and undoubtedly the most powerful, was religion. Where that held fast, mental life flowed on with at least something of its normal tranquillity. But even then, deep and far-reaching changes took place; and the over-strained, over-excited, war-taxed mind came out of the War a very different thing from what it was when it first entered in upon it.

Now things are "petering out." The great armies, as far as this part of the world is concerned, at any rate, are gone. Even the labor is dwindling from day to day in number. You may go for miles over the areas and hardly ever see a soul, save a few civilians, in a district that was crowded to the limit of possibility while the War was still being waged. And just

as the material aspect of the landscape is changing, and has already changed; just as emptiness has taken the place of crowds; so are the minds of those of us who are left here for the time undergoing a fresh set of alterations and readjustments. It is the inevitable recoil, the reassertion of the normal, the struggle of the currents to overflow the newer, war-worn channels and run again in the old courses. In many ways it is a painful process. The mental changes brought about by the circumstances of war were forced by the War and kept pace with it. These new readjustments are forced by no outward stimulus, but rather by the lack of any real stimulation. The war changes were fierce, abrupt, cataclysmal. These are sluggish, full of effort, gradual.

There are, no doubt, incentives to break and destroy habits that the War crystallized out of our freedom, habits both physical and mental; but there is little driving power left to make the incentives real, living forces and so, effectively, to counter the habits. We see, indeed, the true values to be substituted; but find it hard to grasp them. Energy is wanting; and there is little or no external stimulus to force us to react. The whole thing is "petering out." There is only lassitude and a general reaction from the strenuous emotional living of the past five years. More life was crowded into those years than in twenty or thirty of times of peace: turbulent, insistent, not to be thwarted life. Now it is pale and thin and listless in comparison—just "petering out."

Nothing, perhaps, so much as experience of a war such as this brings one to realize the utter instability of all the human conventions and beliefs upon which we used to rely, the utter untrustworthiness of one's own self when placed in a circle of circumstance so much out of the usual. The whole edifice of our human creeds—social, political, ethical—is apt to totter and fall away. The philosophy of life which we have acquired with such pains in all our experience of living, is not equal to the strain. It fails us now when we most have need of it; and, indeed, the need is no less great, but rather greater, now—paradoxical as it may seem—than when the War was raging round us. Many who had then no other conscious stay and support than their human philosophy laughed their way through the War, mocked its worst dangers, and cynically accepted it as a matter of inexplicable course. They went to

their death with the same smile upon their lips as they wore, in seeming careless irresponsibility, while they were about their routine tasks behind the line. But beneath the surface that appeared to their comrades, beyond what was grasped consciously in their own minds, there must have been something deeper and more substantial which tranquillized them, robbed the apparent cynicism of its bitterness, and gave a very real value to the smile. Of such stuff were they made that this at least could be believed.

But of those who won through the great Venture, with such seeming cynicism and careless ready smiles, most now seem to have lost that silent well-spring in the unconscious that gave their philosophy what worth it had. And, having lost it—or, perhaps, after all, they really never had it—it, too, has "petered out." The riot of unchecked excitement and feverish pursuit of amusement that came after the fighting was at an end—and this, not in the fighting forces alone, but among the civilians in all the great capitals and lesser towns and villages—was not only the expression of the lifting of an intolerable load, hitherto bravely borne if with much loathing. It was at the same time the sign and the effect of the breaking down of all the barriers, both naturally and artificially, raised to protect the very soul itself from those strong forces of its own let loose by the action of the War. I have said that religion was the sheet anchor of the soul during the times of stress. It is impossible to generalize from a few examples; and I have in mind, as I write, merely certain types of men; but in the main I am persuaded that the vast majority of our soldiers were sincerely religious in their own personal and incommunicable way. Theirs was a religion of trust, an attitude towards life and living, a feeling rather than a dogma, vague and shadowy for the most part, quite unlike the reasoned and articulated religion of the "churches." It was often compatible with disregard of conventional morality, loose notions as to ownership, the use of language truly abominable to more refined ears. But, such as it was, there it was to help them through when they needed help badly enough. Of course, it is obvious that I am not referring to anything other than a very generalized sort of "Natural Religion," which Catholics may find it difficult to understand at all. None the less, it seems to have been strong enough to have carried the men

safely through the dangers which they encountered every day with comparative tranquillity of mind. It would not seem, however, to be able to carry them through the dangers of peace; for it was one of those mental changes suddenly evolved to meet a particular set of circumstances, which, like the physical changes of nature, move and alter with the circumstances that brought them into being. It was a "War Religion," keyed to crashing shells and roaring guns, tuned to hardships and discomforts of every sort. And with the loosening down of the tenseness of the War it has fallen out of tune. Like the grim lines of trenches now hidden beneath the flaunting rows of scarlet poppies, like the ragged shell holes, now filled to the brim with the yellow mustard or the blue cornflower, the War Religion has sunk and become hidden by the newer interests of life, with the War far off in the background of memory and a thousand new things to occupy thought. And yet the dangers of peace are in a sense far more threatening to the soul, and indeed to the ordinary happiness for which man in this world craves than those of the War itself.

That this is true is seen in the state of extraordinary unrest that is sweeping over the face of the world: unrest in every department of life, in thought and theory, in politics and economics, in labor and class and creed. We need now, no less than ever, some strong, compelling force to steady our souls. We need clear principles with which to meet the problems thrust upon us. "War Religion" has failed us here. It could hardly have been hoped that it could succeed. In the welter of interests and counter interests, the conflict of classes, the reshaping of the social fabric that is taking place before our eyes with fatal and fateful swiftness by makeshift means and rule of thumb, with behind it the vast driving power of an unchecked emotional force, we need something more than feeling to carry us to a safe haven. Human principles and human compromises are bound to fail. There is only one thing that can save society from shipwreck. In the meantime, while events move with such swiftness at home and abroad, the impression that one gathers in these areas, which have been left stranded by the passing of the tide of war, is one of "going to pieces." It is the end of a great enterprise, itself undertaken for a great end. And like all other mortal things,

all human enterprises, it has come to its close. The vast stores of material left scattered over the bosom of the countryside are gathered into dumps and sold, or moved back to the bases for trans-shipment to England. Familiar faces cease to be seen in the mess-rooms, as one by one the old messmates are demobilized, or, if they happen to be regular soldiers, are transferred to Egypt, India and Home Stations. The deplenished "*cadres*" of Armies, Corps and Divisions—the little handfuls of men that represent what, during the War, were organizations dealing with thousands and scores of thousands of soldiers, as the case might be—are day by day disbanded in the country, or sent home one by one to be broken up there. Before long the last will have taken its departure. The camps of the Prisoners of War will be closed, their tents struck, their barbed wire barricades down and the plough of the farmer erasing the marks, even, that would show that a camp had ever been there.

For a little time, no doubt, something will be left: some labor that is found still to be indispensable, some transport, some feeding machinery, with the few other organizations that are necessary for its maintainance. The work of the Graves Registration Units cannot end at once, nor, indeed, until all the scattered graves have been found and the bodies reverently exhumed and placed within the recognized cemeteries of the War.

This "petering out" at its end is in the most marked contrast to the days at the beginning of the War, when feverish activity reigned everywhere. Very different is it, too, from the drilling and training in the hastily organized camps and barrack squares where the New Armies were being formed as the Old Army of Great Britain fought doggedly to keep a place for them, until they would be ready to take their stand in the ranks of the Allies battling for the liberty of the world. Then all was bustle, haste and activity, ordered, no doubt, and methodical, yet none the less supremely exciting for those who were being trained. There was no time to be lost; and days were packed full of swift incident.

In sharpest distinction, too, is it to the still more thrilling and exciting war days, when everyone was keyed to the most tense and there was no time to think or reflect upon the ever-changing kaleidoscope of hourly events; when quick action

took the place of more deliberate thought and life—not wholly unprepared—ran through a maze of sudden unexpectedness.

These already almost half-forgotten contrasts mark the present phase and emphasize its character of decay. And in all the different moments of the whole terrible, swift-moving drama, from its beginning to its ending, the instability of human life and the shifting of its estimates of worth and value is the one thing that stands out evident and clear.

It is easy to state the fact and speculate upon it; far more difficult to realize it practically and bend it to our needs. Even if our lives are unstable—if, indeed, we have here no lasting habitation—they must still be shaped by some ideals which we think of worth. And which are the ideals that will stand the test? We had our ideals—or we said that we had them—during the War; and they were high and noble ideals, worthy of what is best in the heart of man. But new values are shaping themselves in the war-tired minds; and the conditions of peace are providing ground for ugly growths. If we are relying upon ourselves alone we cannot aim high at best—no higher than the possibility of human nature, and that only at the level of its average. If we are striving merely for greater worldly comfort, for amusement, for "getting on," surely we shall be doomed to eternal disappointment; and the War will have taught us no lesson that was worth the learning. The very qualities of which it showed us to be capable, will have become the more degraded by their misuse; and, seeking much, we shall find all our energies dissipated in the end and our hands still empty.

If we once but realized that the emotional instability and general unrest which the War has left us as its legacy, is the symptom of a disease from which the world is suffering, we should learn to look elsewhere than towards its ever-changing play for the remedy—for the true values by which, whether as individuals or as communities, to shape our destinies. Perhaps we should look back to the War itself to catch once again a reflect of something that shone bright amid all its mists and murkiness. Or we may look to nature, slow, forceful, purposive in the steady persistence with which it moves towards the attainment of its immutable goals. But above all we shall dare to lift up our eyes even to God—since we are free beings

and made in His likeness—if we have any hope of discovering those eternal values that dominate the perpetual flux and change of the world. Nowhere else can the fixed and enduring truth for which we crave, which we so dumbly need, be found than in the very Truth Itself, from which all other draws its life and vigor. And there we should find the never-changing principles of right and justice and honor and love that are in so great danger of being lost altogether.

Amid the scarlet and white and blue and gold of the wild flowers on the Artois battlefields there is a soldiers' cemetery. Mound after mound, each with its little, plain cross at the head, the graves lie in long, serried rows facing the East. Here and there among them are self-sown garden flowers—pansies, forget-me-nots, violets. Some bear the evidences of loving care—a faded wreath or posy, a plant set in the earth by loving hands in memory of the brave. The cemetery lies upon a little eminence among the scars of the fighting. Below, the heaps of rubble mark where a town once stood. And at the further end, where the graveyard slopes gently away from the west, there is one common burial place, a mound some thirty feet by twelve, with a huge overshadowing cross which bears the names of all who sleep beneath it; or, where the name is not known, the simple, infinitely touching words—"An unknown British Soldier." There are graves there, too, of which the head-cross is made from the propeller of an aëroplane; and graves marked by the tricolor rosette of France.

The sun was sinking slowly in the sky, the shadows of the crosses lengthening on the earth. Birds were singing in the blue dome above, and a gentle breeze stirred the daisies and set the poppies nodding in the surrounding fields. A black-robed woman stood by one of the little crosses in the cemetery, holding a child by the hand. She had been weeping, but her tears were dried. The child's great round eyes rested on her mother's, full of wonder and sad puzzled distress. Widow and orphan, there they stood, in the glory of the summer afternoon beside the grave of him whom they had given in sacrifice for their country and their faith in right. They knelt, the mother drawing the child to her embrace by her side, and her face was lifted in the sunlight. Written there was resignation, but love and pride as well; and, above all, an unconquered hope and an undying trust.

O women and children, you won the War as well as your hero husbands and fathers! And that which made you win the War is with you still. If it is slipping from you, you can win it back. It is the spirit that is of value, the spirit clinging fast to the Divine, drawing strength and sweetness from that spiritual partnership. The little girl looked up at her mother, and the mother turned, with grave, steadfast eyes, towards the child. Her lips moved, and a look of understanding took the place of the puzzled wonder upon the other's face. Her little hand went up towards her forehead; and, kneeling together by the grave of their loved one, they signed their foreheads, lips and hearts with the sign of the Holy Cross.

TO THE SUPREME.

BY HARRY LEE.

Be steel unto my flint,
Let loose the flame
From this gray thing,
My soul,
Scarce worth the name.

Blast,
As with dynamite,
Rend, hurl, set free,
Then with Thy chisel keen,
Fashion Thou me.

THE PERSONAL INFLUENCE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

BY W. A. CONACHER.

APART from the other great manifestations of his genius, the question of Newman's personal influence on his generation is of intense interest. What was the attitude of that England which at the *Apologia* woke up to a consciousness of his being, and since then has taken the keenest interest in him? In Anglican circles Newman was no stranger, nor did the Oxford Movement die out like a fire of paper at his departure from the scene. But the public who took in the *Apologia* was a class wider than Anglicanism: it was that wide class of cultured bourgeoisie which is so definitely a part of Victorian society, and a large fraction of that class was Protestant and Nonconformist or non-Anglican—the society which, having produced Wesley, produced John Bright, Ruskin, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill.

It was this class which would not be averse to a complaint against Anglicanism, which would recognize in Newman's original Calvinism and in a certain note which pervaded his whole spiritual life some affinity with itself, and consequently would not altogether "let him go." How far does Newman consciously or unconsciously respond to this?

When he separated from the Anglican communion, and in a wider sense cut himself off from English religious opinion, there were two leading tendencies or schools in existence and two new ones manifesting themselves. There was traditional Anglicanism which Newman first thought was capable of a reformation and which he hoped to reform; this effort, that of the High Church party, is the first of the new tendencies referred to. But Newman found traditional Anglicanism too much for him. No better defender and no better type of it can perhaps be found than Dean Church. To a startling extent in his *History of the Oxford Movement* he accepts the portrait of his church contained in *The Vicar of Wakefield, Pride and Prejudice, The Barset Novels,* or *Scenes From Clerical Life,* but at the same time he defines and justi-

fies the ideal of that church as an expression of national sentiment. His claim amounts to this, that the Church of England is the Holy Spirit working in the people of England, a spirit ranging at will, recognizable in the good of the past, assured for the future. Great and lofty as this sounds, Newman saw in its very vagueness, its variety of interpretation, the danger point. Here was Liberalism, and he conceived that it would be the creed of the future, and that it would have its own development, its own pernicious and paralyzing effect on Christian opinion at large. He denounced it in his *Apologia*, he denounced it in his address when created Cardinal at Rome. How far his denunciation and his foresight were true must, after more than half a century, be left to the honest opinion of present time and posterity.

But there was in England that other great school of religious thought known as Nonconformity or the Free Churches. Once Anglicanism was definitely established and was seen to be what it is, a two-fold movement began within it; on the one hand the backward movement of Bishop Laud, on the other the search for something more satisfying, more definite, which is the endless quest of Anglo-Saxon nonconformity. At one time it is Puritanism, at another Quakerism, now the voice of Bunyan, now the voice of Milton. It ranges down ways which it finds to be blind alleys, or again like some tide it fills for a time a wide expanse, till suddenly, at their appointed hour, the depths shallow, and the waters disappear. It surges in again with the passion and eloquences of Wesley, and again it is turned to stagnation, quicksands and waste. In the accent of its hymns you catch always a note of dissatisfaction, the mournful wail of a soul that has not found itself. At one time it is rich and pure and strong, and then again it finds itself facing decay and corruption, its virtues turned to vices, its faith to hollowness or a sickening hypocrisy. And always with a strange restlessness it is examining new ideas, taking up new modes, striving and crying, never at peace.

Newman leaving a church which in his day was dogmatically lax, with no marked division other than social between it and Nonconformity, may well have come to feel his life work to be, not the conversion of England, but the preparation of the minds of Anglo-Saxon Protestantism, for a gradual comprehension of Catholicism, which in the end would be cumu-

lative and irresistible.[1] The immediate enemy he recognized to be Liberalism, but his ultimate end in the Anglican sermons he republished, in *Development*, the *Apologia*, the *Grammar of Assent* is indirectly to shape and influence English religious opinion. There his thoughts ever lie, thither they ever return. In his accidental writings he has always this in mind.

Accept this and the *Apologia* has at once an immensely greater significance. It has in fact a genuine *raison d'être*. Accept this and all through Newman's life, its disappointments and setbacks, are so many barriers heading him off, keeping him on his determined path.

I do not mean to suggest that he draws away from Anglicanism and prefers to view English religious opinion on its more purely Protestant side. I mean rather that he is content to leave the Oxford Movement to work out its own salvation. At a certain moment opinion as to what the immediate outcome of that movement will be, is over sanguine. By its very growth the High Church Movement partly absorbed and was partly reacted on by the main current of moderate Anglicanism, compromising and temporizing as ever.[2] Newman himself protested against a change either from feeling or logic. There must be conviction—assent. His relations with Keble, Church and various others remain a pathetic and tender feature of his life's story. He is parted from them by a broad stream, and they look across it at one another with a whole ocean of feeling in their eyes and in their hearts. But apart from them and their school, Newman now sees Protestant opinion in England more as one, and he often finds more definite earnestness among the Mark Rutherfords than among the clergy of Barset.

On the one hand, these people are attracted by Newman; on the other, he addresses himself to them as, like himself, thinking the problem of religion the most important thing in the

[1] "It is wonderful the extent to which of late years all sorts of persons with religious difficulties have had recourse to him. Members, often ministers, of various religious bodies, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., with no sort of leaning towards the Church, have sought his guidance and advice and sympathy; and his correspondence of this sort . . . was enormous. Now and again one came across something which almost looked like a *cultus* of Cardinal Newman outside the Church." Father Ryder's recollections. Cit. II., 359, *Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*, by Wilfrid Ward.

[2] England's genius for compromise breaks down in two places: the Church and Ireland.

world. They are attracted and repelled. They read his *Apologia* or his *Grammar of Assent*, his sermons, and they find what was fundamentally common to him and themselves—conscience. They see that he has found satisfaction and peace, but how is to them a mystery, for *Development* without the key is but a closed book, a tedious reiteration of far-off forgotten things. And yet, although they are convinced that he was mistaken—a pervert, still he remains a mystery, a fascination. On the other hand Newman has his face turned towards them and addresses them. He speaks and writes of Catholic doctrine, he is busy in various activities, in controversies, but beyond this he publishes his earlier preaching and writings, and his later sermons in which he is intelligible not only to Catholics, but to all who constitute "the soul of the Church." Them he knows; are they perhaps his sheep? Is it significant that he takes up his abode in Birmingham, that he leaves Oxford for the industrial metropolis, where dissent rules?

Moreover he is always presenting this enigma. Dissent as opposed to Anglicanism is always seeking for fervor, for effect. It is the victim incessantly of the demagogue of religion. And while Newman possesses those arts, while his sermons are preached with a striking, spellbinding manner of his own, and his prose style has an enchanting rhythm, when you come to look into it, when ear or eye, accustomed to the tone, are beginning to sample the substance and the matter, Newman has this surprise prepared: what he has to say is entirely matter of fact, concrete, unemotional, except for the rare and deep emotion of reality. You expect to find a Romanticist, you find the purest classicism. Those led away by the fallacy of provincialism, will find here the correcting touch of universality. This man, who apparently passed from the sentiment of Calvinism to the sentiment of Romanism, is discovered to be sober, austere, matter of fact.

Protestant England peers as it were into his cell. At one moment they hear him in accents familiar enough:

> My dear Lord and Saviour shall I ever see Thee in heaven? This world is very beautiful, very attractive, and there are many things and persons whom I love in it. But Thou art the most beautiful and best of all. Make me ac-

> knowledge this with all my heart, as well as by Faith and in my reason. My Lord I know nothing here below lasts; nothing here below satisfies. Pleasures come and go; I quench my thirst and am thirsty again, but the saints in heaven are always gazing on Thee, and drinking in eternal blessedness from Thy dear and gracious and most awful and most glorious countenance.

Or when he is on the mountain top they hear:

> At times we seem to catch a glimpse of a form which we shall see hereafter face to face. We approach, and, in spite of the darkness, our hand, or our head, or our brow, or our lips become as it were sensible to the contact of something more than earthly. We know not where we are, but we have been bathing in water and a voice tells us that it is blood. Or we have a mark signed upon our foreheads and it spake of Calvary. Or we recollect a hand laid upon our heads, and surely it had the prints of the nails in it, and resembled His, Who with a touch gave sight to the blind and raised the dead.

This and this again and this ever is the note of Evangelicalism, and so they ask for more. But though the rhythm is there, the style is, as a rule, more austere, less emotional, the subject matter in fact occupied with other things.

Newman had at one time detected in himself an emotionalist, but had rooted it out. And so he warns against it. He speaks coldly, even hardly, of those for whom religion is a matter of "experiences" and sensations. He deprecates the excited, the exalted frame of mind. He, a master of expression, will have nothing to do with those who are the slaves of expression. He preaches pastoral sermons, and instructions, most of all he insists on the Church, because he has found in no mere rhetorical sense that the Church is Christ on earth. And this is what these readers pass over. They pick out the personal note in Newman, and they are offended when the personal note is most often one of warning, "Time is short, eternity is long." They wish to hear him say he has found salvation, and expatiate amply on that luxuriant theme. The reason is, of course, that they have substituted devotion for the grace of the sacraments, and so ever thirst.

And that is perhaps the heart of the matter. Protestantism,

of the two relations of self and God, overdoes the side of self of the human intellect and feelings. We see this in the stoic manifestation of Puritanism, where man in reality seeks to dispense with his Maker and stand in his own strength. We see it in his Evangelical Creed of "experience," where what each "I" feels, is all important, the personal conviction of being "saved." We see it most clearly in Liberalism or broad church-ism, with its higher criticism which more and more presumptuously defines the Infinite, and with its "Christology" which seems rather to be describing the symptoms of that human idiosyncrasy known as belief, than expressing anything that properly can be called theology.

The message of Newman, if it ever reaches these minds, is that the Church is a Temple not made with hands, that the means of grace are set and appointed, that only by them, by the sacraments, for example, can this mortal put on immortality, or this limited human mind learn to grasp anything beyond it, devoid of the limits of time and of matter; in the Communion of Saints only can it comprehend the ties between the living, the dead, and those in bliss; and to attain this finally, it is necessary to submit to the whole system of organized orthodox Christianity, and not try to substitute for this a nebulous faith floating on a sea of devotion self-imagined, self-made.

But it is here that his Protestant readers part company with him. They fall back on all the historical calumnies and perversions of Catholicism. They set up the hasty theories invented by the Reformers, when it was realized that, if you cast down Catholicism, you must set something in its place. They ignore that Luther could never explain away *"Hoc est Corpus Meum,"* and that Calvin insisted that you must have a system to replace a system. And so the old battle begins again for, humanly speaking, it is futile to expect sudden and wholesale conversions. Time is the final court of appeal, and to time the Catholic Church, which has seen so many heresies, so many schisms, can in confidence appeal.

When Protestants come to Newman and say, here and here I knew with irresistible conviction that I was right, that I was "on holy ground," that by this man God spake to me, that by this memory, this practice I am kept holy, what does Newman say? He agrees. He says "was not the Catholic Church

your mother?" But the way to secure the fragrance of those flowers which sweeten your life, is to make sure of the branches, to make sure of the stem, and to see that it is rooted in the solid earth. Without that you are only bearing about a bouquet which will fade and be cast away. Devotion is only the musical note of religion; but from it Newman leads on to the slower unheard beat and rhythm of the religious life, and here he is a master teacher, showing how to distinguish the false from the true, the unreal from the real. "I get nothing from him," says Dr. Whyte, when after long dallying he rises to take up his testimony against the Cardinal, and he goes on with unconscious bathos: "When one of my congregation comes to me and tells me that their sin has at last found them out, and asks me what *book* they will henceforth keep beside them"—what book! is not this the very patent-medicine view of religion, and does not Newman's whole teaching consist in this sequence leading from one to the other of his two extremes, God and the Soul: The Conscience—Sin—Repentance—the Means of Grace—the Church—Christ.

And then his hearers come back to him. They take him down another time from their shelves, for they are not quite convinced he is wrong. If the Catholic Church were only something else they might believe, if it were not something which had been robbed of half the energy of Europe, which humanly speaking had had to struggle on with reduced resources and improvised instruments, if it spoke in accents recalling not the South, but the North or the West, then they might be nearer belief. As it is, they say: No, but go on looking into Newman's life. And indeed they find there a noble thing!

Newman conceived the ideal Catholic Church, and saw it through the accidents of a bishop with a peasant mind, or dignitaries or officials by whom "the kingdom of heaven suffered violence." Nay, by these very buffetings he was strengthened, by these set-backs he advanced. He had been introspective, sensitive, *difficile*. "Pride ruled his will," but now he said "Lead thou me on," and in his long career there is a change in him. Purification and refinement accomplish their work. He persists, day in day out, with his work, his office, and above all the mass. And so at the end he begins to show the aureole of the Saint. At the burning question of the Vatican Council,

you can already see how he has gained in character. At one time he would have thrown himself into that as keenly as did Manning and Ward on the other side. Now he knows the power of silence.

When he wrote his *Grammar of Assent* nothing is more remarkable than his docility one may say. He is laying the foundation for what at one time will be a new branch of theological science. But he submits it all along to an expert, that there may be nothing to jar any Catholic conscience, nothing to cause any scandal.

And so when he earns his dignity of Cardinal, he has a strange happiness, the sense, as it were, to have attained a state of grace. He goes to Rome: the old order has changed, and man still "fulfills himself in divers place and time." To the robust Pio Nono, all energy and force, convinced and convincing in his policy and ideas, popular by his essential manliness, the manliness that appeals to the masses, has succeeded the gentle Cardinal Pecci; he too has his strength, but the greatness of his strength is love. To him, to this new and unknown Pope, the new Cardinal comes. The creation of his cardinalate is an earnest of the new spirit. And Leo talks with him, sits with him, all the time holding his hand—those who know the tenderness of that southern gesture will divine what is passing. The words are commonplace enough, but both their thoughts are at the same place, the long years in the silence of the Oratory of St. Philip of Neri—surely the Saint is there too with his client. "Are you many?" says His Holiness. "We have lost some," answers Newman, and at the thought of Ambrose St. John who is not there to rejoice in that day, the tears come. And as once in a garden One said to a heart-broken woman, "Woman why weepest thou?" so Christ's Vicar, still holding his hand says gently, "Do not weep." So for John Henry Newman "The night is gone."

THE HOLY TREE.

BY MARY J. O'BRIEN.

I HAVE been dead, and now I live once more!
Not as I lived in those sweet springs of yore,
When the blind sap, obedient to His call,
Crept sunward in my veins and pulsed through all
My outmost being. Ah! in that far prime
How the green temple echoed praise sublime
To Him Who was its Life! How joyous wings
Beat madly upward as the feathered things
Yearned to Him! And how ev'ry shoot and blade
Worshipped Him dumbly Who their life had made!

I have been dead, but now I live again;
My being wrenched from death to anguished pain,
Made sentient by a Touch—*His* Touch! Ah me!
Dare I to speak what seemeth blasphemy—
The creant God Who, bending from the skies,
Bade me from out the barren earth arise,
Now hangs, fast-clenched unto my stricken wood,
And bathes me in the torrent of His blood—
How my base fibres shrink and crawl with dread,
As presses closer still the thorn-crowned Head!

I have been dead. O sweet the years of death!—
Yet thro' this pain, like some kind angel's breath.
There falls His comfort on my boding heart:
I die no more. With Him is cast my part.
I am His Cross and He upbeareth me;
His sign am I unto Eternity.
In the last sky triumphant shall I burn;
To me, O man, your countless eyes shall turn.
I am Hope's beacon in your darkest strife—
Christ's saving Cross, the Eden Tree of Life.

THE STORY OF BEAVER ISLAND.

BY ROSE MULLAY.

A WRITER casting about for material for story or historical novel, or a student seeking theme for a thesis in sociology or American Catholic history, or a collector of the folk lore and folk song that has become naturalized and localized among us, might well take the chance journey that brought us a few summers ago to the straggling, interesting, little village of St. James.

With its fine land-locked harbor that can shelter a navy, it lies on Beaver Island, the largest of an archipelago some thirty miles west of Charlevoix, whence it can be reached in open season by daily steamer, or in closed season by Indian pony post across the ice.

We landed on the picturesque, dilapidated wharves where dark skinned fishermen bring in heavily laden boats of white fish and lake trout caught by hundreds in pound nets staked down in lower Lake Michigan. At the clean, old-fashioned hotel, well cooked food was served in a neighborly way by gentle-mannered girls trained in the Public Schools by Dominican nuns.

According to the United States Geologic Survey, the Great Ice Sheet depositing this group of islands, left a soil ranging from fair to very good farm lands. These have not always received the intelligent, scientific care they should have, for fisherfolk are proverbially poor farmers; but conditions are changing, and much of the soil is still virgin. The wooded ravines, the stone-strewn meadows, high kames of sand and gravel, immense erratic boulders, give the region a New England aspect, though its climate is insular, not subject to great changes of heat and cold.

A wonderful sunset lured us down the King's Highway, through natural parks, lands caped with spreading juniper, coning cedars, tapering spruces and lofty pines; for the island throughout its thirteen miles of length and six of width de-

lights and rests the eye with a changeful charm that is seldom equaled. The spring woods show the trailing arbutus and delicately colored spring flowers; in late summer and autumn they glow with the reds and yellow gold of bitter sweet, sumach, partridge berry, bunch berry, side by side with delicate ferns and white bane berry. Great open spaces are covered with heavily fruited blackberry, red raspberry and wild strawberry vines. The winter woods wear the browns, greens, and grays of the cones, needles, trunks and branches of the evergreens, maples and beeches, or glisten silver white with sleet, constantly changing in the shifting light of the short winter days.

Fur bearing animals were formerly found here in large numbers, but so successfully did the hunters and trappers ply their trade, the fox and rabbit alone remain in any large numbers. The foxes are still so numerous as to make turkey raising a risky business for farmers' wives.

Seven large inland lakes filled with bass and other game fish furnish abundant food and shelter for wild fowl to rear their young broods. A common sight in many of the barnyards is the captured brood of young ducklings being raised by foster-mother duck or hen. No snakes are found there; this, with the fact that potatoes grow to great size and have a delicious flavor, has given the Island the facetious name of Beaver Ireland.

The human history of the island group is most interesting. The quaint old Indian burial grounds on Garden Island still receive the dead and the gifts to the dead of the thousand or more Chippewa and Ottawa Indians, descendants of those who listened to the gentle Marquette. A trip to Garden Island brought vividly to the attention of the writer the satisfying labors of these early French missionaries. On the shore the primitive workshop of an Indian carpenter—two pine trees supporting a raft of sail cloth—sheltered the clever, silent workman, cutting from the knees of a bent tree the ribs of a boat, while his quiet mannered little boys played with the shavings or wove baskets from sweet scented grasses. We were told he could command high wages in Detroit, but preferred working in the open silence.

Before the middle of the last century a colony of Irish fisherfolk settled here, a hardy and hospitable people who, with the aid of a small fleet, industriously plied their trade.

They and their descendants control the Islands today. But the incongruity of the Island nomenclature with an Irish and Indian Catholic population is at once apparent. St. James, The King's Highway, Mt. Pisgah, Lake Genesareth, Jordan River, suggest a New England rather than a New Ireland. Remarking this, we were told the story of a strange chapter in American history; the story of a kingdom that had existed for more than six years within the boundaries of the United States and whose king had been tried for treason.

This is its substance: When Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon colony at Nauvoo, Illinois, was mobbed and slain, two aspirants appeared in the field for leadership. Brigham Young and James Jesse Strang. The latter, a teacher, lawyer, editor and politician from New York state, was a shrewd man of great executive ability. A short time before Smith's death, he had emigrated to Wisconsin and had entered the Mormon sect. Adopting Smith's method of control, he "found" buried tablets, that were a part of a New Book of the Law of the Lord, which directed the Mormons to follow him. Brigham Young, however, was older and more influential in the sect. Through the medium of the Mormon press, he violently denounced Strang as an impostor, won the majority vote and led his followers into Utah to found Salt Lake City. Strang led the minority into Wisconsin, but finding no neighborly atmosphere, sought a more sequestered spot for his Lares and Penates. In 1847 he sailed into one of the most beautiful harbors on the Great Lakes and gave it his self-sainted name—St. James. By 1850 he had three thousand followers with him, whom he set to work to cut the King's Highway the entire length of the Island, and to construct a tabernacle, where he was crowned king with all the martial and regal power at his command. He then laid taxes to maintain schools and support the poor; erected a printing press and issued a daily paper; wrote a Natural History of Beaver Island that is now in the Smithsonian Institute; made laws forbidding the use of tobacco, alcohol, tea and coffee; ordered the women to wear bloomer costumes; and set up a whipping post where infractions of his laws were punished. He was a harsh master. A friendly relation was maintained with the Indians, but the fisherfolk were made to feel his subtle power; their nets were torn or stolen and their boats robbed and sunk with

impunity. Aided by the Gentiles of the coast towns, they waged a border warfare that attracted the attention of the country. Charges of treason, polygamy, robbing the mails, harboring counterfeiters and criminals, luring ships onto the rocks and robbing them, were preferred against him to the United States Government. He was tried at Detroit, but so skillfully did he plead his own case, he was acquitted.

Emboldened by success, he returned and had himself elected to the State legislature. With shrewd political instinct he gerrymandered the neighboring islands with his own group into a new county, of which he was the political head. All the power and machinery of the law were in the hands of the Mormons. They were sheriff, judge and jury. The Gentiles had no redress. Resentment was at fever heat, when the revenue cutter *Michigan* sailed into the harbor. As Strang was about to go aboard to pay a visit of courtesy, he was shot from ambush by two of his own followers, one of whom had been stripped and whipped at the public whipping post. An uprising of the Gentiles followed, in which the tabernacle, the printing press, the house and library of the Mormon Saint were destroyed and his people driven into exile.

The fisherfolk now came into their own and the colony became as unique as its predecessor; for most of the inhabitants were from Galway or the Aran Islands, and had brought with them the folklore, folk song, the neighborliness, the quaint philosophy and spiritual life of Aran Mor. The Aran Islands are a sea-washed group of barren rocks to the west of Ireland, which have furnished the scene for several modern dramas and novels. The inhabitants are spoken of as a silent, God-fearing race, facing poverty and the tragedies of the sea with a philosophic courage. The wild strength of storms on their rock-bound coast, followed by the peace and warmth of sunlight, send the roots of spiritual life deep into their fertile hearts. They learn to fear and love God. Remote from towns and schools, they have cherished whatever of knowledge or lore that found its way from century to century into their isolated land, which has thus become the repository of song and story of ages past. Many of them possess a "turn" for philosophy, a fine sense of the poetic, and remarkable memory.

A well-remembered evening was spent in the cottage of one who had settled when young on Beaver Island; and,

though advanced in years, still retained the strong, fresh voice of her youth.

A young harpist, fingering a small Irish harp, inspired our hostess to chant in Gælic the long mediæval songs of "The Nativity" and "The Passion." With fine appreciation she would pause every once in a while and say: "I wish you could understand. The story is beautiful." An old romantic ballad, "The White Holland Handkerchief," followed. Urged by her grandchildren to lilt for them to "step to," she lilted for each his favorite tune: for the little girl, "The Pigeon on the Gate;" for the little boy, "The Blackberry Blossom" and, lightly as the blossom itself, he "stepped" with his little bare feet the ancient dances of his fathers.

On the way back to the hotel, a pathetic incident in her life was told. Her husband lay in his last illness, but she must needs attend to the wants of the farm. He felt his hour approaching, sent for his wife and asked to hear again the Songs of the Islands, and with the sound of them in his ears his soul passed away.

There are few existing communities where the spirit of the old country is retained as on the Island. Neither doctor nor lawyer is among them. The priest is doctor, dentist, lawyer, judge and weather reporter. Those who have read Father Gavin Duffy's *Yonder* may shift the scenery from the tropics to the northern woods, and get some idea of the manifold occupations of the resident pastor who is none other than the convert, Father Jewell, at one time member of the former Episcopal, now Catholic, monastery at Graymoor, opposite West Point. The story of his conversion may be found in *Roads to Rome*. He is entirely devoted to his people and to his work, the broad scope of which employs his tireless energy. He is endeavoring to establish in this isolated Catholic community those pious customs and public observances that bring comfort and spiritual joy into daily life and tend to ennoble toil. His public blessing of the fields on Rogation Sunday was a scene never to be forgotten.

ST. PATRICK'S FOLK IN AMERICA.

BY CARL HOLLIDAY.

ITALIAN tradition declares that when Columbus approached America, an impulsive son of Erin leaped overboard and swam to the shore, thus reaching it some minutes before any one else. The Irish have been coming ever since, until today they and their descendants number at least twenty-five million. The first white settler in America was an Irishman; for it is a fact that Eyres of Galway was the first of the soldiers chosen by Columbus to hold the fort in the West Indies, and there he spent his remaining days vainly waiting for the return of his chief.[1]

Moreover, there is a claim that the Irish discovered America long before Columbus was born! St. Brendan, Bishop of Clonfert, set sail in 545 from St. Brendan's Bay, Kerry, to seek a land "far in the West."[2] His account maintains that he reached a vast country, penetrated inland, and found a giant river flowing from the East to the West—presumably the Ohio. Some of his descriptions fit rather accurately portions of Virginia. Wynkyn de Worde, the famous English printer, published a narrative of St. Brendan's voyage about ten years before Columbus sailed from Palos, and long before this, Latin manuscripts telling of the Irishman's travels were to be found in the libraries of Paris, Rome and Padua. Brendan declares that he ran into an ocean current which bore him without sail—shall we say the Gulf Stream? Centuries before Columbus, Norse mariners had named a mysterious western land "Great Ireland,"[3] while Scandinavian sagas tell of a land west of Greenland called Albania, "whither formerly vessels came from Ireland."

[1] There is an extant abridgment of Columbus' *Journal*, giving many such curious facts. See Winsor, *Columbus*, chs. i., ii.; Harisse, *Christophe Colombe*, i. For general account see Bourne, *Spain and America*.

[2] See the *Saints' Lives* in publications of Early English Text Society; see also Weston, *Chief Middle English Poets*, and *Romance, Vision and Satire*.

[3] See Ohtheri's account in King Alfred's translation of *Orosius' History of the World;* also Watson, "Bibliography of Pre-Columbian Discoveries," in Anderson, *America Not Discovered by Columbus*.

Now the first genuinely large immigration of Irish to this continent was in 1629 when great groups founded a colony in Guiana. But they were at Jamestown as early as 1616—as is proved by the Caseys, Doughertys, O'Conners and O'Briens on the roll of settlers.[4] That India rubber ship of unlimited capacity—the *Mayflower*—carried William Mullens and Christopher Martin, both from Ireland.[5] Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, with two hundred Catholics, more than one hundred of whom were Irish, left the Isle of Wight in November, 1633, and in March, 1634, landed on St. Clement's Island, Maryland, assisted at Mass, and immediately began the construction of the town of St. Mary. There, it is literally true, "religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world." There Quakers mutilated by the Puritans found a refuge; there Episcopalians fled for safety; there even Puritans driven from Boston and Salem found a haven.[6]

The Irish Confederate War of 1641-1652 and the violation of Irish treaties by William of Orange drove thousands from the Emerald Isle to America, especially to Maryland and Pennsylvania.[7] In 1652 more than 25,000 either sold themselves or were sold in Martinque and neighboring islands, and that same year a commission appointed by Cromwell reported that Irish women were too numerous, and recommended that they "be sold to merchants and transported to Virginia, New England, Jamaica, or other countries." Within four years more than 100,000 were thus traded away, the great majority into America.[8] And they prospered in the West Land. As early as 1634 one of the wealthiest merchants in the colonies was the Boston Irishman, James Coogan.[9] By 1683 Manhattan had an Irish governor, Thomas Dongan, Earl of Limerick, and an

[4] Burk, *History of Virginia;* also Cooke, *History of Virginia,* and Foote, *Sketches of Virginia.*

[5] *Journal of American Irish Historical Society,* paper read by T. S. Lonergan, "The Irish Chapter in American History," at annual meeting, New York, January 17, 1912. For many curious facts about these and other *Mayflower* passengers see publications of Massachusetts Historical Society.

[6] Osgood, *American Colonies in Seventeenth Century,* vol. i., pp. 529 *et seq.* Above all, consult Davis, *The Day-Star of American Freedom.*

[7] See Hodgkin, *Political History of England,* vol. vii., pp. 360-376; also Bright, *History of England,* Period II., pp. 674-695.

[8] Condon, *Irish Race in America;* also *American Archives,* vol. iii., and Dunlop, *Ireland Under the Commonwealth.*

[9] See Lonergan, "The Irish Chapter in American History."

Irish college was founded on Manhattan Island that very year.[10]

The natural haven of refuge for exiles from Erin was manifest when, in 1695, the Treaty of Limerick was violated and, in 1698, the decree pronounced by King William forbade the export of woolens from Ireland.[11] As a result more than 200,000 Irish Presbyterians left Ulster for America. Lord Mountjoy might well declare years later to Parliament: "You lost America through the Irish."

Finding seventeenth century New York somewhat hostile —for before 1700 the law of the province threatened anyone sheltering a priest, with a fine of $1,000 and three days in the stocks[12]—the Irish spread far up and down the coast. New Windsor was founded by the Irish Clintons; the Mohawk Valley was settled by Sir W. Johnson, of Meath, and the valleys of Virginia were filled with Irish Presbyterians by the name of Hite, Beverly, McKay, McGill, Vance and Glass. Especially was Patrick County, Virginia, soon teeming with McDuffys, McDowells, McGruders, Mitchells and Campbells of Ireland, while the first settlers of the Shenandoah Valley were John Lewis, of Ireland, and his sons.[13]

The Irish immigrants flocked to Philadelphia.[14] Pennsylvania had always been friendly to them. When William Penn, preparing to sail for America, joined the Quakers at Cork, he appointed James Logan, of Armagh County, Ireland, his secretary, and in 1736 had him appointed governor of the colony. Always truthful, always gentle, Logan was so admired by the Indians about Philadelphia that they named their future great chief after him. During 1728, 5,000 Irish landed at Philadelphia; the next year, 5,655, and between 1724 and 1742 more than 3,000 annually departed for the Quaker settle-

[10] See V. J. Dowling, "Irish Pioneers of New York City," *Journal of American Irish Historical Society*, vol. viii.; also Dunlap, *History of New Netherlands*.

[11] Froude, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* explains in detail many of what the Irish considered breaches of faith. But Lecky thinks Froude in error, and should be consulted. See also Murray, *History of the Commercial and Financial Relations Between England and Ireland*. For brief statement on woolen exports, see Turner, *Ireland and England*, p. 92.

[12] See Osgood, *American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century*, vol. iii., pp. 444 *et seq.*; also Dowling, "Irish Pioneers of New York City."

[13] See both Burk and Cooke. For Irish influence in South Carolina, see Ramsay, *History of South Carolina*.

[14] Watson, *Annals of Philadelphia*. See also *American Archives*, vol. iii., and Condon, *Irish Race in America*.

ment from the one county of Ulster. According to Logan, six ship-loads came during one week of 1729, and in 1736 they averaged three ship-loads per day. Over 17,000 came between August, 1771, and August, 1772. So numerous, indeed, did they become in Philadelphia that a public complaint was laid before the king protesting against their rapid increase and the large congregations at Mass.

By the time of the Revolution, Pennsylvania was dominantly Irish, and large numbers were to be found in New York, New Jersey and Maryland. By 1737 the exiles were so numerous in Boston that they founded the Charitable Irish Society. Soon they were spreading over New Hampshire, where they established New Londonderry and Dublin, and then into Maine, where they founded Belfast and Bangor. These people left Ireland in such vast numbers that by 1740 entire districts of the island were deserted.[15]

The total white population of the United States at the close of the Revolution was 3,172,000, and 1,141,920 were purely Irish.[16] But these figures do not correctly represent their proportion in the Colonial army. Joseph Galloway declared in the House of Commons that "one-half of the American army is Irish;"[17] but more accurate investigation has shown that practically one-half of the regular soldiers of the Colonies in the Revolution *were born in Ireland* and a third more of Washington's troops were of Irish ancestry.[18] A Killarney immigrant's son, General Sullivan, struck the first blow on land before war was declared by seizing, on December 11, 1724, Fort William and Mary[19] at Newcastle, New Hampshire, and capturing fifteen cannon and a hundred barrels of powder, later to be used with telling effect at Bunker Hill. "It was the first act which could be regarded as one of open and direct hostility committed by a military force against the Royal Government."

Then on May 11th came the first sea battle of the Revolution. At Machias Bay, Maine, an Irishman, Jeremiah

[15] McCarthy, *Brief History of Ireland*, and Froude.

[16] See *First Census of United States, 1790.*

[17] The testimony of Galloway and various other exiled Tories may be found in *Parliamentary Reports and Debates*, during the years 1775-1789.

[18] An examination of *Muster Rolls of Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War (1902)* reveals an astounding number of Irish names.

[19] See Bancroft, *History of the United States*, vol. iv., p. 94.

O'Brien, with a few followers on board a sloop, attacked the British warship, the *Margaritta,* captured her; turned her upon the two British cruisers, the *Diligence* and the *Tapniquish,* coming to her rescue, and then defeated a whole squadron, containing some of the largest vessels afloat, which had been sent out from Halifax to crush O'Brien. Little wonder that James Fenimore Cooper called the deed "the Lexington of the Seas."[20] On May 10, 1775, the Continental Congress issued an *Address to the People of Ireland,* declaring: "We acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that the Irish Nation has produced patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America."[21] Washington's private secretary, Joseph Reed, was the son of an Irish immigrant. The secretary of the Congress that issued the Declaration of Independence was Charles Thomson, of Derry, Ireland, the man whom John Adams called "the life of the cause of liberty," the man whose word was so trusted that the Delaware Indians adopted him as "the Man of Truth."

Twelve members of the Continental Congress were of Irish blood.[22] The ancestors of John Hancock, the presiding officer, had come from Down County. The parents of William Whipple of New Hampshire were from St. Patrick's land. Matthew Thornton of New Hampshire was born in Limerick County. Robert Treat Paine of Massachusetts was a descendant of Shane the Proud, Prince of Ulster. James Smith of Pennsylvania, who raised the first volunteer Pennsylvania company for the Revolution, was an immigrant from Ireland. George Taylor of the same colony, born in Ireland, had sold himself as an indented worker for two years to pay his ship-fare. The father of George Read of Delaware came from Dublin, while the father of Thomas McKean of the same colony had arrived from near the same city. The grandfather of Charles Carroll of Carrollton was from King's County, Ireland, and the grandfather of Thomas Nelson of Virginia came from Tyrone County. The father of Edward Rutledge of South Carolina was an Irish physician, while the grandfather of Thomas Lynch of that colony had arrived a penniless exile from Galway. While thirteen Irishmen in Congress helped to

[20] See Cooper, *History of the American Navy.*

[21] Journal of Proceedings of Congress. The Continental Congress actually asked Ireland and Canada to become part of the new Union.

[22] See Sanderson, *Biography of the Signers of the Declaration.*

make the Declaration, Captain John Nixon of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick was the first man to read it to the public, July 8, 1776; Dunlap, the Irish printer of Philadelphia, was the first to publish it, and John Binns, a Dublin immigrant to Philadelphia, the first to print it with facsimiles of the signatures.[23]

Repeatedly in the dark days that followed, these Irish-Americans came to the aid of the Government. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia gave $500,000 for the equipping of Washington's army, and on numberless occasions, the Sons of Liberty, organized by the O'Briens of Machias, Maine, raised funds for food and clothing for the suffering soldiers. When the long campaign was over, eight Irishmen were among the framers of the Constitution.

At Bunker Hill three Irishmen were the commanders, Generals Warren, Montgomery and Stark. A close friend of Washington was the Irishman, General Henry Knox, Chief of Artillery, founder of the Order of the Cincinnati and first Secretary of War; and the three military advisers of Washton's career were the same Knox, General Stephen Moylen of Cork and General Joseph Reed, the son of an Irish immigrant. When Washington crossed the Delaware five Irish generals, Sullivan, Green, Knox, Ewing and Hand, were with him. When the British fleet fled from Boston to South Carolina, two Irish leaders, John Rutledge and General William Thompson, drove it from Charleston. When the Tories attempted to rise in the South, General Andrew Pickens and Colonel John Dooley, sons of Irish immigrants to South Carolina, with only three hundred and fifty men defeated them at Kettle Creek, Georgia. Richard Montgomery of Donegal County, just before the furious assault on Quebec, December 31, 1775, delivered that concise and memorable speech to his troops: "Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your general leads."[24]

The deeds of the Irishman, General William Maxwell, hero of Brandywine and Monmouth, and of Captain John McClure and his "Rocky Creek Irish" in North Carolina, rival the escapades of Cooper's heroes. And the achievements of Jack Barry, "father of the American navy," who was offered

[23] Thomas, *History of Printing in America*, and Buckingham, *Newspaper Reminiscences*.

[24] Headley, *Washington and His Generals*.

$75,000 and the command of a British ship to quit the American cause, are too well known to be rehearsed here. The English evacuated Boston on St. Patrick's Day, 1776. Washington immediately gave orders that the countersign should be "St. Patrick," and that General Sullivan should be the chief officer of the day. And in the spring of 1777, when eighteen new brigadier generals were appointed, six were Irish: Anthony Wayne, Hand, Reed, George Clinton, Poor and Conway.[25]

When victory came at Yorktown an Irishman, Ensign Wilson of Clinton's Brigade, received the surrendered battle-flags of Cornwallis; Thomas McKean, the Irish president of the Continental Congress, announced at midnight the news in Philadelphia, and the secretary, Charles Thomson, read the proclamation the next morning to Congress.

The son of an immigrant from Antrim County, Ireland, General Andrew Jackson,[26] defeated the English at New Orleans. And the Mexican War gives us the names and achievements of General James Shields and General Robert Patterson of Tyrone County, Ireland, and of Phil Kearny and Commodore David Conner.

The Irish famine of 1846-1847, besides killing one and a half million peasants, drove 800,000 to America between 1847 and 1851,[27] and with the coming of the Civil War they enlisted by the thousands in the armies of both the North and the South. To recall but a few of the most famous, we will mention Stonewall Jackson, James Shields, Kearny, Corcoran, Meagher, Logan, Mulligan, Sheridan, McMahon, Meade and Cleburne. The Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg went into battle with one thousand three hundred and three men, and the next morning at roll call answered only two hundred names.[28]

In the field of politics we may recall that Andrew Jackson's parents came from Antrim County to North Carolina just two years before he was born; President Arthur was the son of an Irish preacher from the same county; James K.

[25] *Ibid.*

[26] For Jackson's ancestry consult Headley, *Lives of Winfield Scott and Andrew Jackson;* also Brady, *True Andrew Jackson.*

[27] Turner, *Ireland and England,* pp. 84, 135-139. Consult also Condon, *Irish Race in America.*

[28] See Rhodes, *History of United States,* vol. iv., pp. 196, 197.

Polk was a direct descendant of Robert Pollock of Donegal and Buchanan owed his perseverance to his North Ireland ancestors. An Irishman, Matthew Lyon, cast the deciding vote in Congress which elected Jefferson to the Presidency. William H. Seward and James G. Blaine could trace their ancestry to the Emerald Isle. Old Mother Sullivan of New Hampshire might say: "I worked in my farmyard, with a future governor of Massachusetts in my arms and future governors of New Hampshire and Vermont tagging after me."[29]

In the fields of art and literature the children of St. Patrick in America have made a rather characteristic contribution. For there is much of the emotional and dramatic, even the tragic, in the Irish soul, as is evidenced in its artistic expression. Some of the most famous names in American theatrical annals are Irish. There are Dion Boucicault, author of *London Assurance, The Shaughraun,* and nearly a score of other stage successes; John Brougham, founder of Brougham's Lyceum, and Augustin Daly, founder of the once famous Daly Theatre. John Drew, the comedian, father of the present John Drew, was born in Dublin. Tyrone Power, the Irish comedian, took America by storm in the thirties and forties, and many yet remember the eccentric dignity of another Irishman, John T. Raymond, as Colonel Sellers in the *Gilded Age.* The memory of Barney Williams (whose real name was Flaherty), has not yet faded as the famous actor of 1850-1870, and the highly successful manager of the old Wallack Theatre.[30]

In the field of letters Father Abram Ryan is said to have touched more American hearts than any other American poet save Longfellow. Richard Henry Wilde's poems were once on every old-time Southern gentleman's lips. Poe had a heavy infusion of Irish blood; Joseph I. C. Clarke, the versatile poet-dramatist, was born in Ireland; Theodore O'Hara, author of the *Bivouac of the Dead,* was the son of the Irish schoolmaster, Kane O'Hara, who gave Zachary Taylor all the book-learning that stateman-soldier ever possessed.[31]

In journalism we may enumerate John Daly Burk, author

[29] See address by Roosevelt before New York Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, March 17, 1905.

[30] See Dunlap, *History of American Theatre,* and Hornblow, *History of the Theatre in America;* also Ford, *Beginnings of American Dramatic Literature.*

[31] For accounts of Father Ryan, Wilde and O'Hara, see chapters on them in author's *History of Southern Literature* and *Three Centuries of Southern Poetry.*

of the *History of Virginia* and founder of the first daily in Boston; John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, novelist and famous as editor of the Boston *Pilot;* James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald;* Joseph Medill of the Chicago *Trib*une and Patrick Ford, editor of the *Irish World.*[32]

It is strange that so little has ever been written about the Irish in American art. It was William Corcoran, so nof an Irish immigrant, who, with his millions, established in Washington what is practically the national art gallery of America. The Irish painter, William Dunlap,[33] was a genuine pioneer in American art, while in these modern days the unique statue of Lincoln by Augustus St. Gaudens of Dublin shows that artistic skill is still the Irishman's heritage. And, pray, let no American forget that, in order that future Irishmen might have a comfortable home, a son of St. Patrick, James Hoben, drew the plans for the White House! And so the list might be extended indefinitely in other lines. This very incomplete sketch seeks but to give a small contribution to the full tribute merited by the Irish in America.

[32] See James Melvin Lee, *History of American Journalism.*

[33] For interesting discussion of early American painting see *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in United States,* by Dunlap himself.

A PRAYER UPON THE SEA.

BY CHARLES J. POWERS, C.S.P.

My weal art Thou, Lord, and the bourn,
Though adverse winds my course would stay,
And the faint light hath made the way
Of my frail bark, and tempest torn,
Unsafe upon an angry sea.
Now dim I see the distant shore,
Guide me when I shall see no more,
When I shall have no light save Thee.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER V.

THE corner of Market and Front Streets was brisk with life and activity at twelve, the change hour, every day. Here assembled the merchants of the city, members of the upper class who cared enough about the rest of the world to make an inquiry into its progress; men of leisure about town, whose vocation in life was to do nothing and who had the entire day in which to do it. All conditions, all varieties of character joined the ranks. Soldiers, restless from the monotony of army life and desirous of the license usually associated with leave of absence, civilians eager in the pursuit of truth or of scandal; patriots impatient with the yoke of foreign rule; Tories exasperated with the turn of the war and its accompanying privations—all gathered together at the Old London Coffee House day after day.

It stood, an imposing three-storied square structure, with a great wing extending far in the rear. Its huge roof, fashioned for all the world after a truncated pyramid with immense gables projecting from its sides, gave every indication of having sheltered many a guest from the snows and rains of winter. A great chimney ran up the side and continually belched forth smoke and sparks, volumes of them, during the days and nights of the cold winter season. A portico of no particular style of architecture ran around two sides of the ancient building and afforded a meeting place for the majority of the guests. It was furnished with many chairs, faithfully tenanted when the season was propitious.

Thither Stephen and Mr. Allison were directing their steps more than a week after they had last met at the home of the latter. By the merest chance they met. Stephen was seeking a healthful reaction from a vigorous walk through the less frequented part of the city; Mr. Allison was making his daily visit to the Coffee House. Stephen had often heard of the tavern, but had never been there. Still he was resolved to seek an introduction to its clientèle at the first propitious moment. That moment had now come.

Upon entering, their attention was at once arrested by the animated discussion in progress at a table in the nearest corner

of the room. An officer of the Governor's Guard, in full regimentals, booted and spurred, in company with a gentleman, finely dressed, was talking loudly with Jim Cadwalader, who was seated before them holding a half-opened newspaper in his hand. It was plain to be seen that the soldier was somewhat under the influence of liquor, yet one could not call him intoxicated.

"Gi' me that an' I'll show y'," exclaimed the soldier as he grabbed the paper from Cadwalader's hand.

" 'Y' were told,' he went on to read from it, 'that it was t' avoid the 'stabl'shment 'r count'nancin',' he half mumbled the words, 'of Pop'ry; an' that Pop'ry was 'tabl'shed in Canada (where 't was only tol'rated). And is not Pop'ry now as much 'stabl'shed by law in your state 's any other rel'gion?' "Just what I was sayin'," he interpolated. " 'So that your Gov'nor and all your rulers may be Papists, and you may have a Mass-House in ev'ry corner o' your country (as some places already 'xper'ence).' "

"There!" he snarled as he threw back the paper, "Isn't that what I wuz tryin' t' tell y'."

"You can't tell me nothin', Forrest," retorted Jim.

"Course I can't. Nobody kin. Y' know 't all."

"I can mind my own bus'ness."

"There y'are agin," shouted Forrest, "y' know 't all, ye do."

"Don't say that again," Jim flared back at him. "I'll—I'll—I'll—. Don't say it again, that's all."

" 'Cause y' know 'ts true."

"It's a lie," Jim interrupted him. "Ye know it's a lie. But I don't 'spect much of ye, 'r of the Gov'nor either. None of ye 'll ever be Papists."

"Now y'are talkin' sens'ble; first sens'ble thing you've said t'day. No Papists here if we kin help it."

Stephen and Mr. Allison, keenly interested in this remark, moved nearer to the table. Cadwalader was well known to Mr. Allison. The others were total strangers.

"What's he goin' t' do about the help from France? Refuse it 'cause it's from a Catholic country?" asked Jim.

"He don't like it and never did."

"Is he fool 'nough t' think we can win this war without help?"

"He won it once."

"When?"

"Saratoga."

"That's his story. We didn't have it won and it won't be won without troops and with somethin' besides shin-plasters." He turned sideways, crossed one leg over the other and began

to drum upon the table. "We must hev help," he went on. "We must hev it and it must come from France 'r Spain."

"There y' are agin," repeated Forrest, "as if one wuzn't as much under th' Pope as th' other."

"Forrest!" he turned toward him and shook his finger at him in a menacing sort of a way: "Don't say that again. Mind what I tell ye. Don't say it again—that's all. When I'm mad, I'm not myself."

"Is that so? I s'pose I'm wrong agin, an' you're right. Tell me this. What did yer fool leg'slature in Vi'ginya th' other day?"

"I don't know," murmured Jim. "What did they do?"

"There y' are agin. I thought y' knew it all. Think y' know ev'rythin' an' y' know nothin'. Passed a resolution fur a Papist priest, didn't they?"

"And why?" pronounced Jim, flushed with anger, his lower lip quivering with emotion. "'Cause he did more fur his country than you or I'll ever do. Father Gibault. And if it wazn't fur him, Colonel Clark 'd never hev op'n'd th' Northwest."

"That's just what I say. The Papists 'll soon own the whole damn country."

Stephen and Mr. Allison moved as if to join the discussion, which at this juncture had become loud enough to lose the character of intimacy. Jim was well known to the guests of the house. The man, who was known as Forrest, was, as his uniform indicated, a Colonel in the army. The other man was a stranger. Much younger than his companion, tall, manly, clad in a suit of black, with his hair in full dress, well powdered and gathered behind in a large silken bag, he gave every appearance of culture and refinement. He wore a black cocked hat, whose edges were adorned with a black feather about an inch in depth, his knees, as well as his shoes, were ornamented with silver buckles.

"If they did own th' country," was Jim's grave reply, "we'd hev a healthier place to live in than we now hev."

"'N whose doin' it?" shouted Forrest, "the Papists."

"Thou liest!" interrupted Mr. Allison, intruding himself into their midst, "a confounded lie. Remember, the Catholics have given their all to this war—their goods, their money, their sons."

"Heigh-ho! Who're you?" asked the soldier. "What d' you know 'bout the army? Hardly 'nough 'f them to go aroun'."

"A malicious untruth. Why half the rebel army itself is reported to have come from Ireland."

"How do you know?"

"From the testimony of General Robertson in the House of Lords. And if these soldiers are Irishmen, you can wager

they're Catholics. And why should we pass laws 'gainst these crowds of Irish Papists and convicts who are yearly poured upon us, unless they were Catholic convicts fleeing from the laws of persecution?"

"What ails ye, Forrest," rejoined Jim, "can't be cured."

"Take care 'f yourself," angrily retorted the Colonel, "an' I'll take care o' myself."

"If ye did, and yer likes did the same, we'd git along better and the war 'd be over. I s'pose ye know that yer friend, Jay, lost Canada to us."

"What if he did. Wazn't he right?"

And then he explained to him.

Canada had been surrendered to England by France in a clause of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, with a stipulation, however, that the people of the territory in question would be permitted the free use of the French language, the prescriptions of the French code of laws, and the practice of the Catholic religion. South of this region and west of the English colonies, between the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, stretched a vast expanse of territory known as the Northwest Territory, where dwelt a large population without laws, with no organized form of government save the mere caprices of petty military tyrants, placed over them by the various seaboard colonies who severally laid claims to the district. At the request of the people of Canada, it was voted by the English Parliament to re-annex the territory northwest of the Ohio to Canada and to permit the settlers to share in the rights and privileges of the Canadian province. This was effected by the Quebec Act in 1774.

It was truly a remarkable concession. The inhabitants of this vast stretch of territory were freed for all time from the tyranny of military despots, their lands and churches secured to them and their priests given a legal title to their tithes. It was the freest exercise of the Catholic religion under the laws of the English Government. But what a storm of abuse and protestation was raised by the fanatical portion of the Protestant population! The newspapers of the day abounded with articles, with songs and squibs against the King and his Parliament. The mother country witnessed no less virulent a campaign than the Colonies themselves. "We may live to see our churches," wrote one writer to the *Pennsylvania Packet*, "converted into mass-houses, and our lands plundered of tithes for the support of a Popish clergy. The Inquisition may erect her standard in Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia may yet experience the carnage of St. Bartholomew's Day." Processions were formed about

the country and in some places the bust of George III., adorned with mitre, beads and a pectoral cross, was carried in triumphal march.

The forms of protest found their way ultimately into the halls of the First American Congress, which convened in Philadelphia in 1774. The recent legislation was enumerated among the wrongs done the Colonies by the mother country. Feeling became so bitter that an address was issued by the Congress on the fifth of September, 1774, "to the people of Great Britain," saying: "We think the Legislature of Great Britain is not authorized by the Constitution to establish a religion, fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets, or to erect an arbitrary form of government in any quarter of the globe." "By another act the Dominion of Canada is to be extended, modeled and governed, as that being disunited from us, detached from our interests by civil as well as religious prejudices, that by their numbers daily swelling with Catholic emigrants from Europe, and by their devotion to administration so friendly to their religion, they might become formidable to us, and on occasion be fit instruments in the hands of power to reduce the ancient free Protestant colonies to the same state of slavery with themselves." Little did they think that the breach they were attempting to heal was only widened by their procedure. The author of the address was John Jay, a lawyer from New York, with whom Popery was a mania.

Nor did the failure of this method of diplomacy become apparent until several years later. The measure of appreciation and the expression of sentiment of the Canadian people in regard to this ill-timed and unchristian address, conceived in a fit of passion and by no means representative of the saner portion of the population, took expression at a more critical time. When, in 1776, the members of the same Congress, viewing with alarm the magnitude of the struggle upon which they had entered and to whose success they had pledged their honor, their fortunes and their lives, sought to enlist the resources of their neighbors in Canada, they met with a sudden and calamitous disappointment. To effect an alliance with the border brethren, three Commissioners were appointed—Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Father John Carroll, a Jesuit priest, was invited by the Congress to accompany the party.

Arriving in Canada, it soon became evident to the committee that their mission was to be unproductive of results. The Government did not take kindly to them, nor would the Bishop of Quebec and his clergy trust the vague expressions of the United Colonies, whose statute books, they pointed out, still bore the

most bitter and unchristian sentiments against all priests and adherents of the ancient Church. Bigotry had apparently defeated their purpose. How was still obscure, until it was discovered that the British Government had taken John Jay's address, translated it into French and spread it broadcast throughout Canada. "Behold the spirit of the Colonists," it went on to remind the people, "and if you join forces with them, they will turn on you and extirpate your religion in the same manner as they did in the Catholic colony of Maryland."

The effect is historical. The Commissioners were compelled to return; the brave Montgomery was killed before the walls of the city; Canada was lost to the Colonies and forever forfeited as an integral part of the United States; all of which was due to the narrowness and intolerance of those who in the supreme hour could not refrain from the fanaticism of bigotry.

It must be said, however, out of justice to the Colonists, that they did not persist in their spirit of antagonism towards the Catholics. The commencement of the struggle against the common foe, together with the sympathetic and magnanimous concurrence of the Catholics with the patriots in all things, soon changed their prejudices in favor of a more united and vigorous effort in behalf of their joint claims. The despised Papists now became ardent and impetuous patriots. The leaders in the great struggle soon began to reflect an added lustre to the nation that gave them birth and to the Church which taught them devotion to their land. The rank and file began to swarm with men of the Catholic faith, so many indeed, that their great Archbishop, John Carroll, could write of them that "their blood flowed as freely (in proportion to their numbers) to cement the fabric of independence, as that of any of their fellow citizens. They concurred with perhaps greater unanimity than any other body of men in recommending and promoting that government from whose influence America anticipates all the blessings of justice, peace, plenty, good order and civil and religious liberty."

Only among the few was the spirit of intolerance still rampant, and among these might be numbered Colonel Forrest.

"See now who's t' blame, don't ye? The likes o' ye an' that poltroon, Jay, up there in New York. See who started this affair, don't ye?"

"That's what you say. Egad, I could say all that an' save half the breath. I've got my 'pinion, though and that'll do fur me."

"Ye're so narrow, Forrest, y've only one side."

"Is that so? Well, so is the Governor."

"Is that his opinion, too?' impatiently asked Mr. Allison.

"What?"

"Does he view matters in that light?"

"Did I say he did."

"Yes."

There was no further response.

Stephen had, by this time, become thoroughly exasperated with this man, and was about to eject him forcibly from the room. His better judgment, however, bade him restrain himself. A tilt in a public drinking house would only noise his name abroad and perhaps give rise to much unpleasantness.

"How can a man consistently be subject to any civil ruler when already he has pledged his allegiance, both in soul and in body, to another potentate?"

This from the man in black, the member of the party who heretofore had maintained an impartial and respectful silence, not so much from choice perhaps, as through necessity. His name proved to be John Anderson.

"You mean an alien?" Stephen inquired.

"If you are pleased to so term it. The Pope is a temporal lord, you understand, and as such is due allegiance from every one of his subjects."

And then Stephen took pains to explain clearly and concisely the great difference between the two authorities—the civil and the religious. The Prince of Peace had said: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," which declaration admitted of an interpretation at once comprehensive and exclusive. He explained how the Catholic found himself a member of two distinct and perfect societies, each independent and absolute within its own sphere, the one deriving its charter from the natural law, the other directly from God. He then pointed out how these societies lived in perfect harmony, although armed with two swords, the one spiritual, the other temporal, weapons which were intended never to clash but to fight side by side for the promotion of man's happiness, temporal and eternal.

"But it is inconceivable how a clash can be avoided," Mr. Anderson reminded him.

"Not when it is remembered that each authority is independent of the other. The Church has no power over civil legislation in matters purely secular, nor has the State a right to interfere in ecclesiastical legislation, in matters purely spiritual, nor over spiritual persons considered strictly as such. In every Catholic country, the king, as well as the humblest peasant, is

subject to the laws of his country in secular matters, and to the laws of his Church in matters spiritual."

"Yet at the same time he cannot fail to recognize that the one is superior to the other."

"Only so far as the spiritual order is superior to the secular."

"Not in temporal affairs as well?"

"Not in the least. Only in the recognition of the fact that the salvation of the soul is of more importance than the welfare of the body. In this is the mission of the State considered inferior to that of the Church."

"If this be true, how can a Catholic pay allegiance to a society which he believes to be a subordinate one?"

"He does not consider it subordinate. It is supreme within its own sphere. Theoretically it is subordinate in this: that the care of the soul comes first; then that of the body. The State is the greatest institution in matters secular, and in this regard superior to the Church. The Church makes no pretence of infallibility in statesmanship. Hence a Catholic who is true to his Church and her teachings makes the best citizen."

"Why?"

"Because to him, patriotism is inculcated by religion. Throughout his whole life his soul has been nurtured by his Church on a twofold pabulum—love of God and love of country."

"The Catholic Church expressly teaches that? I thought—"

"Exactly," agreed Stephen, interrupting him. "The Catholic has been taught that the civil authority, to which he owes and pays allegiance, is something divine; for him it is the authority of God vested in His creatures and he gives ear to its voice and yields to it a submission as befits a child of God, doing His Will in all things. For he recognizes therein the sound of the Divine Voice."

"I see."

"He remembers the teaching of his Church, derived from the words of St. Paul writing on this subject to the citizens of Rome: 'Let every man be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God,' and the letter of St. Peter, the first Pope: 'Be ye subject, therefore, to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the king as excelling; or to governors as sent by him—for so is the will of God.'"

"You must have been reading the Bible," interrupted Mr. Allison with a smile.

"I have," answered Stephen, as he continued with little or no attention to the interruption:

"The Catholic obeys the voice of his rightly constituted authority because he feels that he is obeying the voice of his God, and when he yields obedience to the law of his land, he feels that he is yielding obedience to God Himself. His ruler is the mouthpiece of God; the Constitution of his State a most sacred thing because it is the embodiment of the authority of God, and he would rather die than commit any untoward or unlawful deed which might undermine or destroy it, precisely because it is from God."

There was no response. All had listened with attention to Stephen as he emphasized point after point. All, save Colonel Forrest who wore a sardonic smile throughout it all.

"You should 've talked like that on Guy Fawkes' Day," he muttered, "if you wanted t' hev some fun. We'd hev some hot tar fur you."

"Thank God!" replied Stephen. "We shall witness no more such outbreaks of fanaticism. They have long enough disgraced our country. They are, I trust, forever ended."

"The Pope Day Celebration ended?" asked Anderson in surprise.

"I hope so. Since General Washington issued the order soon after taking command of the army, abolishing the celebration, the practice has never been resumed."

"Wash'ton thinks he owns th' country," mumbled Forrest in a half articulate manner. "Likes th' Papists, he does. No more Pope Day! Cath'lic gen'rals! French al-lies! P'rhaps 'll send fur th' Pope next. Give 'm 'is house, p'rhaps. Give 'im th' whole coun'ry. No damn good to us, he ain't. No damn good—"

The next moment Stephen was upon him with his hands about his throat, his face flaming with rage and passion.

"You hound! No more of that; or your treason will end forever."

He shook his head violently, tightening his fingers about his throat. As he did, Forrest writhing in the chair under his attack, began to fumble with his hand at his hip as if instinctively seeking something there. Stephen's eyes followed the movement, even while he, too, relaxed his hold to seize with his free hand the arm of his adversary. Only for a moment, however, for he immediately felt himself seized from behind by the shoulders and dragged backwards from his man and completely overpowered.

The man who was known as Anderson took charge of the Colonel, helping him to his feet, and without further words led

him to one side of the room, talking softly but deliberately to him as he did so.

A moment later they had passed through the door and vanished down the street in the direction of the Square.

Chapter VI.

The morrow was one of those rare days when all nature seems to invite one to go forth and enjoy the good things within her keepings. The sun rose menacing; unless the wind shifted before noon it would be uncomfortably warm. Still, the air was bracing and fragrant with the soft perfume distilled by the pines.

Stephen felt the earth to be in tune as he made his early morning toilet, gazing the while into the garden from his widely opened window, and responded instinctively to the call of the countryside. The disagreeable episode of the preceding day had left unpleasant recollections in his mind which disconcerted him not a little during his waking hours. He did not repent his action; he might have repeated the performance under similar circumstances, yet he chided himself for his lack of reserve and composure and his great want of respect to a superior officer.

He was early mounted and on his way, striking off in the direction of the Germantown Road. He had left word with his landlady of his intended destination, with the added remark that he would be back in a short time, a couple of hours at the most, and that he would attend to the business of the day upon his return. What that might amount to he had no idea at all, being preoccupied entirely with what he had to do in the immediate present, for he made it a point never to permit the more serious affairs of life to intrude upon his moments of relaxation.

He was a pleasant figure to look upon: smoothfaced and athletic, well mounted and dressed with great preciseness. On his well-shaped hands he wore leathern gauntlets; he was in his uniform of buff and blue; beneath his coat he had his steel-buckled belt with his holster and pistol in it; he wore his cocked hat with a buff cockade affixed, the insignia of his rank in the service.

The road lay in the direction of Marjorie's house. Perhaps he chose to ride along this way in order that he might be obliged to pass her door, and then again, perhaps, that was but of secondary import. This was no time for analysis, and so he refused to study his motives. He did know that he had not seen her for a long time, the longest time it seemed, and that he had had no word from her since then, save the intelligence received from her

father yesterday in response to his repeated inquiries concerning her welfare and that of her mother.

"Let us turn up here, Dolly, old girl." He leaned forward a little to pat the mare's neck affectionately as he spoke, while at the same time he pulled the right rein slightly, turning her head in the direction indicated. "And if we are fortunate, we shall catch a glimpse of her."

Dolly raised her ears very erect and opened full her nostrils as if to catch some possible scent of her of whom he spoke. She pierced the distance with her eyes but saw no one and so settled herself into an easy canter, for she knew it to be more to her rider's advantage to proceed at a slowing pace until they had passed the house in question.

"You are an intelligent old girl, Dolly, but I must not let you too far into the secrets of my mind. Still, you have shared my delights and woes alike and have been my one faithful friend. Why should I not tell you?"

And yet they had been friends for no great length of time. They had met at Valley Forge, shortly after Stephen's appointment to General Washington's staff. As an aide he was required to be mounted and, by a piece of good fortune, he had been allowed to choose from several the chestnut mare that now bore him. He gave her the best of care and affection and she reciprocated in as intelligent a manner as she knew how.

"You have served well, but I feel that there is much greater work before us, much greater than our quest of the present."

They were nearing the house. For some reason or other, Dolly whinnied as he spoke, probably in acquiescence to his thought, probably in recognition of the presence of her rival. She might have seen, had she cared to turn her head, a trim, lithe form passing to the rear of the house. Stephen took pains to see her, however, and as she turned her head, doffed his hat in salute. The next moment, Dolly felt the reins tighten and whether she desired it or not, found her head turned in that direction. Her rider was soon dismounted and was leading her to the side of the road.

"You are early astir, Mistress Marjorie. I had anticipated no such pleasure this morning."

"It is mutual," replied Marjorie, smiling as she offered him her hand. "How came you so early? No new turn of events, I hope!"

"Not in the least. I desired a few hours in the saddle before the heat of the day set in, and my guardian angel must have directed me along this path."

Dolly raised both her ears and turned towards him, while she noisily brought her hoof down upon the sod. "What a rascal!" she thought to herself.

The girl dropped her eyes demurely and then asked hurriedly:

"There are no new developments?"

"None that I know of."

"Nothing came of the trouble at the Inn?"

"Then you know?"

"All. Father told me."

"He should not have told you."

"It was my doing. I give him no peace until I had learned all."

Dolly grew weary of this pleasantry and wandered away to gladden her lips on the choice morsels of the tender grass.

"I deeply regret my indiscretion, though it was for his sake."

"You mean—?"

"His Excellency."

"I might have done likewise, were I able. Colonel Forrest is most disagreeable."

"He was not wholly culpable and so I forgave his insulting remarks against us, but I forgot myself entirely when General Washington's name was besmirched."

"I fear further trouble," she sighed.

"From him?"

She nodded her head.

"Nonsense! There will be naught said about the whole affair and it will end where it began. Forrest is no fool."

"I have other news for you, Captain," announced Marjorie, her eyes beaming at the prospect.

"And how long have you been preserving it for me?" asked Stephen.

"But a few days."

"And you made no attempt to see me?"

"Had I not met you now, I would have done so this day," answered Marjorie.

"You would have written?"

"Perhaps."

"It is my forfeiture to your reserve."

"And made gallantly."

"Come now! What had you to tell?"

"This. Peggy desires the honor of your company. You will receive the invitation in a day or two. Just an informal affair, yet I sensed the possibility of your pleasure."

"You did right. I am pleased as I am honored, but neither

so much as I am elated at the hopes for the future. Of course, I shall accept, but you will have to promise to denote my path for me in the tangled maze of society, in whose company I am as yet hardly a novice.

"Lud! I ne'er heard one so illiberal of his graces."

"Nor one more candid," Stephen rejoined as quickly. If he were good at repartee, he had met with one who was equally as apt.

"You know the Governor will be in attendance," she declared in a matter of fact manner.

"How should I know that? Is it unusual for him to frequent the company of the gay?"

"Not of late, the more especially where the presence of Peggy is concerned," added the little tale bearer with a keen, though reckless, wit.

"And why Peggy?" He was innocent enough in his question.

"Have you not heard of His Excellency's courting? Mr. Shippen has already made public the rumor that a certain great General is laying close siege to the heart of Peggy. And I have Peggy's own word for it."

"To Peggy?" He asked with evident surprise. "Why she but halves his age, and he is already a widower."

"With three sons," Marjorie proudly added. "No matter. Peggy will meet the disparity of ages by the disparity of stations. She has avowed to me that no one dares to question the social preëminence of the Military Governor, nor the fact that he is the most dashing and perhaps most successful general of the Continental Army. Position in life is of prime importance to her."

"Is that so? I had not so judged her," was the comment.

"She admits that herself, and makes no secret of it before anyone. Did you not observe her sullen silence at the ball upon learning of the identity of her inferior partner? And that she sat out the major portion of the dance in company with the Military Governor?"

"It escaped my attention, for I was too deeply concerned with another matter which distracted me for the entire evening," he answered with a smile.

She pretended to take no notice, however, and continued:

"Well he has been calling regularly since that evening, and this quiet and informal function has been arranged primarily in his honor, although it will not be so announced. You will go?" she asked.

"I shall be pleased to accept her invitation. May I accompany you?"

"Thank you. I almost hoped you would say that. Men folks are so sadly wanting in intuition."

"Friday then? Adieu! The pleasure that awaits me is immeasureable."

"Until Friday."

She extended to him her hand, which he pressed. A moment later he was mounted.

"My kindest to your mother. She will understand." Dolly broke into a gallop.

Marjorie stood at the gate post until he was quite lost from view around the turn of the road. He did not look back, yet she thought that he might have. She slowly turned and as slowly began to walk towards the house, there to resume the duties which had suffered such a pleasant interruption.

Meanwhile, she tried to analyze this young man. He was rather deep, of few words on any given subject, but wholly noncommunicative as regards himself. He perhaps was possessed of more intuition than his manner would reveal, although he gave every appearance of arriving at his conclusions by the sheer force of logic. His words and deeds never betrayed his whole mind, of that she was certain, yet he could assert himself rather forcibly when put to the test as at the painful incident in the Coffee House. He would never suffer from soul-paralysis, thought she, for want of decision or resolution, for both were written full upon him.

That she was strangely attracted to him she knew very well, but why, and how, she was unable to discover. This was but their third meeting, yet she felt as if she had known him all her life, so frank, so unreserved, so open, so secure did she feel in his presence. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to have waved her hand in salute to him that morning as he passed; she did it with the same unconcern as if she had known him all her life.

There was something prepossessing about him. Perhaps it was his faculty for doing the unexpected. Most women desire to meet a man of distinctive individuality, who lends continual interest to them by his departure from the trite and commonplace. What Stephen might say or do was an entirely unknown quantity until it had actually taken place, and this attracted her on the instant, whether she was conscious of it or not. His manner, too, was affable, and gave him an air at once pleasing and good natured. He never flattered, yet said most agreeable things,

putting one perfectly at ease and inspiring sympathy and courage. He bore himself well; erect, manly, dignified, without ostentation or display. His seriousness, his evenness, his gravity, his constancy and his decision stamped him with a certain authority, a man of marked personality and character.

So she mused as she entered the door, her thoughts in a lofty hegira to the far-off land of make-believe—her better self striving to marshal them to the cold realities of duty that lay before her. She had been cleaning the little addition at the rear of the dwelling proper, used as a kitchen, and her work took her into the yard. Dolly's whinny had caused her to turn her head and the next moment cares, responsibilities and all else were forgotten. Now she wondered what had she been about! Seizing a cloth she began to dust industriously. The crash of one of the dishes on the kitchen floor, brought her to her senses. Her mother heard the noise from the adjoining room:

"What ails thee, child? Hast thou lost thy reason?"

"I believe so, mommy. I must have been thinking of other things." And she stooped to gather the fragments.

"Was it Captain Meagher? I saw you two at the gate."

A guilty smile stole over the corner of her mouth.

"He was passing while I was in the yard, and he stopped only to wish me the greetings of the day. I was right glad that he did, for I had an opportunity of extending to him the invitation from Peggy."

"He will go, I suppose?" Mrs. Allison queried, knowing well what the answer might be. She did not spare the time to stop in conversation, but continued with her duties.

"He is quite pleased. And mommy, he will call for me."

"Be careful, now, to break no more dishes."

"Lud! I have not lost my head yet. That was purely an accident which will not happen again."

"That poor unfortunate Spangler made a better defence."

"He deserved what he got. So did Lieutenant Lyons and the other officers of the *Ranger* who deserted to the enemy. But my sympathies went out to the old man who kept the gates under the city. These court-martials are becoming too common and I don't like them."

"That is the horrible side of war, my dear. And until our people learn the value of patriotism, the need of abolishing all foreign ties and strongly adhering to the land that has offered them a home and a living, the necessity of these dreadful measures will never cease."

"A little power is a dangerous weapon to thrust into a man's hand, unless he be great enough to wield it."

"Now you are going to say that General Arnold is to blame for these tragedies."

"No I am not. But I do think that a great deal more of clemency could be exercised. Many of those poor tradesmen who were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, could have been pardoned with equal security."

"That is the law, my dear, and the law is God's will. Leave all to Him."

Mrs. Allison was one of those good souls who saw no harm in the vilest of creatures; faults were overclouded by her veil of sympathy. When distressing reverses or abject despair visited any one, Mrs. Allison's affability and indescribable tenderness smoothed over the troubled situation and brought to light a gleam of gladness. Quiet, kindly, magnanimous, tolerant, she could touch hearts to the depths in a manner both winning and lasting. Whether the fault entailed a punishment undeserved or inevitable, her feeling of pity was excited. She always sympathized without accusing or probing the source of the evil. She stretched forth a helping hand merely to aid. No nature, however hard, could be impervious to the sympathy and the sweetness of her affectionate disposition.

Motherly, was the quality written full upon Mrs. Allison's face. Her thoughts, her schemes, her purposes, her ambitions of life, were all colored by this maternal attribute. In her daily homage and obeisance to God, Whom she worshipped with the most childlike faith and simplicity; in the execution of the manifold duties of her home, Marjorie was to her ever her treasure of very great price. She was sustained in her aims and purposes by an enduring power of will—a power clothed with the soft, warm, living flesh of a kindly heart. Her marriage with Matthew Allison had been happy, a happiness intensified and concretely embodied in Marjorie, the only child vouchsafed to them by the Creator. It was Marjorie for whom she lived and toiled and purposed. And it was Marjorie who embodied the sum-total of her fancies, and ambitions and aspirations and translated them into definite forms and realities.

A beautiful landscape unrolled itself before Stephen as he leisurely rode along the Germantown road. The midsummer sun was now high in the heavens, with just a little stir in the air to temper its warmth and oppressiveness. Fragments of clouds, torn loose from some great heap massed beyond the ridge

of low hills to the westward, drifted lazily across the waste of blue sky, wholly unconcerned as to their ultimate lot or destination. Breaths of sweet odor, from freshly cut hay or the hidden foliage bounding the road, were wafted along in the embraces of the gentle breeze. Away to the left and before him, as his horse cantered along, swelled the countryside in gentle undulations of green and brown, disfigured now and again by irregular patches of field and orchard yielding to cultivation; while to the side a stone wall humped itself along the winding road into the distance, its uniformity of contour broken here and there by a trellis work of yellow jasmine or crimson rambler, alternately reflecting lights and shadows from the passing clouds and sunshine. It was a day when all nature was in perfect tune, its harmony sweetly blending with the notes of gladness that throbbed in Stephen's heart. Yet he was scarce aware of it all, so completely absorbed was he in the confusion of his own thought.

He had a very clear idea of what he was to do in the immediate present, but he had no idea at all of what was to be done in the immediate future. First of all he would attend Mistress Marjorie at this informal affair, where, perhaps, he might learn more about the Military Governor. He half surmised that His Excellency was not kindly disposed towards Catholics in general, although he could not remember any concrete case in particular to substantiate his claim. Still he knew he was avowedly opposed to the French Alliance, as were many illustrious citizens; and he presumed his feelings were due in part at least to the fact that France was a recognized Catholic country. There was a negative argument, too: no Catholic name was ever found among his appointments. These were but surmises, not evidence upon which to base even a suspicion, nevertheless, they were worthy of some consideration until a conclusion of a more definite nature was warranted.

That the Governor was becoming decidedly more unpopular every day he knew very well. The fact that he possessed the finest stable of horses in the city, and entertained at the most costly of dinners, at a time when the manner of living was extremely frugal, not so much from choice as from necessity, and at a time when the value of the Continental currency had depreciated to almost nothing, occasioned a host of acrid criticisms not only in the minds of the displeased populace, but also in the less friendly columns of the daily press.

Censures of the harshest nature were continually uttered against the Governor's conduct of the affairs of the city govern-

ment together with his earlier order closing the shops. Now the use that he began to make of the government wagons in moving the stores excited further complaints of a more public nature, the more so that no particular distinction was being made as to whether the stores belonged to the Whigs or the offending Tories. It was no idle gossip that he curried favor with the upper Tory class of the city, now particular mention was made of his infatuation with the daughter of Edward Shippen. It was whispered, too, that the misuse of his authority in the grant of safe passes to and from New York had led to the present act of the Congress in recalling all passes. Stephen knew all this and he surmised more; so he longed for the opportunity to study intimately this man now occupying the highest military post in the city and the State.

For the present he would return home and bide his time until Friday evening, when he would have the happiness of escorting Marjorie to the home of Peggy Shippen.

"I wonder Dolly, old girl, if I can make myself bold enough to call her Marjorie. Marjorie, Margaret," he repeated them over to himself. "I don't know which is the prettier. She would be a pearl among women; and she is, isn't she, Dolly?"

He would ask her at any rate. He would be her partner for the evening, would dance with her, and would sit by her side. Peggy would be there, too, and the General. He would observe them closely, and, perchance, converse with them. Colonel Forrest and the General's active aid-de-camp, Major Franks, a Philadelphian, but a Jew, would also be present. Altogether the evening promised to be interesting as well as happy.

He was musing in this manner when he heard the hoof beats of a horse, heavily ridden, gaining upon him in the rear. He drew up and half turned, instinctively, at the strange yet familiar sound. Suddenly there hove into view, at the bend of the road, an officer of the Continental Army, in full uniform, booted and spurred, whose appearance caused him to turn full about to await him. It was not long before he recognized the familiar figure of the aide, Major Franks, and he lifted his arm to salute.

"Captain Meagher, I have orders for your arrest."

"Sir?" answered Stephen in alarm.

"On charges preferred by Colonel Forrest. You are to come with me at once."

An embarrassing silence ensued. Stephen then saluted, and handed over his side arms. He wheeled his horse and set off in the direction indicated, his thoughts in a turmoil.

The Major fell in at the rear.

Chapter VII.

"For still my mem'ry lingers on the scenes
And pleasures of the days beyond recall."

Peggy's voice, timid, soft though pretty, died away into an enraptured silence which seemed to endure for the longest while before the room burst into a generous measure of applause. She was very well accompanied on the clavichord by Miss Rutteledge and on the harp by Monsieur Ottow, Secretary to the French Minister. The evening had been delightful; the assembly brilliant in quality, and unaffectedly congenial and diverting. The music had contributed much to the pleasures of the function, for the Shippen's was one of the few homes in the city where such a resource was at all possible.

"Major! Major Franks! What do you think of my little girl? Do you think 'twould be well for her to cultivate such a voice?"

Mrs. Shippen turned sideways. There was gratification, genuine complacent gratification, visible in every line of her smiling face.

"Splendid! Splendid! Of course. Madame, she sings very prettily," replied the Major, gathering himself from the state of partial repose into which he had fallen. He sat up.

"And do you know, Major," went on the fond mother, "she never had a tutor; except some of our dear friends who made this their home during the winter."

"You mean the British?"

"Of course, they did not make so free with everybody in the city, with only a few, you know. It was for General Howe himself that Margaret first made bold enough to sing."

"She does very well, I am sure," was the reply.

The little group again lapsed into silence as Peggy responded with an encore, this selection being a patriotic air of a lighter vein. The Major again lapsed into an easy attitude, but Mrs. Shipman was visibly intent upon every motion of the singer and followed her every syllable.

"How much does music contribute to one's pleasure!" she remarked when the conversation began to stir.

"It is charming," Mr. Anderson observed.

"And do you know that we inherited that clavichord? It is one of the oldest in the country."

"It appears to be of rare design," remarked Mr. Anderson.

"It belonged to Mr. Shippen's father," she boasted. "This house, you know, was the home of Edward Shippen, who was

Mayor of the city over an hundred years ago. It was then, if I do say it, the most pretentious home in the city. My husband was for disposing of it and removing to less fashionable quarters, but I would not hear of it. Never!"

Major Franks surveyed the great room deliberately.

"'Twould make a fine castle!" he commented as he half turned and crossed one knee over the other. He felt that this would be his last visit if he continued to take any less interest, yet even that apparently caused him no great concern.

And yet, a great house it was, the quondam residence of Edward Shippen, the progenitor of the present family, a former Mayor of the city, who had fled thither from Boston where he had suffered persecution at the hands of the Puritans, who could not suffer him to be a Quaker. It stood on an eminence outside the city, yet overlooking it all, with its great orchard, its summer house, its garden smiling with roses, and lilies; bordered by rows of yellow pines shading the rear, with a spacious green lawn away to the front affording a view unobstructed to the Delaware shore. At the time of its construction was easily the most sumptuous home in the city.

The Shippens had been the leaders of the fashionable set, not alone in days gone by, the days of the colonial manners when diversions and enjoyments were indulged in as far as the austerities of the staid old Quaker code would allow, but also during the days of the present visitation of the British, when emulation ran riot among the townsfolk, in the entertainment of the visitors. Small wonder that the present lord of the manor felt constrained to write to his father that he should be under the necessity of removing from this luxurious abode to Lancaster, "for the style of living my fashionable daughters have introduced into my family and their dress will I fear before long oblige me to change the scene." Yet if the truth were told, the style of living inaugurated by the ambitious daughters was no less a heritage than a part of the discipline in which they had been reared.

If the sudden and forced departure of the dashing, as well as the eligible, British officers from the city had totally upset the cherished social aspirations of the mother of the Shippen girls, the advent of the gallant and unmarried Military Governor had lifted them to a newer and much higher plane of endeavor. The termination of a matrimonial alliance with the second in command of the patriotic forces would more than compensate for the loss of a possible British peerage. The artful mother soon discerned that her clever and subtle devices were beginning to meet with some degree of success.

The present function was wholly her affair, and while it was announced as a purely informal gathering, the manner and the scheme of the decorations, the elegance and the care with which the women dressed, the order, the appointments, the refreshments, not to mention the distinguished French visitors, would permit no one to surmise this, even for a moment. Care had been taken to issue invitations to the representative members of the city's upper class, more especially to the newly arrived French Officers and their wives, as well as the commissioned members of the Continental Army. There were the Shippen girls, their persistent friend, Miss Chew, as well as Miss Franks, whose brother was now attached to the staff of General Arnold, and a dozen other young ladies, all attractive, and dressed in the prevailing elegance of fashion; the hair in an enormous coiffure, in imitation of the fashions of the French, with turbans of gauze and spangles and ropes of pearls, the low bodices with the bow in front, the wide sashes below. It was an altogether brilliant assembly, with the Military Governor the most brilliant figure of it all.

"Tell me, Major," asked Mrs. Shippen in measured and subdued language as she leaned forward in an apparent confidential manner, "does General Arnold visit often?"

"Oh yes!" replied the Major at once, "he is very generous with his company."

Her face fell somewhat.

"Now isn't that strange! I was told that he made a practice of calling at no home, outside of ours."

He uncrossed his leg and shifted in his chair rather uneasily.

"Quite true." He saw at once that he had made an unhappy remark. "But, of course, he makes no social calls, none whatsoever. You must know that the affairs of state require all of his time, for which duty he is obliged to visit many people on matters of pure business."

"Oh!" She appeared satisfied at this explanation.

"It seems as if we had known him all our lives. He feels so perfectly at home with us."

"Exactly."

"You have met him often with us, haven't you, Marjorie?"

"I first met him at the Military Ball through Peggy," Marjorie replied naïvely.

"But you must have met him here. He has been here so often," she insisted.

"Then I vow our General has felt the smite of your fair daughter's charms," remarked Mr. Anderson.

Marjorie breathed a sigh of relief at the timely interruption.

"Do you really think so?" asked Mrs. Shippen, with no attempt to conceal her impatience.

"Unquestionably—

'Smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food.'

So sang the bard, and so sing I of His Excellency."

"But his age! He cannot now be thinking of matrimony."

"Age, my dear Mrs. Shippen, is a matter of feeling, not of years. The greatest miracle of love is to eradicate all disparity. Before it age, rank, lineage, distinction dissolve like the slowly fading light of the sun at eventide. The General is bent on conquest; that I'll wager. What say you, Major? A five pound note?"

"Not I. 'Old men are twice children' you know."

The orchestra began to fill the room with the strains of the minuet. Mr. Anderson arose and advanced towards Marjorie.

"May I have the pleasure of your company?" he said.

Marjorie arose and gave him her arm.

She tripped through the graces of the minuet in a mechanical sort of fashion, her thoughts in a far-off land of amazement and gloomy desolation. The unexpected and adverse stroke of fortune which had descended with hawk-like velocity upon Stephen had thoroughly disconcerted her. Try as she would, her imagination could not be brought under her control. There was one image that would not out, and that was Stephen's.

A short note from him, gave the first inkling to her. He had been placed under arrest by order of Major-General Arnold on the charge of striking his superior officer, in violation of the Fifth Article, Second Section of the American Articles of War. The charge had been preferred on the evening previous to his arrest and bore the signature of Colonel Forrest, with whom, as she was aware, he had participated in the affray at the Inn.

Little would come of it. Of that she could rest assured. For if he chose to present his side of the case, cause might be found against the Colonel in the matter of disrespectful language against the Commander-in-Chief. On that account the affair would very probably end where it had begun and his sword would once more be restored to him. Should the Colonel press the case, however, it would result in a court-martial. For the present he was under arrest. He was not confined and no limits were assigned to him, yet he was deprived of his sword and therefore without power to exercise any military command pending his trial. Since

it was considered indecorous in an officer under arrest to appear at public places, it would be impossible for him to accompany her to the home of the Shippens on Friday evening. This caused him the greater concern, yet his word of honor obliged him to await the issue of his trial or his release by the proper authority.

He bade her to be of good cheer and asked a remembrance in her prayers, assuring her she would be ever present in his thoughts. He would soon make use of a favorable opportunity to pay her a call, and he hoped she would attend the party and enjoy herself to the utmost. From the moment of its receipt, she had rehearsed the incidents narrated in this letter over and over again. Go where she would, her thought followed her as instinctively as the homeward trail of the bee.

To follow mere instinct does not beseem a man, yet for woman this faculty is the height of reason and will be trusted by her to the very end. Marjorie's instinct told her that all would not be well with Stephen, notwithstanding his place of honor on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, to whom he might readily appeal should the occasion require. The charge was of minor consequence, and could, under ordinary circumstances, be dismissed; but it would not be dismissed. He would be tried, found guilty, and sentenced. A consummation too horrible for thought!

The strange regard for this officer, which she had discovered to be growing daily in intensity and depth, had been brought to definite realization by the sudden crisis in Stephen's fortunes. The sudden revelation of this truth, from which she was wont to recoil with petulant diffidence, alarmed her not a little. She must not allow herself to be perturbed over this incident, and no one, not even her mother, must ever be permitted to detect the slightest concern on her part.

"You seem unusually preoccupied this evening, Mistress Allison," remarked Mr. Anderson as he led her to one side of the room at the conclusion of the dance.

Marjorie started. She could feel herself coloring more and more as she strove desperately to retain her natural composure.

"I? Why? No! Did I appear absent-minded?"

"As if sojourning in some far off land."

She thought for a moment.

"We all inhabit dream countries."

"True. We do. And there is no swifter vehicle to that fair land than an inattentive companion."

"You mean —"

"That I am entirely at fault for allowing you to wander."

"You are unkind to yourself to say that."

"I vow I mean it."

They neared the settee into which he gallantly assisted her. She made room for him by drawing back the folds of her gown.

"Have you ever had a miniature made?" he asked of her.

"Never. I scarce gave it a thought," she replied nonchalantly.

"In that gown, you would make a perfect picture."

"Could you paint it?" she asked quickly with the attitude of one who has proposed an impossible question.

"Aye, and willingly, would I," he smartly replied.

"I should love to see it. I should scarce know mine own face."

She regarded the subject with ridicule, observing as she spoke the end of the sash with which her fingers had been fumbling.

"You shall see it as it is with no artful flattery to disfigure it. May I bring it in person. The post-rider's bag is too unworthy a messenger."

"Lud! I shall be unable to restrain my curiosity and await the carrier."

"Then I shall be the carrier."

"Nothing would afford me more pleasure."

Neither of the two spoke for a moment. She wondered if she were imprudent. While she had not known this man before this evening, still she knew of him as the one who took part in the disturbance at the Coffee House. He seemed unusually attentive to her, although not unpleasantly so, and innocently enough she questioned the import of his motives. He had sought no information nor did he disclose any concerning himself, for at no time did their conversation arise to any plane above the commonplace. Yet she was willing to see him again and to discover, if possible, the true state of his mind.

Stephen, she knew, would approve her action; not only because of the personal satisfaction which might be derived therefrom, but also because of the possibilities which such a meeting might unfold. That Anderson was prompted by some ulterior motive and that he was not attracted so much by her charms as by the desire of seeking some advantage, she was keen enough to sense. Just what this quest might lead to, could not be fathomed, yet it presented, at all hazards, a situation worthy of more than a passing notice.

She mistrusted General Arnold, a mere opinion it was true, for she possessed no evidence to warrant even a suspicion, yet something about the man created within her heart a great want of confidence and reliance. He was supremely overbearing and unusually sensitive. This, together with his vaulting ambition

and love of display—traits which even the merest novice could not fail to observe—might render him capable of brilliant achievements, such as his exploits before the walls of Quebec and on the field of Saratoga, or of unwise and wholly irresponsible actions, of some of which, although of minor consequence, he had been guilty during the past few months. He disliked her form of religious worship, and she strongly suspected this was the reason he so openly opposed the alliance with the French. She regarded this prejudice as a sad misfortune in a man of authority. His judgments were liable to be clouded and unfair.

She knew Peggy like a book and she could easily imagine the influence such a girl could exert, as a wife, on a man so constituted. Peggy's social ambition and her marked passion for display and domination, traits no less apparent in her than in her mother, would lead her to view the overtures of her impetuous suitor with favor, notwithstanding the fact that he was almost double her own age. As his wife she would attain a social prestige. She was a Tory at heart, and he evidenced at sundry times the same inclinations. She was a Quaker, while he belonged to the religion of his Majesty, the King, nevertheless both agreed in this, that the miserable Papists were an ambitious and crafty lot, who were bent on obtaining an early and complete mastery over this country. The pair were well mated in many respects, thought Marjorie, although Peggy's more resolute will and intense ambition would make her the dominant member of the alliance. Little as the General suspected it, Marjorie thought, he was slowly, though surely, being encircled in the web Peggy and her artful mother were industriously spinning about him.

Marjorie and Anderson sat conversing long and earnestly. Several dances were announced and engaged in, with little or no manifest attention on their part. At length they deserted their vantage ground for the more open and crowded room, pausing before Peggy and the General, who were sheltered near the entrance.

"Heigho, John!" exclaimed His Excellency upon their approach, "what strange absconding is this. Have a care, my boy, lest you have to answer to Captain Meagher."

Marjorie felt the gaze of the group full upon her. She flushed a little.

"Little or no danger, nor cause alleged," she laughed.

"Captain Meagher!" recollected Anderson, "does he excel?"

"I scarce know," replied Marjorie. "I have met him not over thrice in my life."

"Once is quite sufficient," said the General. "First impressions often endure. But stay. Draw your chairs. I was only saying that I may be required to leave here shortly."

"You have been transferred?" asked Marjorie.

"No! But I have written to Washington begging for a command in the navy. My wounds are in a fair way and less painful than usual, though there is little prospect of my being able to be in the field for a considerable time."

They sat down as requested, opposite Peggy and the General.

"But General, have you not taken us into your consideration?" asked Anderson.

"I have, yet the criticism is becoming unendurable. Of course you have heard that matters have already become strained between the civil government and myself. Only last week my head aid-de-camp sent for a barber who was attached to a neighboring regiment, using as a messenger the orderly whom I had stationed at the door. For this trifling order there has been aroused a hornet's nest."

"Wherein lay the fault?" asked Marjorie.

"In this. It appears from a letter which I have already received from the father of the sergeant (Matlack is his name to be exact) that the boy was hurt by the order itself and the manner of it, and as a freeman would not submit to such an indignity as to summon a barber for the aide of a commanding officer. We have a proud, stubborn people to rule, who are no more fitted for self-government than the Irish—" He stopped short.

Marjorie bit her lip. "I wish, General, you would withdraw your comparison. It is painful to me."

"I am sorry, Mistress Allison. As a matter of fact I hardly knew what I had said. I do withdraw it."

"Thank you so much."

Then he went on.

"These Americans are not only ungrateful, but stupidly arrogant. What comparison can be drawn between this dullard, Matlack, whose feelings as a citizen were hurt by an order of an aid-de-camp, and I, when I was obliged to serve a whole campaign under the command of a gentleman who was not known as a soldier until I had been some time a brigadier. My feelings had to be sacrificed to the interest of my country. Does not the fool know that I became a soldier and bear the marks upon me, to vindicate the rights of citizens?" He talked rapidly. It was plain that he was seriously annoyed.

"On my arrival here, my very first act was condemned. It became my duty, because of sealed orders from the Commander-in-

Chief, who enclosed a resolution adopted by Congress, to close the shops. From that day, censure was directed against me. I was not the instigator of it. Yet I was all to blame." He sat up with his hands on his knees looking fiercely into the next room.

"I would not feel so bitter, your Excellency," volunteered Anderson. "Military orders, however necessary, always seem oppressive to civilians and shopkeepers."

"I have labored well for the cause, and my reward has been this. I took Ticonderoga, although Allen got the credit for it. I would have taken Canada, if Congress had not blundered. I saved Lake Champlain with my flotilla—a fleet that lived to no better purpose nor died more gloriously—and for this I got no promotion, nor did I expect one. I won at Ridgefield and received a Major Generalship, only to find myself outranked by five others. At Saratoga I was without a command yet I succeeded in defeating an army. For that service I was accused of being drunk by the general in command, who for his service received a gold medal with a vote of thanks from Congress while I—well the people gave me their applause; Congress gave me a horse, but what I prize more than all—these sword knots," he took hold of them as he spoke, "a personal offering from the Commander-in-Chief. I gave my all. I received a few empty honors and the ingratitude of a jealous people." He paused.

"General," began Marjorie, " you know the people still worship you and they do want you for their popular leader."

"I know differently," he snapped back. "I have already petitioned Congress for a grant of land in western New York, where I intend to lead the kind of life led by my friend Schuyler in Livingston, or the Van Rensselaers and other country gentlemen. My ambition now is to be a good citizen for I intend never to draw a sword on the American side." He again grew silent.

Whether he was sincere in his remarks Marjorie could not decide. She knew him to be impulsive and impressionable, a man who, because of his deficiency in breadth, scope of intelligence, and strong moral convictions, invariably based his opinions in public matters on his personal feelings. He was Military Governor of the city and adjacent countryside, yet there existed an Executive Council of Pennsylvania for the care of the State, and the line of demarcation between the two powers never had been clearly drawn. Accordingly there soon arose many occasions for dispute, which a more even-tempered man would have had the foresight to avoid. Furthermore he was becoming decidedly unpopular because of his extravagant manner of living, and his too frequent association with the Tory element.

It was entirely possible that he would abide by his decision to resign all public office and retire to private life, notwithstanding the fact that he had already dispatched a letter to General Washington requesting a command in the navy. But Marjorie read him differently, and was puzzled to account for his action.

Several of the guests prepared to depart. The little group disbanded as Peggy made her way to their side.

Marjorie and John Anderson lost each other for the first time in the mêlée which ensued.

"Perhaps I ought to return," Marjorie muttered to herself, now that she was quite alone. "I am sure that he dropped something." And she began to retrace her steps.

She felt positive that she saw General Arnold accidently dislodge what appeared to be a folded note from his belt when he took hold of the sword knots in the course of his conversation. Very likely it was a report of some nature, which had been hurriedly thrust into his belt during some more preoccupied moment. At any rate it might be safer in her hands than left to some less interested person. She would investigate at all events and resolve her doubts. Sure enough, there it was. Just behind the arm chair in which he had been seated but a few moments before.

She picked it up and regarded it carelessly, nervously, peering the while into the great room beyond to discover, if possible, an eye-witness to her secret. From its appearance it was no more than a friendly communication written on conventional letter paper. It was unsealed, or rather the seal had been broken and the paper gave evidence of not a little handling. It belonged to Peggy, for there was her name in heavy bold script on the outside.

She balanced it in her hand, weighing within her mind one of two possibilities. She might read it and then, if the matter required, return it immediately to His Excellency with an explanation. Yet it would smack of dishonor to read the private correspondence of another without a sufficiently grave reason. It belonged to Peggy, who in all probability had been acquainting the General with its contents as Mr. Anderson and herself intruded upon the scene. She therefore resolved to return it unread. Hastily folding it, she stuck it in her bodice, and made her way into the room where she became lost among the guests. There would be time enough when the formalities of the departure were over, when Peggy was less occupied, to hand it to her. She would wait at any rate until later in the evening.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Books.

FATHER DUFFY'S STORY. By Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain, 165th Infantry. With an Historical Appendix by Joyce Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

When one finishes Father Duffy's tale of humor and heroism, of life and death with the "Fighting 69th," he is not quite sure whether he has read a book about the War or a book about a grand religious crusade. He is not quite sure if the things that hover overhead are aëroplanes or angels. The shouts that go up are battle-cries—but they are addressed to Michael of the flaming sword. St. Patrick seems to have trudged beside these men on their long marches and stood by them in the trenches. St. Brigid was there at the rest billets, helping them make the dug-outs comfortable. It is a reassuring thought, this, to feel that the fighting of the 69th had something of an act of faith about it. The book is an evidence of Catholicism in the working, of Catholic faith and practice under the test of the great endeavors, the valiant struggles, the death and disasters of a bitter war.

And at the same time it is an excellent record of that regiment in the War. Its author has shown a skill that many a journalist might envy. The work of writing the regiment's history was originally assigned to Joyce Kilmer. When Sergeant Kilmer was transferred to other and more dangerous work, the job fell to Father Duffy, the regimental Chaplain. Kilmer's lamented death stilled a noble and valiant pen. Rather than try to add to what he had already written, Father Duffy starts the story afresh, and has put Joyce Kilmer's beginnings of an historical sketch in an appendix. It is a nice tribute from one brave man to another.

So Father Duffy's story starts back in June, 1917, shortly after the War with Germany was declared, and when the 69th was being recruited to full war strength. The final ranks of this regiment contained only five per cent who were neither of Irish race nor of the Catholic faith. From this point on, the regiment is followed through its training here and abroad, into the first trenches at Arbre Haut, its first losses at Rocroi and the brilliant coup at Luneville. From Luneville on, the activities of the regiment in the Baccarat Sector and the Champagne defensive become more complicated. The reader senses some of the chaos of war. Nevertheless, Father Duffy has managed to keep his nar-

rative very clear and readable. He has mingled his humor and tragedy in such a fashion that interest is always sustained. The Battle of the Ourcq, for example, has its technical difficulties for one not versed in military affairs, but he manages to grasp a clear view of what went on in the light of the men involved in it. That, in fact, is the singular merit of this book. It is about the men in the regiment; it is a human document. With surpassing journalistic skill Father Duffy has managed to work in the name of almost, if not, every man in the 69th.

The St. Mihiel offensive was another operation in which the 69th played a part, a valiant part, but it was in the Argonne that it showed especial valor against great odds. Conditions were unbelievably difficult, and yet these men, aflame with courage and love of country, fortified with unconquerable faith, went boldly into that forest maze and took their losses with fortitude.

Finally you see the 69th in the Army of Occupation. Peace has come. The duties of the regiment are now different. And a different air seems to settle down upon the men. It is the sort of peaceful, joyous air that comes at Easter after a hard Lent. The last pages bring the regiment home to its well-earned honors. Father Duffy's final words strike a note of noble pride:

"Men pass away but institutions survive. In time we shall all go to join our comrades who gave up their lives in France. But in our own generation, when the call came, we accepted the flag of our fathers; we have added to it new glory and renown—and we pass it on."

Here is a book that every Catholic in America should eventually read. It will be as interesting a year from now as it was the day of publication. For it records something more than a war, the pain and loss of which were better forgotten for the opportunities the future holds; it records the faith of men which is undying. The clash of arms can never be so loud as to drown the tinkling music of a rosary in the hand. When the noise of war dies away, the voices of prayer ring clearer. In the 69th they never were drowned.

LABOR IN THE CHANGING WORLD. By R. M. MacIver. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

The conflict of nations is ended; but another great conflict, that between capital and labor, has taken the centre of the stage. What are the elements of the latter struggle, and what is the outcome that good men should promote?

The author starts from the premise that the economic system in which men live is, if not more important than their ideas and

characters, at least of fundamental importance, and he reaches the conclusion that no solution of the problem will be found in "patch-work" of the present system. Therefore, he rejects profit-sharing, co-partnership and conciliation schemes; for "the root of industrial evil is the present wage system. The ideal toward which we must strive is some more coöperative order of production." However, his specific proposals are not so radical as this quotation from the preface would lead us to expect. He does not advocate Socialism. He would have labor admitted to participation in management, to the end that the laborer may be given the recognition due him as a human being, and genuine coöperation may be brought about between labor and capital for their mutual advantage, as well as the benefit of the whole community. He advocates the establishment of minimum living wage rates for all workers, and minimum decent conditions of employment as regards the length of the working day, the age at which children may become wage-earners, safety sanitation and security of employment. These reforms should, in the opinion of the author, be effected, as far as possible, by agreement between organized labor and organized capital. One of the most suggestive chapters in the book is that on "The Waste of the Present Industrial System."

SPIRITISM AND RELIGION. By Johan Liljencrants, A.M., S.T.D. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $3.50.

Among the flood of books pouring from the press today dealing with Spiritism, those treating the subject from a Catholic point of view are few but notable. The volume under consideration is the work of a priest who examined in a critical, scientific spirit a vast amount of data bearing upon his subject, and then proceeded to deal with it from a theological point of view in order to estimate the value of Spiritism as a religion. It is through this aspect of its rapidly growing manifestations that Spiritism has in these troubled latter days principally appealed to the public. To those without sure faith, it comes bolstered up by the specious authority of a host of psuedo-scientists and sensational novelists: Conan Doyle, for example, and Sir Oliver Lodge; proffering what are termed sure proofs of personal immortality and of a life beyond the grave devoid of all that might cause fear or sorrow in the souls of the living—a Paradise, but no Hell; only a mild and prophylactic Purgatory being retained. In a word, it is as a new revelation, rather than as a mystery demanding the severest scientific scrutiny, that Spiritism comes before the modern world —a revelation which, as Dr. Liljencrants shows, directly opposes and seeks to overthrow orthodox Christianity.

Dr. Liljencrants traces the history of the movement in modern times, and then deals at length with a great amount of data, mainly drawn from books and reports, concerning the physical phenomena of Spiritism. He does not seem to have had any personal experience in studying the phenomena, a fact which probably accounts for the somewhat excessive incredulity which he manifests as to the preternatural character of most of the alleged manifestations. In fact, he goes so far as to say that he has arrived at the conclusion that Spiritism cannot be shown to contain a preternatural element. No modern students of the subject who have come into the actual atmosphere of Spiritism, would agree with Dr. Liljencrants in this sweeping conclusion. He admits, it is true, that no positive proof can be given for the total absence of preternatural causes "in the *ensemble* of the phenomena," and that if it is there at all, "it is more than likely that this element would be of a diabolical character." Although Dr. Liljencrants is too arbitrary in ruling out the preternatural element from the spiritistic phenomena now so rife, he does good service in amassing a great volume of evidence which goes to show the ease with which the phenomena may be fraudulently induced, and by showing in a strong light the anti-Christian character of the whole movement.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF FRANCIS LEDWIDGE. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.

It is a mournful pleasure to possess, at length, within the covers of one book the total poetical output of the late Francis Ledwidge. Lord Dusany writes eighteen pages of introduction to the work of this young Irish poet whom he came upon, as he tells us, in the ranks of the Irish peasantry. Ledwidge died in the ranks of the British army. It is difficult to predict what his future development might have been, but at least there is nothing in this collection to justify the editor in speaking so confidently of his protégé as a *genius*. Although there is here a great deal of fragrant and delicate imagination, and much keen and intimate observation of sky and tree and field and bird, there is nothing quite so full of Irish reality as any one of a dozen lyrics one might mention by Joseph Campbell or Padraic Colum, for example. Of the genius of either of these poets there can certainly be no two opinions. Incomparably the finest and most truly Irish of Ledwidge's poems are the three entitled, "The Blackbirds," "To Thomas McDonagh" and "The Wedding Morn;" but it is upon them that the noble editor makes the following comment—a comment which would fairly merit to be characterized as brutal,

did not one, upon reflection, realize that it proceeds out of an amazing blindness to Ledwidge's innermost inspiration: ". . . rather than attribute curious sympathies to this brave young Irish soldier I would ask his readers to consider the irresistible attraction that a lost cause has for almost any Irishman."

Poor Ledwidge has not been the only good man to know the bitterness of a bewilderment of spirit in these dark and evil days.

GREATER EXTENSION AND DEVELOPMENT OF CHURCH INFLUENCE. By John A. Godrycz. Philadelphia: People's Friend Publishing Co.

In the form of a commentary on Cardinal Gibbons' Letter to the General Committee on Catholic interests and affairs, the writer of this interesting little volume sets forth the position of the Catholic Church in the United States towards the apostolic, social and literary problems of our age. The author is a learned Polish priest, editor of the Polish paper, *Przyjacel ludu* (The People's Friend). His views are characterized by considerable originality of thought, and indicate extensive experience in religious and social life, while the volume is imbued with loyal devotion to the Catholic Church. Some of his arguments are likely to arouse discussion, yet no one can deny that generally the writer's conclusions are sound and that the problems are treated with fairness and frankness.

The best chapters of the volume treat the first and second points of the Letter: the Holy See and Home Missions. The writer points out the political and financial needs of the Holy See, and believes the Catholic Church in the United States should use its mighty influence to satisfy them. The spiritual sovereignty of the Holy See ought to become an international question and to be internationally solved, and its critical financial condition ought to be relieved. If the nations really want to preserve Christian civilization, menaced by Bolshevism, they cannot neglect the powerful spiritual army of the Catholic Church. The religious spirit can only be revived by her fullest freedom.

The second chapter touches the most difficult problem of American Catholicism today, the preservation of the Catholic faith among foreign immigrants. The writer points out that the American people, as a whole, is not yet Catholic and possesses no Catholic tradition. Americanization, therefore, does not pay attention to the urgent necessity of preserving the Catholic spirit among Catholic immigrants. The gap in the American education of foreign elements ought to be filled by the Church. If nine millions of Catholic foreigners could be Americanized without

losing their Catholicism, the Catholic Church would become the citadel of the Christian faith in the United States. Upon the Catholic American hierarchy really rests the obligation to see to it that the process of Americanization is carried out in such a way as to win the confidence of the alien groups in the non-sectarian character of the American spirit.

Dr. Godrycz' book is the literary and scientific result of his apostleship among his countrymen, and of a thorough acquaintance with the religious conditions existing in America. It cannot but be of value, therefore, to those who are devoting their energies to the triumph of Catholic ideals in this country.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: THE PRINCIPLES AND THE PRACTICE. Edited by Stephen Pierce Duggan. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $2.50.

In spite of the voluminous discussions of the League of Nations in weekly and monthly magazines and of the more impressive, but less convincing, debates upon the issues involved to be found in the files of the *Congressional Record*, it may be said that there is still room for a comprehensive and authoritative treatment of the whole subject. Partisan views have been forced upon the public from every quarter, but there is wanting an impartial exposition of the underlying principles of the League, and of the facts of international life on the basis of which a fair estimate of the practical worth of the League may be reached. The present volume makes an approach to such a comprehensive treatment of principles and facts, but falls short of it by reason of the difficulties inseparable from a volume made up of successive chapters by different authors. The editor has attempted, with considerable skill, to group these chapters so as to present a logical development of the argument, but it was inevitable that there should be overlapping on the one hand and breaks and gaps on the other.

Nevertheless, there is much valuable material to be found in the several chapters, and being the work of scholars, they deal in most cases with those more permanent elements of the subject which will retain their importance when the present partisan controversy has given way to more constructive plans. Part I. deals with the history, principles and organization of a League of Nations, and contains among other chapters an excellent historical study of earlier schemes of attaining international peace by means of an organization of the nations, a good discussion of the important problem of the limitations which a League of Nations will impose upon the sovereignty of the member States,

and a consideration of the economic and military sanctions provided for in the Covenant of the League. Part II. of the volume deals with international coöperation as applied to certain concrete problems with which the nations are confronted. The principle of the self-determination of nationalities is analyzed, the economic forces underlying political disputes are pointed out, and the problem of colonial mandates is discussed in connection with the question of economic concessions and the development of backward areas. Part III. deals with the relation of the United States to the League, and discusses the changes brought about in our traditional policy of isolation and the effect of the League upon the Monroe Doctrine. The Covenant of the League is printed in an appendix, and is followed by a series of useful biographical notes. On the whole the volume would appear to be the best handbook yet available.

BROOME STREET STRAWS. By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Holliday has a talent for prefaces and the reader who, under his guidance, makes the acquaintance of Broome Street will want to complete these three hundred pages of sketches, reminiscences and near-stories. "You might think it a bit odd," he writes, "if you should ask a man whether he had gone to Yale, and he replied: 'No, I went to Broome Street.' Yet streets, like universities, have a good deal to do with the cut of a man. Streets are, in a manner of speaking, educators. A great many people, for instance, have what can most aptly be termed a Broadway mind. There is, too, a distinctly Fifth Avenue habit of thought, a Wall Street point of view, a Bowery manner, a One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street cast of culture, and so on."

Mr. Holliday's work evokes reminiscences of Addison, and less remote ones of Dickens, and Tom Hood; but his own individuality never sinks from sight. His names, by the way, are often Dickensesque: Nuggens, Mrs. Wigger, Angus Bleake; but when he gives us Murphy in "An Amorous Conspiracy" he is drawing names from a more universal directory. His style is grace itself and makes one wonder whether Mr. Holliday could make a shrewd guess as to the authorship of *The Journal of a Disappointed Man*. The most striking quality of these charming papers is their naturalness. A graceful turn of expression, a witticism, the play of bright humor over every page, have the air of complete unpremeditation. Mr. Holliday's mind is never morbid nor his style awkward. There is but one disappointing chapter in the volume, that which accuses O. Henry of "amazing

failure." It disappoints less because it is weak criticism than because, for a moment, the genial author forgets the amenities and says biting things about the Simon pure devotees of our American Harun-al-Raschid. However, if Homer be permitted to nod, a similar indulgence must be permitted Mr. Holliday. To read the "Romance of Destiny" and "Mr. Nuggens on Eating Dinner," "Emigrating Back Home," "Folks That Rile Us," is to see him at his best and to appreciate his contribution to the literature of charm, grace and healthiness of tone.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. By Charles J. Callan, O.P. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. $2.00.

Father Callan has written an excellent commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. It is a clear, brief yet thorough exposition of the meaning of the sacred text. He discusses all the difficulties of interest to the historian, apologist or theologian, for he writes expressly for priests and ecclesiastical students.

The Acts of the Apostles is a most important book of Holy Writ, for it gives us an authentic account of the beginnings of Christianity and of Church organization, and furnishes us with the connecting link between the Gospel of the Saviour and its diffusion by the Church to all parts of the Roman Empire. It furnishes the theologian with facts and teachings unrecorded in any other book of primitive Christianity, and the apologist with many testimonies of the Apostolic preaching of the Resurrection.

Father Callan's treatise is at once practical, for it eliminates such opinions, discussions, explanations and theories as might be considered curious and unnecessary; and critical, for it gives in condensed form the most probable arguments and helpful results of the best critical studies on all the important questions involved.

THE THINGS IMMORTAL. By Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.

In the subtitle, "Spiritual Thoughts for Every Day Reading," this little book is aptly described. For busy people to whom prolonged reading is either distasteful or impossible, it will be a boon. The subjects treated are most important; the method of treatment simple, practical and persuasive; and still another merit, each one is completed at one reading of not more than ten pages. The book would serve admirably for use in the fifteen minute prayer, advised by the saints, and would lead to not a few reforms of very common, yet exasperating, faults of character, which we are so apt to let grow like weeds.

WINONA'S WAY. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.35 net.

Winona, of the Camp Fire Girls, is with us once more, and will amply justify the welcome she will receive from girl readers. This time, she, with her companions, becomes engaged in Community Service, using as a centre the house in which they did the fine work in food conservation told in a preceding volume. Under Winona's leadership, many beneficial things are accomplished that, in the doing, make life as enjoyable as it is earnest.

The main interest of the series is well sustained in this volume, which, to our mind, is even better than its immediate predecessor, the incidents being less fortuitous and more probable. In delineation and development of character, also, the book marks a distinct advance. Its merits make us regret the more that it shares the singular defect, so prevalent in present-day writing for the young, the total ignoring of religion. Patriotism, duty and service to others, patience and generosity are inculcated; but of even belief in the existence of a Divine Author of every good thought and deed, there is not the most remote suggestion.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

The introduction to this collection of letters quotes their author as having said, shortly before his death: "I would rather have this book published than anything that has ever been written about me." The remark is readily comprehensible. No public man understood better than Colonel Roosevelt the temper and make-up of his compatriots, and the high esteem in which the average native-born American holds precisely what these writings embody most saliently, the fundamental qualities upon which depends the preservation of the family and the home.

The letters range in date from 1898 to 1911, written from various places, Santiago, the White House, or Africa, as the case may be. They are scarcely less varied as to subjects; but through them all one thing stands out clearly—that in the writer's life, experienced beyond parallel though it was, the paramount interests were those that centred in his home. That during his lifetime his private life was veiled from the public eye by a curtain of reserve, makes these intimate revelations of the more value now, cementing popular affection more firmly than ever.

There is great charm in these writings, loving and humorous, the devoted father entering with keenest zest into the least details that were of interest to any of his children, however young;

giving wise and kindly counsel in the problems that confronted them as they began to face the world; and, throughout, informally but unmistakably, setting forth the exalted, unchanging standard by which he measured all things, great and small.

So manifest is his sympathy for the young and his understanding of their difficulties, so widely applicable are his judgments and advice, that the letters become, in a sense, communications to the children of his fellow-citizens. Assuredly there could be no more felicitous medium by which the rising generation may learn the mind of the illustrious American, of whom Archbishop Hayes has said: "His being was consumed with a flaming passion for justice and right, for loyalty and truth, for clean living and honest endeavor."

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE, AND MYRRH. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D., LL.D. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.25.

"The title . . means simply this: Gold is the pure, imperishable quality of the monastic ideal, Frankincense the supreme act of worship through the Blessed Sacrament, Myrrh the saving quality of a right philosophy of life that yet must be bitter to the taste of many people." The three lectures, reprinted under this title were addressed to Anglicans. They would be more or less unintelligible to an audience of Catholics, or Protestants other than the small coterie of "extreme High Churchmen." Some, of course, of a wider circle of cultivated folk, captivated by Dr. Cram's cogent reasoning and brilliant style, have grasped, through his work, some aspects of Catholic truth which they might otherwise never have been induced to consider.

The lectures in this volume, like his other utterances, viewed as a Roman Catholic tract might or might not win acceptance, though the theses enunciated must be recognized as tenable by Catholics. But as the work of a Protestant Episcopalian they cannot be considered seriously by either Catholics or Protestants —or Anglicans. For Dr. Cram is Catholic in everything but the fact of union with the Holy See. It would not, we think, be unfair to say that he, and the school of which he is by way of being the only exponent who speaks *urbi et orbi*, has nothing in common with the large majority of Episcopalians, clergy and laity—not even his belief in Anglican Orders, for the bulk of Episcopalians do not hold the Catholic doctrine of the priesthood which is the *sine qua non* of Dr. Cram's position. That Dr. Cram himself is painfully conscious of this discrepancy on the part of those whom he must still call brethren is evident when he says: "Acceptance of the threefold ministry, and of the

fact of Apostolic succession through the laying on of hands the part of those who claim this tactual succession, if it did carry with it a true acceptance of the Catholic doctrine of nature, and efficacy, and mode of operation of the seven sa ments, would be a still further extension of heresy closely proaching sacrilege." Were it not that the lecture from wh this passage was taken was delivered a year before Dr. Kinsm sent his letter of resignation to his then presiding bishop, might almost think it a plagiarism!

Yet Dr. Cram and his associates of the "extreme" High Chur party are right in their acceptance and preaching of Catho truth. They know they are right, and do not, apparently, ca that the mass of their own household believe them to be wron and deny alike their theology and their practice. Not only thi but as Monsignor Benson showed so clearly, their claim to be a integral part of the Catholic Church (a claim taken for granted as justified in these lectures) is repudiated as fully by the practice of the Greek schismatics as by the Encyclical of Leo XIII. They know that their whole fabric of Catholic practice stands or falls with the fact of their priesthood. And they are convinced that they have the Catholic priesthood: that there was no gap in essential form or intention at or after the Reformation—that theirs is a God-given mission to restore belief in the Catholic faith, the Catholic sacraments, the Catholic priesthood, which, in their *bona fides*, their denomination never lost, in spite of all that Hanoverian Erastians, Low Churchmen, and Latitudinarians may have said, or do say, to the contrary.

Viewed in this light the three lectures become intelligible, nay, as G. K. C. (the only other champion of "Anglo-Catholicism" at all comparable to Dr. Cram) might say, they are the blast of a trumpet. But to those outside the charmed circle it seems that Dr. Cram builds a philosophical structure as massive, as coherent, as gracefully finished as one of his magnificent architectural triumphs—but it is a dream church. It floats in the air above the heads of his co-religionists, who recognize its beauty and perfection, while they realize, as Dr. Cram apparently does not, that it lacks reality because a nexus is wanting with the ancient foundation which rests on the Rock of Peter.

For the rest, the lectures are original and suggestive. Their scope is far wider than the small groups for which they were written, and they have a peculiar interest for Catholics as showing, not necessarily the drift of Protestantism towards Catholic truth and practice, but the amazing fact that a not inconsiderable number of cultivated and pious people can hold a position so

widely at variance with that of their official ecclesiastical connection and yet, by a mysterious dispensation of Providence, preserve their good faith. It is a volume, the careful reading of which by Catholics will drive them to their knees to make an Act of Hope.

THE GRAY NUNS IN THE FAR NORTH. By Rev. P. Duchaussois, O.M.I. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

This fascinating sketch of the labors of these Canadian Sisters in the Far North reads like a romance. It is a story of heroism and missionary zeal rarely equaled in the annals of the Propagation of the Faith.

After a brief sketch of the life and labors of Madame D'Youville, the foundress of the Gray Nuns of Montreal, the author describes in detail the founding of the many Indian missions in Canada (1844-1903) along the Red and Mackenzie Rivers, at Fort Providence, Lake Athabaska, Great Slave Lake. Rain, cold, snow, difficult portages, journeys of two thousand two hundred miles through the wilderness, hostile and immoral savages, barbarian Eskimos—nothing daunted these brave women. They faced every danger and difficulty with a smile, and persevered until they won countless souls to God and His Church.

This volume is well calculated to stir our people to missionary zeal, and to foster many vocations.

ELEMENTARY AMERICAN HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT. By J. S. Woodburn, Ph.D., and T. F. Moran, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

This is an "After the War Edition," and the revision called for by the occasion has resulted in a very satisfactory volume. As the writers well say, the history has not changed, but the viewpoint has, making it imperative to enlarge greatly the scope of the book. Considerable attention is devoted to industrial and mechanical developments as well as to the labor, immigration and other problems occupying the public mind of today. The wars in our history are treated concisely but clearly, and the proportions of the perspective are well maintained. This, of course, becomes more difficult as events multiply, each requiring to be noted and classified. The summary of the World War is most satisfactory from this point of view—balanced and fair-minded. The maps and illustrations form a useful addition and are altogether admirable; so, too, are the summaries, questions and pronunciation of foreign names appended to each chapter. The book contains also the text of the Declaration of Independ-

ence, the Constitution with its amendments, and a good topical outline of its forty chapters, with the area, population, etc., of the States. The writers connect much information on civics and government with the rise and progress of the country, thus making a foundation for the separate study of that branch so necessary for good citizenship and the intelligent use of the vote. A pupil who has mastered the contents of this volume should possess an all-around understanding and appreciation of the history of these United States.

FANTASTICS. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.65.

This posthumous collection of studies and sketches from the pen of the late Lafcadio Hearn has been gleaned by Mr. Charles Hutson from the files of the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, to which the author contributed during the years of his stay in Louisiana. Students of Hearn's development as an artist will find these pages extremely interesting as recording his impressions of the weird and exotic quality of certain aspects of existence in New Orleans. "They are dreams," Hearn himself wrote, "of a tropical city. There is one twin idea running through them all—Love and Death. And these figures embody the story of life here as it impresses me . . ." Some of the sketches are written in a beautiful imaginative prose, but the total effect is one of a cloying and unhealthy sweetness, and it is not at all likely that the literary reputation of the author will be noticeably increased by the publication of them.

THE NEXT STEP IN DEMOCRACY. By R. W. Sellars, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, University of Michigan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

Somewhat more than one-half of this book is taken up with a discussion of Socialism, its spirit, history, hopes, the misconceptions which prevail concerning it, and the objections that have been raised against it. Apparently the author might be classed as a kind of moderate evolutionary Socialist, who is content to wait a long time for the arrival of his completely socialized order. In the meantime, he advocates co-partnership, coöperation and profit-sharing, and he seems to expect that the collectivist organization of industry will always be modified considerably by coöperative industrial institutions under the direct ownership and management of the groups immediately concerned.

Some of the chapters in the second part of the book are entitled "The Ethics of Labor," "The Growth of Justice," "Some Principles of Pecuniary Reward" and "The Conditions of a Social

Freedom." In his formally ethical discussions, the author exhibits all the limitations of those who accept the modern theory of evolutionary ethics. The beneficent operations of the State are exaggerated, natural rights are denied, and there is a considerable lack of coherent fundamental principles. The vagueness of his exposition in this field is well illustrated in the chapter on pecuniary reward, the general conclusion of which is: "The ideal principle of reward is that of need, reward being thus recognized definitely as a means to an end, a self realization in accord with a progressive social welfare . . . There is, then, no final opposition between social need and social merit."

A HANDBOOK OF MORAL THEOLOGY. By Rev. Anthony Koch, D.D. Adapted and Edited by Arthur Preuss. Volume III. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.50 net.

Volumes I. and II. of this Handbook dealt with the general principles of Moral Theology. This third volume shows how these principles are to be applied to man's conduct as an individual. Its two parts deal with (a) the care for man's body and spiritual welfare, and (b) the obligations arising from his vocation, occupation and position in life. The author touches briefly upon many interesting questions: asceticism, fashions in dress, housing, amusements, vivisection, temperance, suicide, vasectomy, capital punishment, war, the rights and duties of property, the necessity and duty of labor, etc. Every chapter concludes with a short bibliography of English, French, German and Latin works of reference.

LIFE OF DANTE ALIGHIERE. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

This is a well-written book of intelligent enthusiasm and should stimulate interest in Dante and his works. The third division of the book, which concerns itself with interpretation and appreciation, is in our opinion better done than the other two divisions in which the author treats respectively of the theatre of events in which Dante moved, and of the sparse material obtainable for biographical purposes.

The author is unconsciously humorous in the eyes of a Catholic reader by reason of his delightfully self-satisfied tone of *de haut en bas* whenever he has occasion to discuss Dante's religion. He studies the Middle Ages through windows of the Early Victorian New England glaze, in which the saintly figures of Emerson, Norton, Darwin, Spencer and John Fiske break the white rays of truth into delicate Unitarian tints. Those old vil-

lage windows need to be raised if for no other end than to enable the author of this book to make the interesting discovery that there still survive on this sublunary planet many persons with a reputation for intelligence who accept and practice the religion of Dante.

But we are afraid the author has made up his mind about those windows, if we may judge from a curious slip in his carefully written book. On page 246 and page 280 he states in his text that the eternal damnation of virtuous heathen was repulsive to Dante, but he had to accept it on the clear statement of the Church. The author mourns that Dante's mind was held in such bondage. We presume that the author's attention was called to these passages by some better informed friend who read his proof sheets; because on page 281 there is a footnote, grudgingly inserted we should say, to the effect that St. Thomas Aquinas, who was by the way an officially recognized theologian of the Church, taught that if a heathen always acted according to his lights he would somehow or other receive the means and grace of salvation. This teaching is based directly on the Bible. The author's comment on St. Thomas offers an amusing comparison with the passages we have cited in his text. "Dante did not avail himself of this teaching," says Mr. Dinsmore, "because, probably, to his mind there was no evidence that to the virtuous heathen there had been granted a teacher or an internal revelation."

BLOOD AND SAND. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.90 net.

The publishers state that this was the first of Ibáñez's novels to bring him world-wide recognition. It is a characteristic specimen of the author's method, a method which has made him a great success, especially in these impressionable United States. This method may roughly, yet with fair accuracy, be described as a journalistic adaptation of the realistic mode of Zola, saturated with socialistic and "liberalistic" propaganda, and well seasoned with aphrodisiac elements. Ibáñez brings to the treatment of this method a literary style that is far indeed from being of the first or even of the second or third class, artistically speaking: but which is nevertheless a brisk and effective and vigorous style—the style of a first-class popular writer who happens to have more general culture, and more mental vigor, than the average run of newspaper special writers. But essentially his is a journalistic and not artistic view of life; and journalistic and not literary is his presentation of his views. *Blood and Sand* deals

with the "cherished atrocity" of Spain—the bull ring. The hero is a celebrated champion bullfighter, whose ambition to be a *torrero* is traced from his boyhood to his sordid and bloody death as a miserable failure, after his fall from the heights of fame and greatness. His incidental amours are, of course, introduced with the author's customary attention to lubricous details. The details of bullfighting are sweepingly and minutely described, the reader being spared no horror. William Dean Howells described the book as a "masterpiece." Well, so it is: a masterpiece of the mediocre meretriciousness which today passes muster in so many quarters for genuine literary merit.

THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

This is a new edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged, of a book which admirers of the charming prose style and subtle artistry of Mr. Arthur Symons have known and admired—in some cases with many reservations—for a number of years. A distinctly new feature of the present edition is its inclusion of a bibliography, and notes, and a number of the author's own translations from Mallarmé and Verlaine. Mr. Symons takes as his starting point, in these essays, the thesis that "without symbolism there can be no literature"—that symbolism is an essential factor not only of literature but of language itself. "Symbolism began with the first words uttered by the first man as he named every living thing, or before that in Heaven when God named the world into being. We see in these beginnings precisely what symbolism in literature really is: a form of expression, at the best but approximate, essentially but arbitrary, until it has obtained the force of a convention, for an unseen reality apprehended by the consciousness. It is sometimes permitted us to hope that our convention is indeed the reflection rather than merely the sign of an unseen reality. We have done much if we have found a recognizable sign." It is from this quasi-mystical point of view that Arthur Symons studies the work of Balzac, Merimé, Gérard de Nerval, Gautier, Flaubert, Baudelaire, the De Goncourts, l'Isle-Adam, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Huysmans, Arthur Rimbaud, Jules Laforgue and, of course, the inevitable and—just at present—ubiquitous Maeterlinck. Unquestionably the essayist proves his point that symbolism is discernible in the work of all these great artists; but as he himself lacks the only reliable foundation for true mysticism, and for the true literary expression of mysticism, namely, the Catholic Faith, his work suffers from the same riot of errors which are to be found trooping through

the pages of most of the writers whom he studies. The large number of these writers, indeed, are frankly and fully, either heretics or pagans. Only in the lesser work of Huysmans and in a few pages of Verlaine, and Mallarmé are to be found mystical notes which are in harmony with the teachings of the divinely constituted authority, the Catholic Church. This book, for that reason, despite all its unquestionable literary charm, is full of danger for those who approach it without firm convictions, or who lack correct knowledge, concerning Catholic mysticism and Catholic symbolism. For those, however, who are able to steer their way past its shoals and quicksands, the book is a literary delight. In a time like our own, when style has all but taken its flight from current literature, it is a rare pleasure to read pages so exquisitely wrought, so colorful, and so musical.

CONFERENCES FOR MARRIED WOMEN. By Rev. Reynoll Kuehnel. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. $2.00.

In these simple, instructive talks Father Kuehnel traces the social duties of motherhood from the first stage of child life to the last. He speaks of the mother's great responsibility as a teacher of her little ones, and tells her how to look after their physical and spiritual welfare. The five concluding chapters contain a life of St. Monica, the special patron of mothers.

THE THREE MULLA-MULGARS. By Walter De La Mare. New York: A. A. Knopf. $3.50.

This is the first American edition—exquisitely illustrated in color and line, by Dorothy P. Lathrop—of a book that has already become something of a classic over in England. Mr. De La Mare is, of course, widely known and honored as one of the half dozen or so finest living English poets, and in his "Peacock Pie, "The Listeners," "Songs of Childhood," etc., he has written poetry for and about children with which, for delight, and charm, and subtlety of insight, no other English poet's work in the same kind can be compared. And his verse in more "grown-up" vein is of a moving and wistful beauty.

To attempt to rehearse ever so cursorily the tale of these three Mulla-Mulgars would be no less impossible than absurd. Nothing—and everything—happens in this book. But there is one thing that never did or could happen in any book from the pen of this author: that his genius should desert him. His lore is that of happy whimsical fancies and the tenderest of conceits. Of these things this beautiful story is full to the brim. There is something seriously wrong with the youthful heart—be its pos-

sessor seven or seventy years in the world—which does not rejoice over the adventures enjoyed or endured by Thumb, Thimble, and Nod, of whom the mother was "an old gray fruit-monkey of the name of Mutt-matutta" living "on the borders of the Forest of Munra-Mulgar."

THE HOME AND THE WORLD. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

In this first long novel to be translated from the Bengali of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the plot is unfolded by means of half-lyrical narratives put into the mouths of the three leading protagonists—Nikhil, the idealistic landed proprietor of modern India; Bimala, his impressionable young wife, and the political-poetic demagogue, Sandip. There is material for one of the great novels of the world in this story of the conflict between family and patriotism, between ancient national ideals and the call of new enthusiasms, finally between spiritual and carnal love. To be sure, the Bengali poet and philosopher has very imperfectly realized these possibilities—that was perhaps to be expected. But he has given us a book interesting in its unusual yet realistic setting, and for its insight into character and into the problems of India today.

EVERYDAY SCIENCE. By William H. Snyder, Sc.D. New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.40.

As the author states in his preface "this book covers a wide field, and as the subject matter is not chosen for the purpose of appealing to any group of science teachers," it would not be easy to assign it a specific place in the schoolroom curriculum. It was written for pupils of the higher classes of the grade schools who will have no further training in science. But to any student interested in the processes of nature it will prove a most fascinating study, and add greatly to that all-around knowledge so desirable for a well-informed mechanic, business or professional man. The book aims to make intelligent and useful citizens, and is well adapted to its purpose. Wherever nature is harnessed to the car of science in reclamation, irrigation, illumination, forestry, navigation, etc., nature's principles are simply and concisely explained and applied. A word about the illustrations must be said. A few lack clearness of development but most of them are good and really elucidate the text. An alphabetical index would greatly facilitate the use of the book and add to its general usefulness, as it would enable one to lay one's finger immediately upon any one of the many topics.

THE CURIOUS REPUBLIC OF GONDOUR. By Samuel L. Clemens. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.25.

With the above sketch several others—of which "Goldsmith's Friend Abroad" is the most considerable—are herein gathered from journals to which Mark Twain contributed in 1870-71. These jets of fantasy which are seasoned with more than Mark's usual pungency are not of general interest, and will appeal only to the inner circle of his admirers.

A SPINNER OF WEBS. By Catherine Bement. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $1.50.

This novel, detailing the love-story of a young minister in his first pastorate, is not especially interesting or significant from any point of view. The nearest approach to a real character study is found in the portrait of Mrs. Morrell, the wife of the former pastor, a lady of determination in carrying through plans which do not always spring from unexceptionable motives. However, the young minister is too shadowy a person in the book for us to feel the proper thrill of amused sympathy at its close, when this redoubtable person becomes his mother-in-law.

SIMON. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Mr. Clouston, whom one remembers pleasantly as the author of an amusing farrago, *The Lunatic at Large*, has now turned out a moderately good mystery story according to a familiar prescription. There is a remote little village where Simon—silent Simon Rattar—had lived for many years as agent and "procurator-fiscal." There is a Sir Reginald who is murdered: a detective from London, not, of course, from Scotland Yard. There is a love affair, a body buried in a garden—Simon's body—a dramatic dénouement, and—curtain. We have read many better stories of the same kind.

THE DEEP HEART. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

Miss Clarke has added to the considerable list of her novels another which well sustains her reputation as a writer of the best type of Catholic fiction. It is a love story, involving much analysis of character, and brought to a happy conclusion by the conversion to the Faith of an unbeliever whose unscrupulous selfishness had separated the woman he wished to marry from her chosen lover, and his friend. Mercifully, his turning to the "deep heart" of Our Lord was not too late for him to undo the mischief he had wrought.

As in all this author's novels, the interest is derived not alone from plot and character delineation, but also from the depth and clarity of her spiritual perception.

MAN'S GREAT CONCERN: THE MANAGEMENT OF LIFE. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Paper, 35 cents; cloth, $1.25.

Father Hull is well known in Bombay, not only as editor of *The Examiner,* but as a clear expositor of the principles which should guide conduct, politics and right living, as well as religion. Trenchant and fearless he may be relied on to have something to say, and to say it with force and brevity. This little book on a big subject is divided into five parts, three of which concern the ontological, psychological and constructional principles on which the structure rests, while the fourth and fifth sections treat duties to God, ourselves and other people, with the duties of various occupations and states of life.

Within its compass is compressed the philosophy that should guide the thoughts and acts of man as a reasonable creature.

THE PRIESTS' CANONICAL PRAYER. From the French of Rev. Charles Willi, C.SS.R., by Rev. Ferrol Girardy, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 50 cents net.

The contents of this small volume of sixty-five pages are taken, the writer tells us, from *Le Bréviaire Expliqué* of Rev. Charles Willi, C.SS.R. Its purpose is to acquaint the American clergy with Father Willi's book, to be translated later, and also to provide them with extracts so well adapted to promote the spiritual welfare of all who will read them. The latter end in view is borne out by a perusal of the volume itself. The esteem we should have for the Divine Office, its excellence and its fruits are admirably stated. The economy of the Breviary and its aid to the social works of the priest are well set forth. The book should be a help to a more devout and profitable recitation of the Divine Office.

BAUDELAIRE. His Prose and Poetry. Edited by T. R. Smith. New York: Boni & Liveright. 85 cents.

This volume of the "Modern Library" series contains Swinburne's dedicatory poem, "Ave Atque Vale," also translations of Baudelaire's poems by Arthur Symons, T. P. Sturm, Joseph Shipley and W. J. Robertson. Mr. Sturm, who has edited Baudelaire in the *Canterbury Poets,* writes the introduction. The "Fleurs de Mal," that classic of decadence and patchouli literature, has

little to recommend it in English dress. Was it not of the author that Edmond Schérer wrote the withering criticism: "son unique titre c'est d'avoir contribué à créer l'esthétique de la débauche"? It was hardly necessary to advertise this ultra-modern accession to the series with the announcement that "the poet, the publisher, and the printer were found guilty of having offended against public morals."

A WHISPER OF FIRE, by Agnes Ryan (Boston: The Four Seas Co. $1.25), contains one hundred lyrics—chiefly reaching out toward the mysteries of human love—by a young poet who stresses the feminist note. Several of the verses, notably "I Wonder," are compact and vivid in imagery and spiritual message.

A BOOK that will appeal both to the experienced mechanic and to the inexperienced one, particularly to the younger or older boy who delights to handle tools, is *Making Tin Can Toys* by Edward Thatcher (Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net).

The wounded soldier, especially the man who has lost an arm or a leg, has roused our imagination and our technical ability to provide recreational and occupational aid. As a result the benefits have reached and will reach beyond the soldier himself. To have a side-line of interest, particularly mechanical, is not without its special moral as well as practical value.

Making Tin Can Toys is a book that will stimulate at once the interest of the boy who has even the beginnings of an imagination in things mechanical, and give him the knowledge whereby out of things as cheap as old tin cans he may make useful utensils for the home, the shop or the camp. The reviewer cannot pass on the mathematical accuracy of the directions: but he can acknowledge to a strong desire to get tools and see if he could achieve success with an old can.

IN *This Giddy Globe*, by Oliver Herford (New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50), we have not been able to see the helpful humor that is both kindly and wise. It is a cheap proceeding to use the tragedy of the nations to make a holiday for those who think they can afford to look on and laugh. To tell us of every country that its army won the war: to define patriotism as a combination of "pat" and "riot" is but to show how every power of humor is beggared. The whole presentation of the volume reminds one of a theatrical "folly,' and the man who esteems his soul will not find the time even to look on.

Recent Events.

Russia.

The most important event in Russian affairs in the last month was the lifting of the Allied blockade. This did not mean peace with the Bolshevists, but was an attempt to enter into trade relations with the Russian Coöperative Unions without recognition of the Soviet Government. At first the Soviet Government consented to the proposed restricted trading with the outside world through those coöperative societies, but later showed a disposition to tie up the societies in such a way as to make even partial trading impossible.

England has been the chief advocate of this change in Allied policy, declaring through her Premier, Lloyd George, that "Bolshevism cannot be crushed by force of arms," and holding that commerce and intercourse with the outside world is the surest method of bringing Bolshevism to an end. Italy has followed the British lead in this reversal of policy, while France has only reluctantly acquiesced. It is the opinion in France that the distinction between trade with the Russian coöperatives and peace with the Soviets, as drawn by the British Premier, is so subtle as to be impracticable, and for them trade and peace are in the long run—if not immediately—identical. Under any political conditions it is believed that a considerable time must elapse before supplies to any appreciable extent can be had from Russia.

Among the principal causes for the new orientation in the plans of the Allies are, first, the total collapse of the military offensives of Kolchak in the northeast, of Denikin in the south, and of Yudenitch in the west, and secondly, the growing success of the Bolshevist peace negotiations with the various Baltic States, thus breaking "the ring of fire" with which the Allies had thought to enclose the Bolshevist territory.

Esthonia has been the first of the Baltic countries to sign a permanent peace with the Soviet Government. By this peace treaty Esthonia's independence is recognized and she is to receive moreover, 15,000,000 rubles in gold (normally $7,500,000) as her proportion of imperial Russia's treasure while being exonerated from proportional repayment of imperial Russia's debt. On her part Esthonia agrees that no tax or duty is to be payable at her ports on goods arriving for Russia, and that no toll shall be paid on them in transit. All freight charges are to be identical for

Russians and Esthonians. Esthonia gives Russia certain water-power rights along the river Narova, and in return Russia gives to Esthonia preferential rights to a concession for building and exploiting direct railway connections between Moscow and the Esthonian frontier. Diplomatic and commercial relations are to be resumed at a date to be decided by further agreement.

Since the signing of the Esthonian treaty unofficial information has been received in this country that the Government of Letvia, the Baltic province bounded on the north by Esthonia and on the south by Lithuania, has signed an armistice with the Bolshevists. According to the report received, the armistice was signed after the capture by the Lettish troops of Guzyn, the last town in Eastern Letvia which the Bolshevist forces had been occupying. This brought the Letts to the Lettish-Russian frontier and resulted in the complete retirement of the Bolshevist forces from Letvia. Dispatches from Copenhagen say that Letvia will not accept peace offers from Soviet Russia pending the conference of representatives of the Baltic States, to be held in April. In view of the conclusion of peace with the Bolshevists by Esthonia, however, the Letts are loath that they should be forestalled in the first fruits of the expected trade movement with Russia and are beginning to feel, now that the Bolshevist forces have been driven out, that there is no serious obstacle to the cessation of hostilities.

Poland also has been strongly mentioned in connection with peace with the Bolshevists, and confirmation has recently been received that the Polish Government, in conjunction with the Allies, is considering the offer of peace made by Premier Lenine, Foreign Minister Tchitcherin and Minister of War Trotzky on behalf of the People's Commissaries. The offer, which was contained in a wireless dispatch from Moscow, invited a friendly settlement of all disputes and outstanding questions between Poland and Soviet Russia. It asserts that the Soviet Government had from the first recognized the independence and sovereignty of the Polish Republic, and that there were no territorial, economic, or other questions which could not be settled by agreement or by mutual concessions, as in the case of Esthonia.

The question whether Poland should conclude peace with the Bolshevists is of course largely dependent on the attitude of her sponsors, the Allies, and has been the subject of recent conversations between the Polish Foreign Minister and Premier Lloyd George. While the exact position of the Allies remains somewhat obscure, it is asserted in diplomatic circles that the Allies have at least raised no objections to such a course. It is generally con-

ceded that the position of Poland is difficult. She alone cannot hope to wage war against the Bolshevists. Her situation has become more uncomfortable since Esthonia made peace, thereby creating a gap in the Baltic defences. If Poland is considering making peace, she is doing so in the knowledge that the Allies will not oppose her in this matter.

Of course one of the main reasons for the success of the Bolshevist peace overtures, besides the change in Allied policy first commented on, has been the continued military successes of the Soviet forces, thus generating in the Baltic States the feeling that they would soon be called upon, unaided, to face the full impetus of the victorious Soviet troops. Those troops, despite temporary, but merely local reverses, have been uniformly successful on all fronts. On the western sector of the South Russian front the resistance of the volunteers against the Bolshevists appears entirely to have collapsed with the Bolshevist occupation of Odessa. Rostov-on-Don, the Denikin capital, fell on January 9th, and at last reports Ekaterinodar, which was the headquarters of General Denikin before his great drive northward toward Moscow, is being evacuated. The remnants of General Denikin's forces are being pursued by the Bolshevists into the Crimea. The failure of Denikin's forces is attributed to four causes: utter indifference of the peasantry as to whether the Reds or Whites win, the spread of typhus among the volunteer troops, permission given to the Cossacks to sack each captured city for three days, and the removal from command of their troops of Cossack officers. As to Denikin himself, according to a recent dispatch from Belgrade, he has landed at the Bulgarian port of Varna with a few of his officers. It is reported that he intends going to Bucharest to confer concerning the danger of a Bolshevist invasion of Bessarabia.

At to conditions on the Siberian front, official confirmation has been received of the execution of Admiral Kolchak by the Bolshevists at Irkutsk on the morning of February 7th. There is still some show of resistance to the Bolshevist armies, however. Fifteen thousand Czechs, under General Janin of the French army, are spread over four hundred miles along the railroad west of Irkutsk. Later despatches report that the forces of General Kappell, commander-in-chief of the Western armies of the All-Russian Government, have recaptured Irkutsk and established contact with General Semenoff. General Kappell's troops have joined with the Czechs and are fighting the Bolshevists in the vicinity of Cheremkova. Cheremkova, which is on the Trans-Siberian railway, eighty miles northwest of Irkutsk, has been retaken from the Bolshevists.

Germany.

An incident that has given rise to considerable agitation and resentment throughout Germany in the past month, has been the Allied demand for the extradition of eight hundred and ninety-six Germans to be tried for violation of the laws of war. Of these, England demands 97 for trial; France and Belgium, 334 each; Italy, 29; Poland, 57; Rumania, 41, and Serbia, 4. On the refusal of Baron Kurt von Lersner, head of the German peace delegation at Paris, to transmit the list to his Government and his consequent resignation, the demand was communicated by the Allies direct to the Berlin authorities. Among those demanded are Ludendorf, von Hindenburg, Mackensen, von Tirpitz, von Bethmann-Hollweg, and the other principal civil and military German officials.

The German Cabinet is unanimous in its determination not to hand over the persons demanded, taking the attitude that it would be a physical impossibility to arrest these men in Germany, and that no government could stand which issued orders for such arrests. In this attitude the Cabinet has the apparent backing of all sections of German opinion.

The German Government replied to the Allied demand for the handing over of these men, that it would not comply but that it would be willing to place on trial all those named by the Allies before the Leipsic Supreme Court. This offer was accepted by the Allies who agreed that it was compatible with Article 228 of the Peace Treaty. In their reply to the German offer the Allies state, first, that they note that Germany declares herself unable to carry out the obligations imposed on her by Articles 228 to 230; second, that the Allies reserve the right to employ in such measure as they judge suitable, the rights accorded them in this event by the Treaty.

The Allies note, however, the German Government's declaration that they are prepared to open before the court at Leipsic penal proceedings without delay, surrounded by the most complete guarantees and not affected by the application of all judgments, procedure or previous decisions of German civil or military tribunals before the Supreme Court at Leipsic against all Germans whose extradition the Allied and Associated Powers have the intention to demand.

The Allies, moreover, agree to abstain from intervention in the process of the trial or in the reaching a verdict, leaving to the German Government complete and entire responsibility, but they reserve to themselves the right to decide whether the proposed procedure, to be conducted by Germany, does or does not bring

about the escape of those guilty from the just punishment for their crimes. If it permits them to escape, the Allies will exercise their rights to the full and submit the cases to their own tribunal.

The plebiscite in the first or northern zone of Sleswig provided by the Treaty of Versailles, to determine the German-Danish frontier, resulted in an overwhelming victory for Denmark according to official figures of the election. These figures show that the Danish adherents cast 75,023 votes, while the Germans polled only 25,087, thus insuring the reunion of upper Sleswig with its mother country, Denmark. The plebiscite in the second zone is to be held March 14th.

The Germans have evacuated Danzig, which is to become a free city under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, and also Upper Silesia, where plebiscites are to be taken to determine whether Silesia is to belong to Germany or to Poland. The Treaty provides for the *ad interim* occupation of Upper Silesia by a total of 18,000 Allied troops. Evacuation is to be accomplished by zones, each of which will remain under a provisional military administration responsible to the Inter-Allied Commission.

Internal conditions in Germany continue to grow steadily worse. The prices of bread, potatoes, legumes, marmalade, butter and margarine have been raised; and the statisticians figure an increase on these items alone of 114.50 per cent in the cost of living this year for each person. The price of beer, too, which is classed among foods by the Germans, has been raised.

Besides the higher prices, the supplies of food are growing visibly shorter. Recently the Berlin city government, owing to the failure of potato supplies, introduced turnip cards again, and from late accounts it would appear as if the country might have a repetition of the famous "turnip winter" of 1916-1917, which still lingers as a horrible experience in the memory of every German. Professor Silbergliet, the statistician of the city of Berlin, has just given out some interesting figures, reached after a careful study of the cost of living in Berlin. His investigations covered the month from July 15th to August 15th last year, and he compared the month of November with that period. Within that short time the cost of living almost doubled. Since then the cost of living is more than twice as great as last summer.

One of the most serious factors in the general food situation is the marked lack of sea fish, due in part to the coal famine which has kept eighty fish steamers tied up in the Elbe and Weser. Then, too, some weeks ago the agricultural organizations of the country pointed out that the official harvest estimates of last year fell short by 2,500,000 tons of the country's requirements assumed by the National Grain Bureau; but it is now estimated

that it will be necessary to import a still larger amount of grain than 2,500,000 tons. The prospects for getting food from abroad, however, are very unfavorable owing to the great depreciation of German currency, the German mark being now down to one cent. This depreciation has had the effect of raising all foreign prices at least ten-fold above the prices ruling before the War.

Turning to the industrial situation, reports show that German industry is working on 50 per cent of the normal amount of coal, and if a six-hour day is introduced, and a formidable agitation is going on to bring it about, then that amount will be reduced by a half. Railways, gas, electricity and water works are only getting 25 per cent of their former requirements. In the various divisions of the textile industry only 30 per cent of the factories are at work.

The glass industry is working to the extent of only 40 per cent, and the porcelain industry only 4 per cent. Of six hundred and fifty paper factories, fifty are producing 60 per cent of their former output and the remaining six hundred only 25 per cent.

On the other hand, the country is undoubtedly possessed of great powers of recuperation. There is a desire to work hard almost everywhere. The people are not spending money quite as recklessly as formerly. Savings bank deposits are increasing, there is an increase in marriage and birth rates, and the death rate has gone down. Since the ratification of the Peace Treaty German firms have been busy endeavoring to resume trade relations with French importers and apparently with some success. Their efforts so far, however, are confined mainly to mail business, as few can obtain passports to personally push their trade.

France.

The Supreme Council as it existed has ended and has been succeeded by the Committee of Ambassadors on which France is represented by her new Premier, Millerand. This Committee, taking up part of the work of the Supreme Council, will be entrusted with the task of insuring the carrying out of the Treaty of Versailles, and the discussion of current routine matters connected with peace affairs. The great questions of international policy, however, will be reserved for settlement at conferences in which the heads of the Allied Governments will sit.

Although the Council of the League of Nations held its first meeting on January 10th and concluded its session on February 13th, its record of accomplishment in that short period is considered remarkably good. The chief decisions reached by the Council members at their executive sessions are as follows:

1. Switzerland has been admitted as an original member

of the League of Nations, although her peculiar international position prevents her fulfilling all the usual obligations under the League of Nations, and although her Constitution makes it impossible for her to give her adhesion within the time limit required by the Covenant. The question of participation cannot come before her people in the form of a referendum until March. The Swiss position has been considered unique, and exceptions in certain articles of the Peace Treaty were made in her favor. For more than a century Switzerland has had her neutrality recognized in Europe on the understanding that she would oppose any country attempting to cross her borders. By the resolution passed by the Council, the League recognizes her unique status, but requires her to coöperate in commercial and financial measures against covenant-breaking states and to defend her own territory under every circumstance. In return she need not take part in any military action or allow foreign troops to pass through her borders.

2. The Council appointed a governing commission with five members to control the Saar Valley. This Commission will have the widest powers, including the operation of all public utilities, jurisdiction over civil and criminal courts, the fixing of taxes and dues and the appointment of local officials. The Commission is really a Cabinet, with a chairman selected by the Council to act as chief executive. M. Rault, member of the French Council of State, has been elected chairman; and the other members are Alfred von Boch Landrath of Saarlands for Saar, Count de Moltke Hvidfeldt for Denmark, and Major Lambert for Belgium. A fifth member of the Commission will be announced later.

3. A Commission of twelve international jurists has been nominated to draft a constitution for a permanent court of justice. At present a conference is being held at the Hague, where consideration is being given to drafts submitted by Sweden, Holland and Switzerland.

4. The Council announces that it is prepared to guarantee the Polish minorities referred to in Article 12 of the Treaty which the Allies made with Poland and confirmed in the letter from Clémenceau to Paderewski last June. This protects all minorities, whether formed on a racial, religious or linguistic basis. Thus, the Jews of Poland now come under the protection of the League.

5. The commission of inquiry on communication and transit, which was apointed last year in Paris, has been asked to draft a plan for handling international waterways and land lanes. A permanent international commission is to be named.

6. The governments of all the countries and the Red Cross

have been asked to name a delegate to an international convention, where a plan will be drafted for handling international health problems and where a permanent international health body will be formed. This convention will be held immediately because of the necessity of dealing with the threatened general outbreak of disease in Central Europe.

Every effort is being made to extend the work and influence of the League Council as rapidly as possible. The Council concluded its sessions for the first month on February 13th, and fixed the date for its next meeting on March 15th, at Rome.

The demand on Holland for the extradition of the Kaiser has been met by a firm refusal, Holland taking her stand on the judicial ground that the right of refuge is plain, and that she cannot withdraw from the former Emperor the benefit of her laws.

During the past month there has been considerable tension in the French labor world, where strikes of the post-office, railway and mine workers have been threatening. The Government has relieved the situation by its decision to maintain the indemnity for the high cost of living established during the War. This indemnity is paid by means of subsidies, and the intention of the late ministry to withdraw these subsidies had led to the threat of strikes.

Never in the history of France has the franc reached such a low mark of depreciation, and financial and commercial circles are greatly depressed over the situation. On the other hand the new Finance Minister, François Marsal, has submitted revised budget estimates which show economies of 8,000,000,000 francs. The details of these economies are not divulged, but it is stated that both the Army and Foreign Office estimates have been largely reduced. At the same time new procedure for the relief of the devastated areas, other than the manufacture of paper money, is proposed.

Italy.

Fiume and the Adriatic controversy still occupies the centre of the Italian situation. Contrary to expectation, the Jugo-Slavs rejected the compromise proposal as described in last month's notes, thus throwing the whole matter back upon the Allies. The English, French and Italian Premiers then drafted a new plan of settlement and submitted it to the Government of Jugo-Slavia, with the statement that unless that Government accepted, these terms, the provisions of the Treaty of London for the disposition of Austro-Hungarian territory, which hands over Fiume to Italy, would become effective. At this stage matters were still further complicated by a note from President Wilson rejecting

the Allied Premiers' solution, and threatening American withdrawal from European affairs.

The United States Government declines to assent to the adjustment as framed by the English, French and Italian Premiers, because the United States Government was not consulted in the matter until after those three powers had agreed upon the plan, and because the United States is opposed to any form of coercion applied to Jugo-Slavia. The American attitude on the Adriatic question is, briefly, that Italy should not have Fiume, because it is not just to give her both gateways to Central Europe, as she would have if she were given Fiume as well as Trieste. President Wilson believes that Italy wants Fiume not for the sake of the few thousand Italians in it, but because it is the greatest outlet for Jugo-Slavia. The United States favors the creation of an independent state, including Fiume and the hinterland, which is Slav.

At present writing no reply has yet been received to the American note, but the situation created by it has been considered so serious by the Supreme Council in London, that it was decided that nothing should be published in the press until matters had been more or less straightened out. It is known that the Allied reply has been drafted, and it is said in semi-official circles that it will assure the President that the Allied proposal was not as unfavorable to the Jugo-Slavs as he believed. The note will be brief, consisting of about one hundred and fifty words, and it is rumored, will say that it is recognized that the Allies cannot settle the question without the coöperation of the United States, and will invite the President to present a solution of the Adriatic problem.

Towards the end of January a great strike was called on the Italian state railways, which lasted for six days and threw the country into confusion. The strike was called to obtain higher wages, based on the five hundred per cent increase in the general cost of living in Italy, and also to obtain recognition of the railwaymen's organizations, the chief among which is the National Union of Railwaymen, claiming to represent the bulk of the employees on the State railways. The end of the strike came as the result of direct negotiations between Premier Nitti and the union executive. The Government agreed to most of the demands of the strikers and gave guarantees for the immediate reference of the whole subject to parliamentary discussion.

February 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

THE Pastoral letter just issued by Cardinal Gibbons in the name of the entire hierarchy of the United States is a document worthy the earnest attention of every Catholic. It is thirty-five years since any document of like importance has been issued by the Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States.

From their mutual deliberations is born the wisdom to guide us through these most critical times. They exhort us to consider the significance of recent events, that we may rightly fulfill our common obligations as children of the Holy Catholic Church and as citizens of the Republic.

* * * *

THE history of the Church in this country has been marked by increase of numbers, deepening of spiritual life and extension of Catholic works. "The Church thrives where freedom really lives and it furnishes the only basis on which freedom can be secure." The Holy See has guided us; and the present Supreme Pontiff recognizing the importance of America for the world's restoration, sees from his exalted position the broader range of opportunity which now is given the Church in our country. Wonderful has been our growth. The root of it is our Catholic Faith. We will "continue in faith, grounded and settled and immovable from the hope of the Gospel," ready always to give "a reason of that hope that is in us" and, if needs be to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints."

* * * *

THE Bishops exhort to study of the Gospel and a sacred familiarity with the Holy Bible. "This intimate knowledge of Holy Writ will bring you close to the Person and life of our Saviour and to the labors of His Apostles." The Catholic spirit nourished upon Catholic dogma will see that the true interests of each part of the Church are the interests of the Church universal. Prayer, the Sacrifice, the Sacraments, a special devotion to our Blessed Mother are to be carefully practised and cultivated by every Catholic.

The nursery of that individual Catholic life is the home. The home is preserved by Catholic education, and we should be sleepless in protecting and building up the edifice of Catholic education from the parochial school to the university. Catholic so-

cieties have been praiseworthy aids in the work of the Church. "The tendencies on the part of societies to coalesce in larger organizations is encouraging."

* * * *

TO every Catholic home missions to Catholics and to non-Catholics is an object of prayer, of personal interest and general support. "Pray fervently that light may be given to those who yet are seeking the way, that they may understand the nature of that union and concord set forth by Christ Himself, when He prayed to the Father, not only for His Apostles but, 'for them also who through their word shall believe in Me: that they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee: that they also may be one in Us that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.'"

The Catholic lifts his eyes beyond the horizon of country and with the vision of Christ sees those of other lands where the harvest is great but the gatherers few. Personal generosity will desire to increase the laborers and the fruit. Therefore, must we pray for, and cultivate among our own sons and daughters the desire for the religious vocation, and help in the training of candidates for the priesthood.

* * * *

THE temporal order during the past thirty years has undergone radical changes. The industrial world has grown complex and powerful, to a degree unprecedented. Education has become common property. The nations have, at least physically, been brought into closer contact. Such association had convinced the world that no further war was possible when there broke upon us the greatest cataclysm in the world's history.

The Catholic body in the time of our country's need answered every test. The coördinated efforts of our people served most effectually the spiritual needs of Catholics under arms and the cause of our country's success. The results obtained through this merging of activities determined the Bishops to maintain the spirit of union and coördination for the aims of peace. "We have accordingly grouped under the National Catholic Welfare Council the various agencies by which the cause of religion is furthered."

Under the direction of the Council and, immediately, of the Administrative Committee, have been established: The Department of Education, to study the problems and conditions which affect the work and development of our Catholic schools; the Department of Social Welfare, to coördinate activities which aim at improving social conditions in accordance with the spirit of the Church; the Department of Press and Literature, to systematize the work of publication; the Department of Societies and

Lay Activities, to secure a more thoroughly unified action among Catholic organizations. And the development and guidance of missionary activity is provided for through The American Board of Catholic Missions, having charge of both Home and Foreign Missions.

The organization of these Departments is now in progress. "To complete it, time and earnest coöperation will be required. The task assigned to each is so laborious and yet so promising of results, that we may surely expect, with the divine assistance and the loyal support of our clergy and people, to promote more effectually the glory of God, the interests of His Church, and the welfare of our country."

* * * *

NOW the war is over, "to men of clearer vision and calmer judgment there comes the realization that the things on which they relied for the world's security, have broken under the strain. The advance of civilization, the diffusion of knowledge, the unlimited freedom of thought, the growing relaxation of moral restraint—all these, it was believed had given such ample scope to individual aims and desires, that conflict, if it arose at all, could be readily and thoroughly adjusted. The assumption is not borne out by the facts." To bring order out of the present chaos, one must first secure a sound basis. The world was once brought out of chaos into order and light. Through the Gospel of Jesus mankind learned the meaning, and received the blessing, of liberty. The Church which Christ established has continued His work. The Church alone can bring the world out of chaos into order and light.

* * * *

A FUNDAMENTAL error which has brought on the chaos is a practical denial of the existence of a Personal God and His Personal Providence. Such practical denial overturns the principles, for example, on which our American liberties are founded. The denial affects essentially every corner and angle of our social relations. It has robbed the world of justice and of charity. The State that even implicity sanctions the denial, foretells its own destruction.

The world will return to order and right human living only through the confession of its dependence upon the Creator and its acceptance of the truths of Christ. Christian standards alone can make a Christian nation, and without Christian standards a true democracy cannot exist.

The standard of Christian marriage must be advanced; di-

vorce publicly and privately condemned: the influence of Catholic womanhood "because her sphere is no longer confined to the home" must be extended in line with her new political rights and her new responsibility. In industrial relations justice and charity must prevail. These principles must be carried as living, preëminent guides by every Catholic into his industrial relations; into his political life, and his view and his vote with regard to public office and city, state and national legislation: into his support or non-support of the press: and his estimate of international relations. Above all he must emphasize, defend and support them in the crucial matter of Catholic education.

With great wisdom our American Constitution provides that every citizen shall be free to follow the dictates of his conscience in the matter of religious belief and observance. While the State gives no preference or advantage to any form of religion, its own best interests require that religion, as well as education, should flourish and exert its wholesome influence upon the lives of the people. And since education is so powerful an agency for the preservation of religion, equal freedom should be secured to both. This is the more needful where the State refuses religious instruction in its schools. To compel attendance at these schools, would be practically an invasion of the rights of conscience.

Our Catholic schools are not established and maintained with any idea of holding our children apart from the general body and spirit of American citizenship. They are simply the concrete form in which we exercise our rights as free citizens, in conformity with the dictates of conscience. Their very existence is a great moral fact in American life. For while they aim, openly and avowedly, to preserve our Catholic faith, they offer to all our people an example of the use of freedom for the advancement of morality and religion.

* * * *

THIS Pastoral Letter concludes with a note of hope and confidence. We who live in Jesus Christ, the Eternal Victor, may suffer distress; we do not know perplexity. Confidently do our divinely appointed leaders summon us; confident of one answer. Their appeal is fundamentally for a deeper, keener realization of our unity as Catholics, as children of God's Kingdom, as members one of another because we are all the living members of Christ. We have a common task in the forwarding of which we must lose ourselves and our self interests. That common effort, common task and common action are to receive external manifestation in the National Welfare Council. Individual effort is not to be handicapped but given greater freedom;

organization and society are not to be displaced or curtailed in autonomy or initiative. Security gives liberty. Guidance permits us to work more freely. Under the National Catholic Welfare Council, the entire Catholic body of the United States will add further glorious pages to the annals of the Church in this, our Country.

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FOR the information of our readers, we wish to say that copies of the full text of the Bishop's Pastoral may be obtained by sending twelve cents to the office of the National Catholic Welfare Council, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.

ST. AUGUSTINE wrote this great prayer: "Thy whole Creation, O God, ceaseth not nor is silent in Thy praise: neither the spirit of man with speech directed unto Thee: nor things animate nor inanimate by the mouth of them that meditate thereon: that so our souls may from their weariness arise toward Thee, and leaning on those things which Thou hast made, pass to Thyself, Who madest all wonderfully: and in Whom is refreshment and true strength."

* * * *

THE spirit of man must for its own sake bear such witness and testimony to its Creator. The body must rest from toil and receive bodily refreshment: the soul of man must withdraw within itself in communion with God for its refreshment and true strength. The ever moving world may distract him: pleasure and friendship may both excite and feed his emotions: research may absorb his intellect, but inevitably, soon or late, man will go into the solitude and demand a valuation of his own self, a knowledge of his spirit. What is his relation to all these things and in the great universe where does he stand? Unless his spirit finds the answer, it is but a lost cloud in the boundless sky, a wandering atom in the meaningless world.

The thought will not abandon him that his spirit must have its own place, its own value, its own reason in the sphere of creation. Unattached, it is meaningless to self, and self persistently demands a reason. Bound only to its fellows, who are in turn no more bound than itself, it is still unplaced, still undefined. It demands the fixed, the enduring: that personal relationship that holds when all things temporal suffer shock and hold not. Therefore is the spirit of man apart and of itself. Human things may feed it, but only to augment a greater hunger. Love may comfort it, but only to make it more restless for a greater love. Out beyond the human and the created, in the solitude and the

fullness of things increate will it seek and find true refreshment and abiding strength. To God, the Creator, the Cause, and the End of all will it look with complete satisfaction and eternal peace.

* * * *

FOR our spirit was made for a higher life than this one and for a brighter world than this. Even the smaller yet quieter and purer powers of earth hint this truth to us. Slight rays are they of the one greatest Light. Some hours of the quiet evening; some sunsets at sea or upon mountain peaks, when we are quite alone, have the power of revealing greater things: some book with its inspiring message, some poem, sung with pure artistry can lift us up to where the difficult things seem easy, and the noble most delightful. Then does the spirit yearn to keep the passion of that peace: to live forever on that perfect height.

The peace and the perfect height, and the meaning of these lesser things are known when the soul renders its praise to God and hears His voice in answer: when in prayer His truth is sure and strengthening, then is the world transformed and bathed in a new and holier light.

Whatsoever is the need of man, the same has been known and satisfied by God. He is our Father and the Father sent His Only Beloved Son to redeem man from the sin and failure of his soul, and give him the truth that leads to eternal life. The spirit of man seeks God and seeks Him in human flesh. Christ is God Incarnate. And it is this truth which is the sole saving and comforting support of the spirit of man. He is not wandering nor lost. He is not stripped of personal dignity and left naked to chance. He is immortal and through Christ, the Son of God, he is united in personal eternal life with God the Father and with all his fellows. Light illumines the darkness. God lifts the solitude and, incorporated into Christ, the spirit of man is free and strong and unconquerable.

* * * *

OUR Holy Church names a season of the year for penance and for fasting and above all else for the spirit of man to give itself to quiet thoughtfulness: to the privacy of prayer, to solitude with Christ and with God.

The Church is divinely wise in demanding this exercise of her children. And her wisdom is reëchoed by human study of the helps to physical and mental well-being.

But if the soul seek God simply according to its own lights, it will have a very ignorant guide. God is our Guide, not ourselves. Christ His Son came into the world to be our Light, that

we should not sit in darkness. To know that we sit in darkness: to say, as a result of our own conclusions, Christ is here, and Christ is there, avails nothing. From without the Light must come and by the Light must we see. Much of the devotional talk of the world is the humanizing of God. Many do not go to Him: they bring Him to themselves. The truth which He gave and to which the spirit of man must square himself, is not clearly sought nor soundly held. His existence, His providence, His relations to us are subordinated and interpreted by human needs and thus have we become worshippers of things created, instead of the Creator. Life, its beginning and its preservation, are regarded not as in His Hands alone, but as in ours, according to economic and social needs. Death is subjected to human inquiry, and immortality depends upon the result of psychic investigations. A so-called photograph of Gladstone and his wife receives more attention than the image of Christ on the Cross. The dead are not alone in God's hands: they are in ours also. God is not accepted as the sole Keeper of mysteries nor are we satisfied, as the Psalmist says, "to wait upon Him." Every means is employed to search the future: to know our destiny and that of our beloved departed. The spirit of man seeks God, but it may easily deceive itself in the search and end in nothing else than a seeking of self.

* * * *

THE Church asks us to give ourselves with greater thoughtfulness than ever to solitude, to prayer, because she has the only true, sustaining food that will nourish and satisfy the spirit of man. And her sustaining food is her dogmatic truth. Dogmatic truth is the truth not of man, but of God. Christ has revealed it from heaven to her and she has given it and gives it to men. God is an Infinite Personal Being, the Creator, the Providence, the Father of us all. God sent His Only Beloved Son into the world Who became Man and by His Sacrifice redeemed us all to eternal life. He died and rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven. He sent to us the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Holy Spirit, Who sanctifies us, informs us and makes us the living temples of God. Through the same Holy Spirit we are incorporated into Christ as through Christ's power, given in the sacraments, our sins are forgiven, the pledge of eternal life bestowed, and our souls fortified to meet face to face the Just Judge. We are one in Christ: we are members of a Kingdom, and therefore do we pray: "Thy kingdom come." We—all of us—the living and the dead are through Christ in God and with God.

Surely this religious conviction is far different from the painful searching, the restless doubting and questioning with which the world about us is surcharged. It is for us of the inheritance to go into the solitude, crowded with the truths of God, and there to make them our own: to study the teachings of the Church that they may, more and more, with their divine power give our spirit, as St. Augustine says, "refreshment and true strength."

THE literature produced in Ireland today is not alone voicing the present unanimous demand for national independence, but is also effectively showing, if it needed to be shown, that such an aspiration has been common to the Irish people since the idea of nationalism was born into this world. We might mention many valuable books on the subject, but we will confine ourselves to two.

There is *The Soul of Ireland* by W. J. Lockington, S.J. Its opening sentence is "Ireland. What a history of fearless fighting for God and country that name records!" The soul of Ireland is her Catholic Faith. The book has a far greater message than perhaps the author saw. Chesterton points to it in his introduction. The persecution of Ireland by England is not simply the control of political government, it was the determined purpose, ruthlessly executed, to destroy the Catholic Faith of the people: it mattered not if the alternative was their destruction, England was not only determined for it, but actually attempted it. She did not succeed, as Father Lockington clearly shows. Had she succeeded the civilized world would have, humanly speaking, suffered the loss of its civilization. "The one people in Western Europe which has taken the old form of the Christian Religion quite seriously, enduring persecution from without and asceticism from within, has before our very eyes turned a sudden corner and stepped into a place in the sun."

* * * *

THE resurrection of Ireland is really an historical event that has the appearance of a miracle. "That is one of a class of undisputed facts, not actually in form supernatural, but so unique as almost to force any one, however rationalistic, to an explanation at least transcendental. If the Christian faith is not meant in some fashion to revive and be reunited in Europe, I, for one, can make no mortal sense of what has happened in Ireland. If the Catholic creeds are not to survive, I cannot imagine why Ireland has survived. Many Englishmen do not see the point; sim-

ply because many Englishmen are in this matter quite ignorant; especially well-educated Englishmen. They do not happen to know how utterly Ireland was crushed; with what finality and fundamental oblivion the nation was one numbered dead. A man in the middle of the Age of Reason, the enlightened and humanitarian eighteenth century, would have been more astounded by the present prosperity of the Catholic peasantry than by a revival of the commerce of Carthage."

A similar illustration was offered by Hilaire Belloc some years ago in his essay, entitled: "St. Patrick." He says: "Ireland is the greatest miracle any saint ever worked. It is a miracle and a nexus of miracles. Among other miracles it is a nation raised from the dead. . . The preservation of the Faith by the Irish is an historical miracle comparable to nothing else in Europe."

* * * *

THE chapter in Father Lockington's book, entitled "The Mass Rock," will show what sustained the Faith in Ireland. "There are many glorious monuments today in Ireland that speak eloquently of her sufferings in those dark days—days when Christ's enemies tore the sacred altar asunder, scattered the protecting walls and washed them in the blood of priests and people, knowing not in their blindness that they were fighting against Him, *'cujus regni non erit finis.'* But of these monuments, telling of the superhuman steadiness with which the brave dead followed Christ, to me by far the most touching is the granite block, a broad table of gray stone, with the sacred name of Jesus carved deep upon it; that silent table, clasped firmly by the green turf and held close, as a treasure, to her bosom—Ireland's priceless Mass Rock."

* * * *

ANOTHER book contributing to our thought is *Phases of Irish History* by the well-known scholar and professor, Eoin MacNeill. He is a master of his subject. As a scholar he shows the early national aspiration of the Irish people, enduring through the centuries, through defeat and despair the same national coherency, the same national aspiration that is soon to reach its victorious fulfillment. This shows that Ireland is fitted to work out its own salvation: that it must for its own life have that full privilege: and supports from evidence of the past the contention made recently in *The Irish Monthly* by the well-known labor authority, the Rev. J. Kelleher, who writing on the task before labor in Ireland states: "I am convinced that if we are permitted to work out our own political salvation, we shall work out a very

different social future for ourselves from that which I have just been anticipating for England."

This aspiration and determination for national life and independence is the foundation of present Irish claims. It is not primarily a religious question, however much the so-called Ulster Delegation, now in this country, attempts to make it so. Writing but recently the head of that delegation stated that the Irish people "have no conception of the initiative, resource and energetic application necessary to success in any state, and whose ideas of tolerance and civil liberty are drawn from the Middle Ages." The Irish people are "petty, ultramontane, priest controlled, retrograde." Of course all this is born of bigotry and prejudice and will not in the least hurt the Irish cause. Moreover, it betrays itself.

* * * *

IF England claims the right to rule the Irish, and justifies the claim by saying that the Irish cannot rule themselves, she gives free scope to a theory of domination and tyranny against which the whole civilized world has protested and ever will protest. Only by making such a claim has England ever been able to hold Ireland. She holds her not by the free consent of the governed, but by the use of military measures. She does not govern: she coerces. She belies in Ireland the claims that she makes for her intentions and purposes throughout her empire and her relations with other nations. Therefore, the world distrusts her. America distrusts her. "Why do the bulk of Americans distrust England," asks the January *Month*. And the *Month* answers, because of England's attitude on the question of Ireland. It recalls General Smut's words, uttered in June, 1919, "the most pressing of all constitutional questions in the Empire is the Irish question. It has become a chronic wound, the septic effects of which are spreading to our whole system; and through its influence on America it is now beginning to poison our most vital foreign relations."

The *Month* itself foreshadowed the defeat in the United States Senate of the Peace Treaty as early as June, 1919, and called attention to the supreme urgency of the Irish problem: "But," it continues, "statesmanship is bankrupt when Ireland is concerned, because statesmen have not the courage either to deny Ireland's claim to be a distinct national entity or to admit what logically follows from its acceptance."

Current events show clearly that English statesmen will have to admit the former and accept the latter.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

Fifteen French Plays, $1.00; *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*. Edited by V. E. François, Ph.D. 80 cents. *Le Retour des Soldats*. By Prof. E. F. Maloubier. 60 cents. *A Short Grammar of Attic Greek*. By Rev. F. M. Connell, S.J. $1.40. *The Modern World*. By Rev. F. S. Betten, S. J., and Rev. A. Kauffman, S.J. Vol. I., $1.40. Vol. II $1.20. *Household Physics*. By C. H. Buchner. $1.40.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:

Recompense. By G. Klingle. *The Collegians*. By G. Griffin. *Maria Edgeworth: Selections from Her Works*. *Carleton's Stories of Irish Life*.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

En Route. By J. K. Huysmans. $2.50 net. *Mare Nostrum*. By V. B. Ibañez. $1.90.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:

Habits That Handicap. By C. B. Towns. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

A History of the United States. By J. P. O'Hare. $1.25.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

The Cossacks. By W. P. Cresson. $2.50.

NEW ERA PUBLISHING Co., New York:

American Rights. By W. R. Palmer and E. Fanos.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

Coggin. By E. Oldmeadow.

MOFFAT, YARD & Co., New York:

The City of God. Pamphlet. 10 cents.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

September. By F. Swinnerton. *Happily Married*. By C. Harris. *Robbin Linnet*. By E. F. Benson.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Preaching. By Rev. W. B. O'Dowd. $2.25 net. *Nothing, and Other Things*. By the author of "Vices in Virtues." $1.40 net. *The Hidden Sanctuary*. By Rev. J. Brett, L.Th. $1.75 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:

Native Villages and Village Sites East of the Mississippi. By D. I. Bushnell, Jr.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:

Tête-D'or. (Play.) By Paul Claudel. $2.00.

THE STRATFORD Co., Boston:

The Social Evolution of Religion. By G. W. Cooke. $3.50.

BROTHERS OF THE SACRED HEART, Metuchen, N. J.:

Catechism of the Religious Profession.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

Great French Sermons. Edited by Rev. D. O'Mahoney, B.C.L. $3.00 net. *Historic Struggles for the Faith*. By J. G. Rowe. $1.30 net. *The Virtues of a Religious Superior*. Translated from the Latin by Father S. Mollitor, O.F.M. 60 cents net.

PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco:

Stray Leaves. Author Unknown. $1.00.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

The Priesthood of Christ. By Rev. P. Phelan, D.D.

BLOUD & GAY, Paris:

La Paix Prochaine et la Mission des Alliés. Par M. Legendie.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESUE, Paris:

En Amérique à la fin de la guerre. Par Abbé F. Klein. 7 *fr.*

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